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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending May 5, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
2	2	HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	3	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
5	4	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
4	5	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF A SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
9	6	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU	Geordie (EMI)
11	7	MY LOVE	Paul McCartey & Wings (EMI)
6	8	TWEEDLE DEE	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
13	9	BROTHER LOUIE	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
16	10	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending May 1, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
3	2	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int.)
8	3	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
4	4	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
2	5	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	6	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
19	7	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	8	JENNIFER ECCLES	Hollies (Parlophone)
9	9	AIN'T NOTHING BUT A HOUSE PARTY	Show Stoppers (Beacon)
10	10	SOMETHING HERE IN MY HEART	Paper Dolls (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending May 3, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	3	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
4	4	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ilfield (Columbia)
7	5	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
7	6	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbinson (London)
5	7	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	Springfields (Philips)
16	8	SCARLET O'HARA	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
11	9	RHYTHM OF THE RAIN	Cascades (Warner Bros)
6	10	BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly (Coral)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending May 6, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	4	1
2	(6)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	6	2
3	(2)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	8	2
4	(3)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)	7	2
5	(12)	AUTOMATIC LOVER	Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	3	5
6	(4)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)	8	4
7	(8)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)	8	6
8	(5)	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	7	1
9	(20)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	2	9
10	(9)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	7	9
11	(15)	LET'S ALL CHANT	Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)	3	11
12	(7)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings (Parlophone)	5	7
13	(14)	EVERYBODY DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	5	13
14	(11)	SHE'S SO MODERN	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	11
15	(13)	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES	Dr Hook (Capitol)	5	13
16	(25)	BAD OLD DAYS	CoCo (Ariola Hansa)	2	16
17	(21)	TAKE ME I'M YOURS	Squeeze (A&M)	3	17
18	(18)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill (20th Century)	6	12
19	(—)	THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO	X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	1	19
20	(10)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	11	2
21	(—)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith (Arista)	1	21
22	(19)	IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO	Richard Myhill (Mercury)	4	19
23	(—)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio (Arista)	1	23
24	(23)	SATISFACTION	Devo (Stiff)	2	23
25	(16)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	10	11
26	(—)	WHAT A WASTE	Ian Dury (Stiff)	1	26
27	(—)	DO IT DO IT AGAIN	Raffaella Carra (Epic)	1	27
28	(17)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	11	1
29	(—)	HEY LORD DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS	Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo)	1	29
30	(—)	DANCE A LITTLE BIT CLOSER	Charo & The Salsoul Orchestra (Salsoul)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
LOVE IS IN THE AIR — John Paul Young (Ariola); FOXHOLE — Television (Elektra); COME TO ME — Ruby Winters (Creole); HI TENSION — Hi Tension (Island).

ALBUMS

Week ending May 6, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	8	1
2	(2)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	5	2
3	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	6	1
4	(4)	LONDON TOWN	Wings (EMI)	5	4
5	(5)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	15	1
6	(7)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	10	4
7	(11)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	3	7
8	(6)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	7	6
9	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	10	2
10	(14)	THE RUTLES	The Rutles (Warner Bros)	4	10
11	(10)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	10	1
12	(15)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	62	1
13	(8)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL	Elvis Costello (Radar)	7	8
13	(23)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	3	13
15	(22)	ADVENTURE	Television (Elektra)	2	15
16	(12)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	7
16	(16)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL	Rainbow (Polydor)	2	16
18	(13)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	10	13
19	(21)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	7	10
20	(19)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES	Various (Warwick)	8	10
21	(17)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	26	3
22	(25)	20 CLASSIC HITS	The Platters (Mercury)	3	22
23	(18)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Various (World Records)	3	18
24	(24)	EASTER	Patti Smith (Arista)	2	24
25	(20)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	14	7
26	(30)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	3	21
27	(—)	ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	5	16
28	(—)	HEAVY HORSES	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	1	28
29	(26)	GREEN	Steve Hillage (Virgin Records)	2	26
30	(—)	HERMIT OF MINK HOLLOW	Todd Rundgren (WEA)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
LAST WALTZ — The Band (WEA); LIVE RECORD — Camel (Decca); LIVE IN NEW YORK — Frank Zappa (WEA); VIBRATORS 2 — Vibrators (Epic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending May 6, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(2)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
3	(4)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
4	(5)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
5	(3)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
6	(12)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
7	(7)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
8	(20)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO SOON	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
9	(8)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
10	(13)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
11	(10)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
12	(6)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
13	(17)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
14	(16)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
15	(22)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
16	(21)	DISCO INFERNO	The Trammps
17	(23)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
18	(24)	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON	Warren Zevon
19	(25)	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE	Player
20	(26)	MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)	Billy Joel
21	(9)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates
22	(19)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
23	(29)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
24	(28)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
25	(—)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
26	(30)	TWO DOORS DOWN	Dolly Parton
27	(—)	EGO	Elton John
28	(—)	LET'S ALL CHANT	Michael Zager Band
29	(18)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra
30	(—)	DEACON BLUES	Steely Dan

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending May 6, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(3)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
3	(2)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
4	(4)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
5	(5)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
6	(7)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
7	(8)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
8	(6)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
9	(11)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
10	(9)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
11	(14)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
12	(10)	AJA	Steely Dan
13	(15)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
14	(17)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
15	(13)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
16	(16)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
17	(21)	VAN HALEN	
18	(18)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
19	(—)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
20	(19)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
21	(20)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat
22	(28)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE . . .	Genesis
23	(22)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
24	(25)	INFINITY	Journey
25	(—)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
26	(27)	DOUBLE FUN	Robert Palmer
27	(23)	ALL 'N ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
28	(30)	WARMER COMMUNICATIONS	Average White Band
29	(12)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
30	(24)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

Dylan's London dates confirmed

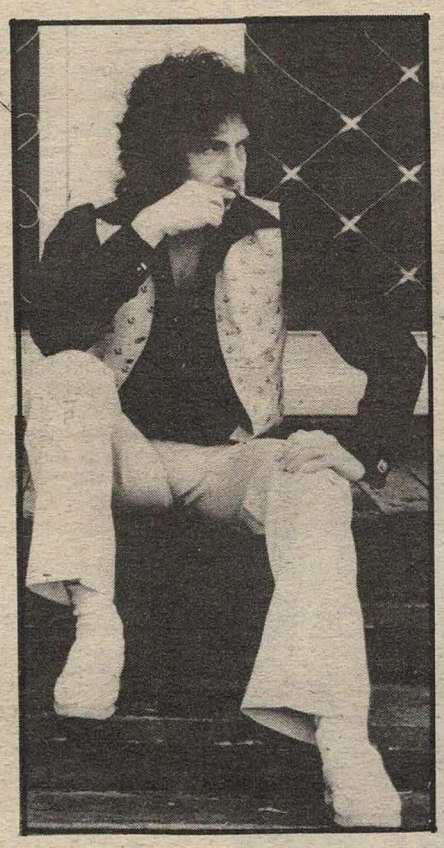
SO WHAT DID WE TELL YOU? Details of Bob Dylan's six London concerts in the late spring have now been announced officially, and they confirm NME's exclusive revelation last week that they'll be staged at the Earls Court stadium — from Thursday, June 15, to Tuesday, June 20, inclusive.

These will be Dylan's first appearances in this country since the renowned Isle of Wight Festival in 1969. But his last indoor concerts here were as long ago as 1966, when he played a ten-venue provincial tour and two London Albert Hall shows.

The Earls Court gigs all start at 8pm and run for about two hours. There is no opening act, and Dylan will be on stage for virtually the whole time. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith, who has decided to sell tickets to personal applicants only, at a string of special box-offices he is setting up throughout the country.

Immediately after his London shows, Dylan flies to Europe to play an open-air concert in Rotterdam on June 23. He then goes to Germany for dates in Dortmund (26-29) and Nuremburg (July 1), with a show in Berlin still being finalised. And his Continental schedule is completed by six days in Paris (July 3-8) and two in Sweden (12-13). It's estimated that about a quarter-of-a million people will see him perform in Europe, and over 90,000 at the 15,700-capacity Earls Court.

As reported last week, Dylan's band for the tour will be virtually the same line-up as for his concerts in Japan and Australia earlier this year. The exceptions are that Jerry Scheff replaces Rob Stoner on bass, and Carolyn Dennis takes over from Debbi Douglas as one of the three back-up vocalists. Remainder of the 11-piece band is as listed in our last issue.



The Dylan European tour will feature his new format and arrangements which he introduced in the Far East in February and March. But he will also be premiering many new songs, several of them described as "radical", which he is currently recording in Los Angeles for a new album. CBS say they hope to have the LP available for June release, to tie in with his visit.

WHERE TO GET YOUR TICKETS

TICKETS FOR the six Bob Dylan concerts will be sold only to personal applicants at the special box-offices listed below. They will NOT be available by postal application or through the usual ticket agencies.

The only way of getting tickets is by turning up in person at one of the 15 Dylan box-offices, which open at 10am on Sunday morning, May 7. That's the official date and time when they go on sale; they can't be bought prior to May 7.

Tickets are priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5, and they are limited to four per person. Payment is by cash or cheque supported by cheque card. The promoter points out that, because no booking agencies are involved, there is no booking commission on the prices.

The 15 special box-offices are at:

GLASGOW Apollo Centre, Renfield Street;
MANCHESTER Hime & Addison, 8 St. James Square;
LEEDS Barkers, 91 The Headrow;
SHEFFIELD Wilson Peck, Leopard Street;
STOKE Mike Lloyd Music Shop, 23 High Street;
BIRMINGHAM Cyclops Sounds, 8 Piccadilly Arcade, New Street;
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall, Town Hall;
OXFORD New Theatre George Street;
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre, Commercial Road;
CARDIFF Sound Advice, Castle Arcade;
LIVERPOOL Ray Ross & Co, 29 Stanley Street;
BRISTOL Colston Hall, Colston Street;
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon, Queen Caroline Street, W6;
LONDON Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1;
LONDON Edwards & Edwards, Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.

Knebworth: two events this year

JEFF BECK

IT LOOKS as though there will be two Knebworth concerts this year! After a completely barren year in 1977, when the event failed to materialise due to the lack of suitable attractions promoter Frederick Bannister has already fixed a show for June 24 in the grounds of the Hertfordshire stately home — featuring Genesis, Jefferson Starship, Jeff Beck, Atlanta Rhythm Section and Brand X. And it's now learned that he has acquired a licence to stage another event at the same site later in the summer.

Bannister admitted that he does have plans for another Knebworth this year, and confirmed that he already holds a licence, but was non-committal about the acts he is seeking. It's understood that it's likely to take place in August.

Meanwhile, Jeff Beck — whose addition to the June 24 line-up was reported last week — will be making his first official appearance in Britain for 4½ years, when he toured with Beck Bogert & Appice. He's putting together a new four-piece band specially for Kebworth, and it's known that one of the musicians will be award-winning bassist Stanley Clarke, who headlined a London concert last year with his own band. The other members of the group haven't yet been named.

The other new additions to the show, the Atlanta Rhythm Section, are a six-piece outfit comprising Barry Bailey (lead Guitar), J. R. Cobb (rhythm and slide guitars), Dean Daughtry (keyboards and vocals), Paul Goddard (bass), Ronnie Hammond (lead vocals) and Robert Nix (drums and vocals). Their current U.S. hit album "Champagne Jam" has just been issued by Polydor.

Quo look set for Reading

THE READING FESTIVAL — Britain's longest-running major event — will be staged as usual this year on its regular site during August Bank Holiday weekend — on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 25—27. Acts are already being lined up for the festival and, although an official announcement is not expected for some weeks, NME understands that Status Quo are to top the bill on the Saturday night.

BUZZCOCKS, STRANGLERS, IAN DURY HIT BY GLC HASSLES

THE BUZZCOCKS have been forced to cancel one of their two projected gigs at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse later this month. They'll still be playing there on Sunday, May 28, but their Bank Holiday show (29) is off. Some tickets have already been sold, and holders will have their money refunded.

Reason is that the Roundhouse has lost its weekday music licence, and concerts are restricted to Sundays only, so ruling out all future double-day bookings in which the venue had specialised at holiday weekends. It has also been limited to 20 Sunday concerts between now and the end of the year, and a sound level restriction has been imposed.

This is the result of objections from local residents, who succeeded in getting these conditions imposed by the GLC, when the Roundhouse licence came up for renewal last month. Prior to this, it had been able to stage music shows whenever it wanted. Main problem is that the venue isn't soundproofed, and it would cost an estimated £144,000 to rectify this.

Straight Music, who have been promoting on most Sundays at the Roundhouse, commented: "We were only planning 24 shows up to the end of the year, so we've lost four, which isn't too bad. Also, the new stipulated sound level is fairly generous — though it rules out bands like Cheap Trick and the Heavy Metal Kids, and we shall have to ask the Graham Parkers of this world to tone it down a bit. But it's the principle to which we object."

The Roundhouse will themselves be promoting some Sunday concerts in future — the first being X-Ray Spex, Adam & The Ants and The Automatics on May 14 — though Straight Music will continue to present the remainder.

GREATER LONDON COUNCIL officials also seem to be waging war against The Stranglers. It now seems unlikely that they'll be given permission to appear in the projected open-air rock concert at Queen's Park Rangers football ground on Saturday, June 10, plans for which were revealed last week. It's not yet clear if the QPR event will go ahead without them, although there's a good chance that it will, as a couple of American acts have already been lined up for it — and QPR themselves are keen for it to take place.

The Stranglers had previously been thwarted by the GLC, in their attempts to stage two concerts at Alexandra Palace in North London on June 6 and 7. In the light of QPR probably falling through, they are now re-applying for Ally Pally and appealing against the GLC decision.

IAN DURY has also been forced to pull out one of his tour dates due to GLC intervention. He was scheduled to appear on May 20 at Ilford Odeon, in what was planned as the first of a regular series of live shows at that venue. But the promoter has been unable to obtain a music licence though, after battling through mountains of red tape, he hopes eventually to do so. It's now proposed to stage the Ilford gig at a later date as a charity concert.

The May 20 cancellation enables Dury to play a third show that night at London Hammersmith Odeon, where his two previously-announced gigs (May 13 and 14) are fully sold out, and tickets for the extra concert are on sale now. Dury has also added two more dates to his tour — at Derby Assembly Rooms (June 12) and Norwich East Anglia University (13).

Rod opts for autumn

ROD STEWART has abandoned plans for summer concerts in Britain, and will instead headline a massive tour here in late autumn and early winter. It will be similar to his nationwide trek in the autumn of 1976, possibly even longer.

The tour is scheduled to occupy virtually the whole of November and December, extending into early January, taking in several nights at each venue. An indication of the scope of the tour is that six nights have been booked at Newcastle City Hall.

The London venue hasn't yet been finalised, but Stewart is again expected to play his shows in the capital immediately before Christmas, with Scottish gigs timed for the New Year period. A spokesman commented: "The main problem is Glasgow, because we shall have trouble finding a suitable venue if the Apollo closes, as expected."

Stewart's originally-intended summer gigs have been scrapped partly because he's attending the World Cup in Argentina in June and, even more important, because he's behind schedule on his new album. All the preparatory work is done, and he starts recording shortly in Los Angeles, aiming at September release.

One of the reasons for the album delay is that he's been busy recording the official single for Scotland's World Cup Squad. It's his own composition titled "Ole Ola", and he's donating all his royalties to the players' World Cup pool. It's released on May 12 by Riva Records.

ON THE ROAD

CHARLEY PRIDE has now added two more dates to his British tour, starting this weekend. He plays a second night at **Aberdeen** Capitol on May 10, and has added a new venue to his itinerary — **Bristol** Colston Hall on May 16.

GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES promote their current single "Only Death Is Fatal" at **London Camden** Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), **Newbury** College (Saturday), **Walsall** College (May 10), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (15), **Sheffield** Limit Club (18), **Ormskirk** College (19), **Redditch** Waterside (20), **Bradford** New Talk of Yorkshire (22), **Leeds** Guildford Hotel (23), **Manchester** Rafters (25) and **Walsall** Town Hall (27).

FAIRPORT CONVENTION (June 17) and Ralph McTell (18) help to launch a new 1,600-seater venue in south-east **London**, the Woolwich Odeon.

THE DEPRESSIONS, who recently toured Britain as support to Slade, have now joined The Vibrators' current tour as support act . . . and **THE FABULOUS POODLES** are doing the rounds as guest artists on the debut tour by new all-star band U.K.

BUSTER JAMES BAND have a string of dates this month at **Gt. Yarmouth** Garibaldi (tomorrow, Friday), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (Sunday), **London** Marquee (May 13), **Saltburn** Loftus Club (14), **London Harlesden** New Roxy Theatre with Meal Ticket (20), **London Harrow Rd.** Windsor Castle (24) and **Gt. Yarmouth** Tiffany's (29). They also have a Thursday residency at **Retford** Porterhouse tonight, May 11, 18 and 25.

MADDY PRIOR had added an extra date to her upcoming debut solo tour — at **Sheffield** Top Rank on June 5.

NICO, of Velvet Underground and John Cale fame, follows her one-off at the Music Machine last month by playing two more **London** gigs. She's the special guest of Pere Ubu at the Marquee Club next Monday and Tuesday (8 and 9). Admission is £1.50 (advance) and £1.75 (doors).

PIN-UPS, whose debut EMI single "If You Can't Boogie" has just been issued, have gigs at **London** Southbank Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **London Shepherds Bush** Trafalgar (Saturday), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (this Sunday and May 14), **Worthing** Carioca Club (10), **Yeovilton** Heron Club (11), **London Camberwell** School of Art (12) and **Harrow** Tudors Club (13).

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS are topping a package tour, with Eater as special guests and Blitzkrieg Bop as support. Dates include **Doncaster** Outlook (tonight, Thursday), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (Friday), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (Saturday), **Sheffield** Top Rank (Sunday), **Leeds** 'F' Club (May 8), **Liverpool** Eric's (9), **Bristol** Tiffany's (10), **Coventry** Locarno (11), **London Kensington** Nashville (12), **Margate** Dreamland (13), **Manchester** Rafters (14), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (15), **Preston** Clouds (16), **Swindon** Affair (17), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (18), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (22), **Edinburgh** Clouds (24), **Dunfermline** Kinema (25), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (26) and **London** Marquee (June 6).

MATCHBOX, who toured Britain recently as support to Carl Perkins and Bo Diddley, begin a series of gigs in their own right this weekend. They play **Bristol** Stars & Stripes (this Saturday), **Gloucester** Tiffany's (May 11), **London Tottenham** White Hart (12), **Portslade** Clarence Hotel (13), **London Wood Green** Bumbles (16), **London Southall** White Hart (17), **Bristol** The Glen (18); **Camberley** Agincourt (20), **Worcester** Bank House (25), **Southend** Minerva (27) and **London Southgate** Royalty (29). More dates are being set.

TONY McPHEE has set several more dates for his new band Terraplane, sandwiched between recordings for their debut album. They are at **Port Talbot** Troubador (May 11), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (14), **Merthyr Tydfil** Tiffany's (June 15), **Blackwood** Institute (16), **Torquay** Town Hall (21) and **Cardiff** Top Rank (28). Their **Sheffield** Top Rank gig has been switched from May 21 to June 4.

THE YOUNG BUCKS, fast-rising Newcastle band, have dates this month at **Bristol** Granary (today, Thursday), **Durham** University (Friday), **Banbury** Blues Club (Saturday), **London Deptford** Albany Empire (11), **Brockenhurst** College (12), **Aberdeen** College (19), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (26) and **Manchester** Rafters (27).

What do you know about tape recordings?

Here are a few questions about the magnetic recording world to test your knowledge.

1. Which company marketed the first commercially viable professional tape recorder and when was it?
2. Which is the only company in the world that manufactures hardware and software for every professional recording application?
3. Who made the magnetic memory that is going to the planet Venus in the 1978 Orbitor probe?
4. Which brand of mastering tape is used by over half the major studios in the USA and Great Britain?
5. 1977 saw the introduction of a new 'World Ultimate' audio mastering tape. The Eagles, Bob Dylan, C W McCall, Earth Wind and Fire and many others recorded 'Gold' records on it. What is this tape called?
6. Who does the soundtrack for Walt Disney productions?
7. Which brand of tape was most used by home audio and hi-fi enthusiasts in Great Britain during 1977?

FOR THE ANSWERS TO THIS TAPE QUIZ PLEASE REFER TO PAGE 36

RECORD NEWS

Stones album, single in unexpected hitch

THERE'S been a change of plans concerning the release of the Rolling Stones' new album and single, their first for EMI. The company issued a statement last week, saying the single "Miss You" would be issued on May 5, and listing the ten tracks comprising the album "Some Girls" for late May release. EMI have now put out an amended statement, saying that the LP tracks haven't yet been selected, although the choice of single remains unchanged. And it adds that the release date of neither the single nor the LP has yet been determined.

STRANGLERS: FREE SINGLE

THE FIRST 75,000 copies of **The Stranglers'** third album "Black And White" — which, as reported last week, is issued by U-A on May 12 — will include a free collectors-item single pressed on white vinyl. And the cassette version of the LP will include an additional track "Mean To Me", which is one of the titles on the free single. At press-time, there were nearly 60,000 advance orders for the new album.

● **Fast Breeder & The Radio Actors** are "a secret enclave of past and future superstars", say Virgin Records, who release their single "Nuclear Waste" this weekend. The song is a protest about the possibility of Britain becoming the dustbin for waste product from the world's nuclear reactors.

● **Bethnal's** new single, for May 12 release by Vertigo, is "Don't Do It". The first 15,000 copies are being pressed in 12-inch form.

● **Pink Floyd guitarist Dave Gilmour's** solo album is now confirmed for May 12 release by Harvest. Formally titled "David Gilmour", it features backing musicians Rick Wills (bass), Mick Weaver (keyboards) and Willie Wilson (drums).

● **The Bishops'** new album "Live" is out this week on Chiswick, available in both ten-inch and 12-inch form. Both are priced at £2.50

● A new **Althea & Donna** single is being rush-released by Lightning Records this weekend. Titled "Love One Another", it was recorded at the same session as their "Uptown Top Ranking" chart-topper.

● **Andrew Lloyd Webber** has been commissioned by BBC-TV to write the theme music for their World Cup coverage in June. The single, "Argentine Melody" by San Jose, is being rush released by MCA on May 19.

● **Dr. Feelgood** have just started work on their sixth album for United Artists. It will be issued in mid-September, to coincide with a massive 40-date tour by the band.

● **Lindisfarne's** first album since their recent re-formation has now been named as "Back And Fourth". Produced by Gus Dudgeon, it's released by Phonogram on June 9.

● Among May albums from the Phonogram group of labels are "Never Say Die" by **Black Sabbath** (Vertigo), "Parkerilla" by **Graham Parker** (Vertigo), "Rush Archives" by **Rush** (Mercury) and "Captain Paralytic" by **Mike Harding** (Philips).

● Currently a smash hit in the States, the single "You're The One I Want" by **Olivia Newton-John** and **John Travolta** is rushed out by the RSO label this weekend. Due on May 12 is a new **Ringo Starr** single titled "Lipstick Traces".

● Liverpool new-wave outfit **The Mutants** release their second single "Hard Time"/"Schoolteacher Lady" on the local Rox Records label this weekend.

● **Max Boyce**, who's just completed an extensive British tour, has his live album "I Was There" issued by EMI tomorrow (Friday).

● A new single by **Be-Bop Deluxe** is rushed out by Harvest tomorrow (Friday), titled "Electrical Language". The previously-reported **Roy Harper** acoustic album "Harper 1970-75", comprising a selection of tracks from six of his earlier sets, comes out on the same day and label.

● WEA — the corporate name for the group of labels comprising Warner Brothers, Elektra and Atlantic, among others — is launching its own WEA label, concentrating on local product. First release is the single "Looking At The Squares" by **The Salford Jets** on May 26.

THE LATE SHOW, who are about to start a 33-date British tour as support to Darts, have a new single issued by Decca on May 12 titled "Drop Dead". It was written by the band's lead guitarist and violinist Mike Jelly, and produced by Terry Melcher.

Wailin' Wembley

JUNE looks like being an outstanding month for London's two leading arena venues, Earls Court and Wembley. Bob Dylan's six dates add to the three already set for David Bowie at Earls Court, starting June 29.

Over at Wembley Arena, ELO are playing eight sell-out gigs during the course of the month, and Thin Lizzy's two postponed concerts may well be re-arranged to follow them. There's also a very good chance that Bob Marley & The Wailers will play Wembley on either June 24 or 25.

Elsewhere in the capital, Bread play Hammersmith and the Albert Hall, there's the prospect of the QPR open-air gig and — just outside London — the Knebworth concert takes place on June 24.

● If the Bob Marley gig at Wembley doesn't materialise (or even if it does!), there's a prospect of The Wailers playing at a big outdoor event in the London suburbs in July. Rumour has it that Eric Clapton and Kiss are also in line for this show.

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Close encounter with 18 cities
UFO CONCERTS

U.F.O., THE British band with a long history of major successes outside their native country, return home next month for the first time since they emigrated to the States last year. They're set for their longest-ever tour of this country, taking in 18 dates, and their new album "Obsession" — the follow-up to their U.S. hit "Lights Out" — will be issued by Chrysalis to coincide with their visit.

They play Hanley Victoria Hall (June 14), Birmingham Town Hall (15), Manchester Free Trade Hall (17), Nottingham Playhouse (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (19), Cardiff Top Rank (20), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Newcastle Mayfair (23), Aylesbury Friars (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Guildford Civic Hall (27), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Liverpool Empire (29), Edinburgh Odeon (30), Glasgow Apollo (July 1), Leeds Grand Theatre (2) and Ipswich Gaumont (3).

● Van Der Graaf, who've now dropped the Generator from the end of their name, return to the U.K. circuit this month for a short series of gigs. They play Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (May 12), St. Albans City Hall (13), Bradford St. George's Hall (14), Liverpool Eric's (15) and Bangor University (16). After a 13-day tour of France, they return for two nights at London Marquee on June 4 and 5.

H.M. Kids, Deaf School break up

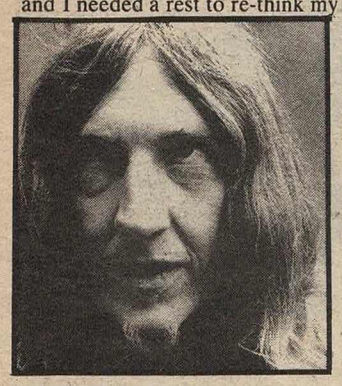
HEAVY METAL KIDS announced that they had broken up, immediately after playing a sell-out gig at London Music Machine last Thursday. They feel they've achieved as much as they can within the context of the band and, in any case, have been moving apart musically for some time. And Gary Holton seems intent upon a solo career, after one previous venture in this direction — though it's stressed that his recently rumoured association with ex-Pistols Cook and Jones is not the reason for the split.

DEAF SCHOOL, the eight-piece band whose three Warner Brothers albums were well received by the critics, have also split up. And basically it was the size of the group that proved their undoing, because they haven't been able to get enough work to keep them going. A spokesman told NME: "We decided we simply hadn't progressed over the past year, so we've called it a day".

Mick Abrahams back
— SO IS DAEVID ALLEN

MICK ABRAHAMS, renowned guitarist and former Jethro Tull and Blodwyn Pig stalwart, is returning to the music scene after a two-year absence. He's currently putting together an album of new material, working with session musicians and aiming for midsummer release; a deal with a major label is at present being finalised by his manager David Rees. Then in early August, Abrahams sets out on an extensive British concert and college tour supported by a pick-up band, but billed as a solo artist. Dates and venues are now being lined up.

Explaining his lengthy absence, Abrahams told NME: "I felt I had exhausted the possibilities of the band I was fronting at that time, and I needed a rest to re-think my situation. And I got a bit disenchanted with the way music was progressing. But now I've got something new to toffer, and it won't be a re-hash of all the old licks."



DAEVID ALLEN

DAEVID ALLEN, former Soft Machine and Gong founder member, has now formed a brand new band called El Planet Gong. It comprises Allen (guitar and vocals), Gilli Smyth (vocals), Pepsi Milan (guitar and vocals), Juan Biblioni (guitar and vocals), Sam Gopal (tablas and percussion) and a still-to-be-named synthesiser player. Most of them were featured on Allen's last Affinity album "Now Is The Happiest Time Of Your Life", and they'll be going out on a short tour in mid-June.

The previous Planet Gong outfit consisted on Allen and the Here & Now band, and a couple of months ago they were about to embark on a free tour when Allen left, so effectively dissolving Planet Gong. Here & Now completed the tour in their own name, and are about to begin another.

DATES FOR XTC, MOPED, LURKERS

XTC, currently on a six-week European tour, return home at the end of the month to play three shows at London Marquee. They give two performances on May 30 (doors open 5.30 and 8.15 pm) and one on May 31 (doors 8.15). The first early-evening show is, for the first time in the Marquee's history, restricted to youngsters under 16. tickets for this gig are 60p (advance) and 80p (doors), and soft drinks only will be on sale. Admission to the two "adult" shows is £1.25 (advance) and £1.50 (doors). The band's new single "This Is Pop?", a re-recorded track from their recent LP, has just been issued by Virgin.

THE LURKERS' new single "Ain't Got A Clue", issued by Beggars Banquet on May 19, will include a free 'Gold Disc' inside the sleeve of the first 15,000 copies. The give-away is called "The Fulham Fall-Out Firty Free", and the song featured on it is "The Chaos Brothers". It's a sales boost for their album "Fulham Fall-Out", released on June 9. The band have added several more gigs to their U.K. tour, reported two weeks ago — they are Brighton Richmond (May 9), Chester Quaintways (15), Manchester Pips (18), Edinburgh Tiffany's (June 6), Glasgow Cinders (7), Sunderland Lee's Club (9) and Nottingham Sandpiper (16).

JOHNNY MOPED sets out this weekend on his first-ever tour. So far only eight gigs have been set, but the decision to go on the road was taken at short notice, and the Asgard Agency is still in the throes of finalising dates. It's intended to expand the schedule into a fuller tour throughout June, but meanwhile confirmed gigs are at London Marquee (this Saturday), Liverpool Eric's (May 8), Nottingham Sandpiper (11), London Dalston Cubies (12), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (20), London Camden Music Machine (25), Margate Dreamland (June 2) and Chester Quaintways (5). As reported last week, a new single by the Moped band — "Little Queenie" is out soon.

JENNY'S RETURN

JENNY DARREN had now put together a new band, after sacking her entire backing unit in mid-tour two months ago. The band — Mike Ashcorft (lead guitar), Beau Chemin (keyboards), Colin Ellar (bass) and Kelly Conover (drums) — are now rehearsing with Jenny in readiness for a British tour in late May and throughout June. First confirmed dates are London Dalston Cubies (May 20), Coventry Robin Hood (25), Merthyr Tydfil Tiffany's (June 8), Blackwood Institute (9) and Stratford-on-Avon St. Margaret's Hall (23).

Jenny has just finished work on her new DJM album, and will be featuring material from it — as well as her current single "Ladykiller" — in her upcoming gigs. She's set for a European tour covering the whole of July and August, and in September she plays a month-long string of dates across America. She returns to Britain for a full concert and college tour, starting in mid-October.

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MAY 12 SUSSEX UNIVERSITY
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MAY 14 NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE
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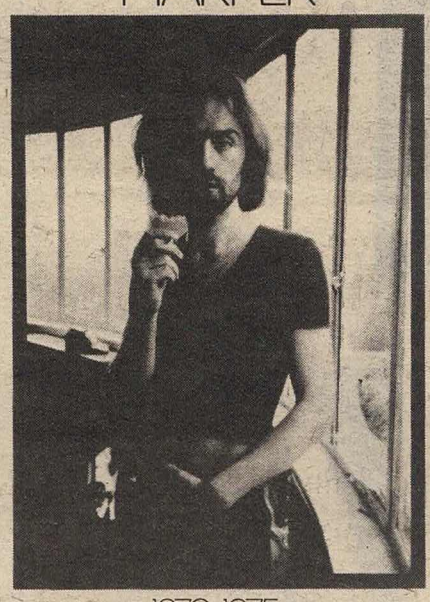
Harvest
HARPER



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12 BRIGHTON TOP RANK
13 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
14 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
15 BOURNEMOUTH WINTER GARDEN

NORMAN BLOCKHEAD

17 IPSWICH GAUMONT
18 CANTERBURY ODEON
19 LEWISHAM ODEON
20 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
21 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
23 CARDIFF TOP RANK

IAN BLOCKHEAD

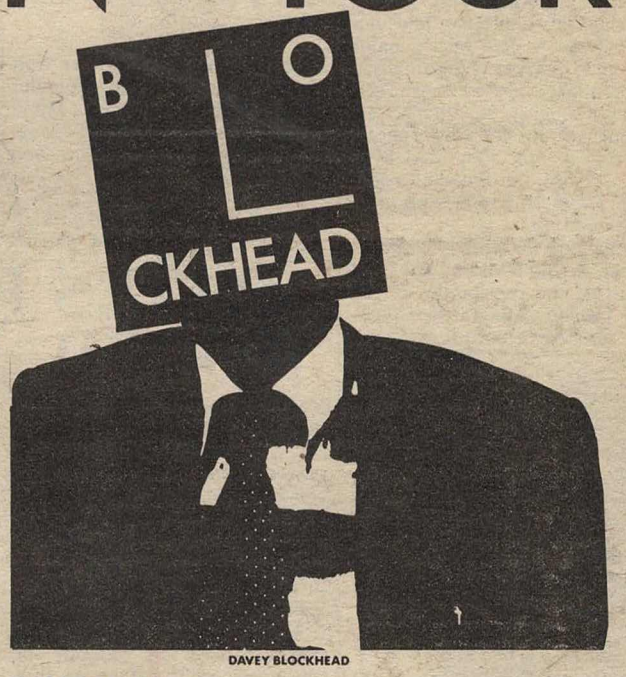
24 SWANSEA TOP RANK
26 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
27 AYLESBURY FRIARS
28 COVENTRY NEW THEATRE
29 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
31 MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL

JOHNNY BLOCKHEAD

JUNE
1 EDINBURGH ODEON
2 GLASGOW APOLLO
4 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
5 LEICESTER DE MONFORT HALL
6 HANLEY VICTORIA HALLS

MICKY BLOCKHEAD

7 SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
9 BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
10 PRESTON GUILDHALL
11 LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
12 DERBY
13 UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA NORWICH



DAVEY BLOCKHEAD

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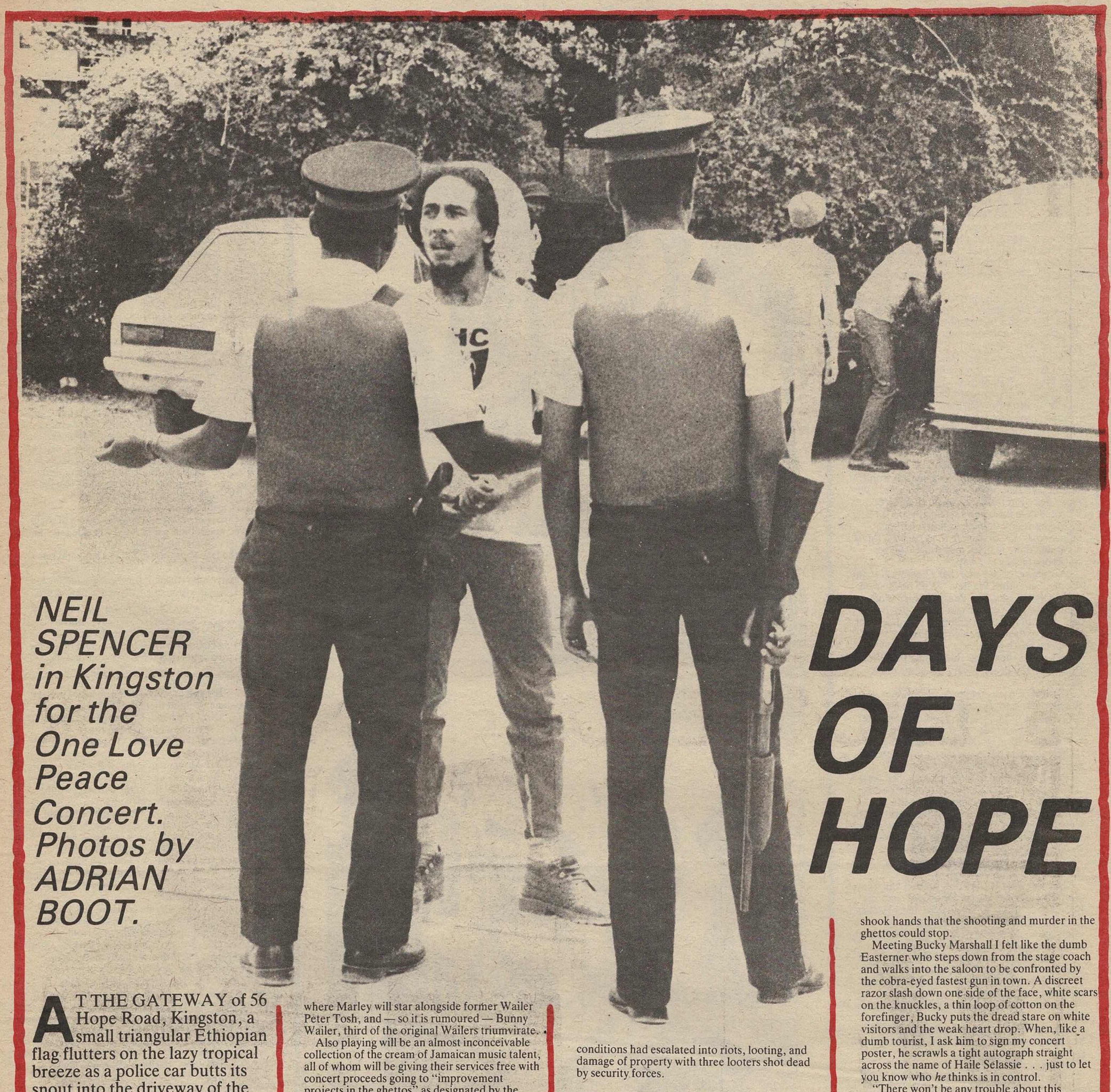


DAYS OF HOPE

NEIL SPENCER in Kingston for the One Love Peace Concert. Photos by ADRIAN BOOT.

AT THE GATEWAY of 56 Hope Road, Kingston, a small triangular Ethiopian flag flutters on the lazy tropical breeze as a police car butts its snout into the driveway of the sprawling house and pauses to survey the scene. Through the small crowds that clutter the yard in busy inactivity, the diminutive figure of Bob Marley marches towards the car with raised palm and halts the cops who are now standing looking over at the house toying with a pair of brutal-looking rifles. A brief exchange of words and the car slides away in reverse as Marley marches into the road to direct traffic and ease their departure.

Time and success, it seems, do change and mellow a man. Having lived most of his early life in conflict with the authorities, Marley now finds the authorities working for him. *Yes me frien', dem set me free again.* For the Trenchtown rocker who ten years ago extolled the virtues of the joys of life as a downtown Kingston Rude Boy and who, seven years back, wrote "Duppy Conqueror" on release from jail (after a traffic offence) times have indeed changed.

For undoubtedly the Kingston police and militia are under directives from above that everything possible be done to ensure the success of tomorrow's massive Peace Concert where Marley will star alongside former Wailer Peter Tosh, and — so it is rumoured — Bunny Wailer, third of the original Wailers triumvirate.

Also playing will be an almost inconceivable collection of the cream of Jamaican music talent, all of whom will be giving their services free with concert proceeds going to "improvement projects in the ghettos" as designated by the Central Peace Committee.

The concert is at the centre of a matrix of forces that make it a unique event. Staged by and for the Peace Movement that sprang into existence in January when the warring political ghettos of West Kingston spontaneously made peace, the concert is also being held to commemorate the 12th anniversary of the visit of Emperor Haile Selassie to Jamaica, a portentious event to the island's many Rastafarians. Indeed, the whole concert and the Peace Movement itself is planted firmly under the red, green and gold colours of Rastafari, a force that for most of Jamaica's "youth" holds far more sway than any political doctrine or affiliation.

Further, the concert is to be attended by the leaders of Jamaica's two political parties — Prime Minister Michael Manley of the ruling People's National Party and Edward Seaga of the Jamaican Labour Party (JLP) on whose behalf, if not authority, the ghetto gunmen had been terrorising each other's territory for the last five years or more.

Of significance too, the concert marks the first return of Marley to the island since an assassination attempt in December '76 — shortly before he was to play in a Peace concert which, though repeatedly declared apolitical, was widely interpreted as a boost to Michael Manley in the run-up to the '76 general election, a campaign fought in a blaze of ghetto gunplay.

For all these reasons the concert and Jamaica itself are at present under the scrutiny of the world's press; one reason why you can be sure that the police are on their best behaviour, although Jamaica's reputation for trouble hadn't been helped by a serious riot downtown a few days previously when protests about living conditions had escalated into riots, looting, and damage of property with three looters shot dead by security forces.

AROUND 160 journalists and cameramen are in town for the concert, a third of them imported wholesale by Island Records who are anxious, no doubt, to put Marley back in the American press arena after a cancelled U.S. tour last year and the consequent failure of "Exodus" to repeat its UK chart steamrolling in the States.

Once Island Records offices, and until the shooting Marley's home, 56 Hope Road is now HQ for the Peace Committee and the operational hub of the concert, and, is now virtually under siege by the press.

Journalists mill around bewilderedly in the bright hot dusty yard alongside the vendors of Sky Juice and Irish Moss (JA drinks), peace movement workers, bredren and cool street brothers just come to pose and look on. An American who asks if she can photograph Marley against the bullet holed wall in the back room is stared into shamefaced ignominy. The atmosphere is expectant.

From the verandah Peter Tosh regards the departure of the police with folded arms before striding across to his green acrylic Hillman Avenger, a purposeful looking pair of blackjacks stuffed into the back pocket of his jeans. Like a stepping razor . . . he's dangerous.

Later too, Bunny Wailer shows up, stepping from his Land Rover in lime green track suit, a machete strapped to his side.

Not that anyone is *expecting* trouble. Certainly not with the presence on the premises of Claudie Massop and Bucky Marshall, the principal characters in the truce of January '78. Political hitmen in the style of the wild west's hired gun, Massop toted iron for the JLP, Marshall for the PNP. It was only when these two men, in a scene from a bizarre Western, shook hands that the shooting and murder in the ghettos could stop.

Meeting Bucky Marshall I felt like the dumb Easterner who steps down from the stage coach and walks into the saloon to be confronted by the cobra-eyed fastest gun in town. A discreet razor slash down one side of the face, white scars on the knuckles, a thin loop of cotton on the forefinger, Bucky puts the dread stare on white visitors and the weak heart drop. When, like a dumb tourist, I ask him to sign my concert poster, he scrawls a tight autograph straight across the name of Haile Selassie . . . just to let you know who *he* thinks is in control.

"There won't be any trouble about this concert," Don Taylor, Marley's manager, had said earlier, "because of the people behind it. I know those people who are hanging around Hope Road at the moment, Claudie and Bucky and them, I went to school with them, and they're the *cause* of the trouble there's been in the past, so if they say no trouble there won't be any. Anyone trying anything would just . . . disappear.

"When I think of where we were at this point the *last* time we played a Peace Concert," adds Taylor ruefully in a reference to the ballistic events of December '76, "Me in hospital, Bob and them all bandaged up . . . and we still did the show."

TIMES SINCE then have not been easy for Bob Marley. In virtual exile in Miami and London — where he recorded "Exodus", most or not all of "Kaya" and managed to get busted while not 'officially' in the country — he also had to have a tumour on his left big toe removed by amputation, an operation which forced the cancellation of a 1977 American tour.

For a man who believes that his work is divinely inspired and that "everything Jah do is well done", it must have been doubly hard to come to terms with such events. Indeed, Marley did not apparently believe an early diagnosis on his toe problem.

"You must have done something wrong," was evidently Marley's self-verdict as expressed on "Running Away" on "Kaya", a doubt-ridden and contradictory album that despite flashes of animation roams too often into predictable MOR territory for comfort. Musical deterioration aside, the rumour mill has been

Continues over page

From previous page

DAYS OF HOPE

only too willing to suggest just what Marley has done wrong and just who was responsible for the shooting that dark December night at Hope Road, though Marley himself has kept silent on both counts.

Undoubtedly the pressures of being simultaneously an international star and official spokesman for his faith and country have at times been severe, especially since Marley is by nature the opposite of a spokesman — more a freewheeling soul rebel as I would say. The toll is there to see; when I first met Marley he was 29 and looked five years younger; today he seems all his 33 years.

All the same, this early Friday morning as he sits on the back steps of Hope Road to hold a press conference, flanked by Claudie Massop and Massop's aide-de-camp Earl Wadley, he looks relaxed and happy.

Admirers and bredren close around the trio with a mere clutch of journalists present; most of *them* are still chomping on their bacon butties in an attempt to drive out the excesses of last night's round of the rum bars.

The atmosphere is heady, excitable, and optimistic. Everyone wants a word and usually takes it — until the event is more like a theology class than a press conference.

Massop and Wadley explain how the Peace Movement stands outside the Jamaican political system, and that, in the words of Claudie, "We really don't interested in any political faction. We need help from *every* section of this society, providing you're helping us fairly, without influence — no-one dictate to us because this is a poor man thing, a black man thing, and we spend our money our way."

"We stand for any side that's beneficial to the people," amplifies Wadley. "With no division among the masses. The Peace Council is not fighting down any government that sits in Jamaica, but if they're willing to co-operate for the need of the people, we're willing to co-operate with them."

"It's a good heart this thing come from," says Bob. "A good heart. It couldn't come out o' politics."

"Everyone try to get peace," continues Wadley. "The government people a try it, the churches try it, but we, the people in the street, through the inspiration of Rastafari, we a *do* it."

No-one will entertain the notion of any trouble the next day — so the security forces won't be needed, suggests someone.

"Yeah dem needed," replies Bob, "because they're part of Jamaica too, part of the people, part of the whole thing man a deal with."

It is good, he continues, that the world will be watching, since "them gonna follow the example we set. When we come together the whole world gonna look and seh 'It can be done'."

So why does Marley think Jamaica is in the position of leading the way?

"Because only Rasta know himself and know God. Every country must follow our example because . . . this is it." He laughs and stretches his hands to take in the assembly and, by implication, the whole island. "The waters are calm, that's why everyone is here like this.

"A bloodclaat war a go on elsewhere," he adds later. "Big war. Watch what a go on in Sout' Africa and Rhodesia. Bloodclaat war go on in the jungle. Jamaica nice, man . . ."

Would you do a concert in South Africa then, Bob?

"For the black people? Against Ian Smith? Yes man, tomorrow if dem want me. Would you go?"

Of course. Well I'd try.

"Den try to arrange it for me cos me ready to go."

The Wailers will in fact be touring Africa this year together with Britain and The States, all the tours being, according to Marley "Toward the Peace. Me carry The Peace t'rough the earth and everything we do again is toward the unification of black people. Togetherness, seen? Not an individual thing no more. That mean if it work or if it don't work God know and decide."

MARLEY'S insistence that Jamaica is "setting the world an example" — and one hears the same sentiment from many mouths — may seem strange in the light of the oft-projected picture of JA's imminent social and economic collapse.

It's true that the country is beset with problems of the most basic sort; 60% unemployment, widespread and often chronic poverty and malnutrition, and persistent shortages of just about everything. With Michael Manley edging the country determinedly to the left and the IMF and other more sinister forces breathing down his neck, it's a nation poised uncomfortably between capitalism and socialism, a colonial past and an unknown future. Yet for all the poverty and problems, only the blindly insensitive could fail to be impressed by the vibrant humanity of Jamaica's people, the country's physical beauty and the almost tangible air of mystery that hangs over the Caribbean "isle of springs".

There is an almost perverse optimism at work here, most notably among the Rastas — and with the vast majority of Jamaicans under 30, Rasta is easily the most dominant cultural force on the island. Rightly or wrongly, the Rastas do feel that whatever the slings and arrows that Babylon may hurl at them, now is their ordained

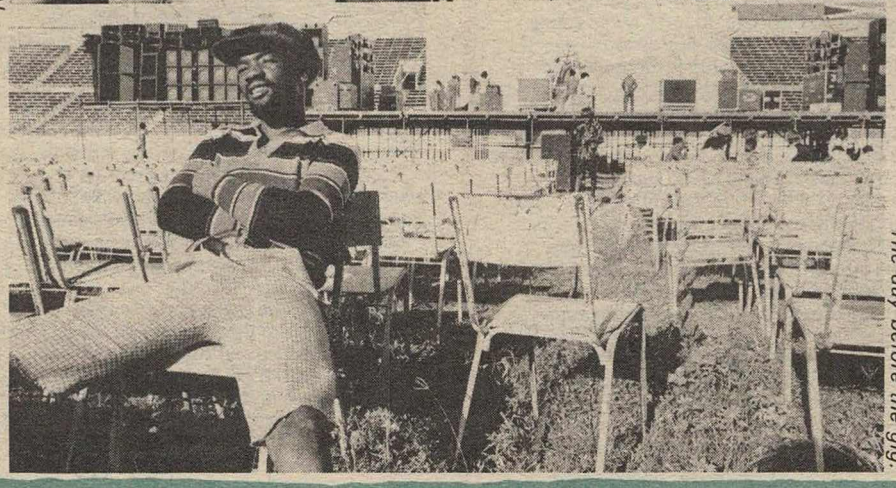
Manley, Marley, Seaga.

Exodus from Hope Road.

Two thirds Culture, and back-up band.

Tosh at sound-check.

Dillinger spreads some sunshine.



The day before the gig.

time. The success of the Peace Movement is almost universally attributed to the power of Rasta in Jamaica, the healing salve on an open wound.

Michael Manley himself has always courted the Rasta vote with care, visiting Selassie in the '60s and returning with a "rod of correction" bestowed upon him by the Emperor which he subsequently used in his '72 election campaign.

The Jamaican middle and upper class (what's left of them — many have taken Manley's advice and caught the jet to the States), who hate and fear Manley and his egalitarian notions, may treat Rasta and its "vulgar" insistence on the sanctity of ganja smoking as an embarassment, but the fact remains that right now Rasta and reggae are the prime forces jostling for international attention on Jamaica, as the One Love concert so readily bears witness.

The western world is only beginning to listen to the message of the Rastaman, and though the divinity of Selassie I is central to Rasta beliefs, one doesn't need to share that belief to perceive and feel the power, nobility, and spirituality of the Rastaman and his music.

Walking into the massive National Stadium for the concert soundcheck on Friday afternoon, it was possible to see the twin strands of nationalism and Rastafarianism entwining.

The bold banners studded around the perimeter rim urging the nation "Work Together For Self Reliance" and "Forward With The People's Constitution", and the lithe young black Athenians engaged in athletics training, would have made it a scene straight from the Cuban textbook of national pride were it not for the huge stage and colossal bank of speakers in the centre of the track, together with the, red, green and gold backdrop (designed by Neville Garick) depicting what looked like an Afro-Caribbean Stonehenge.

A cluster of young siteworkers, some of them dreads, spent their ganja break checking us out, talking, curious, hospitable.

In the late afternoon light, as each band ran through their paces, it all added up to an impressive advertisment for the New Jamaica, a near Utopian vision of a truly brave new world.

BY CONTRAST the afternoon of the concert was overcast, muggy, almost stifling inside the concrete bowl. The gathering clouds hardly seemed a good omen for the coming concert, but the moment that the waiting ceased and the concert began fears began to melt away.

The VIPs and press got the prime spot in front of the stage. Behind them the 'Peace' section sat, for $10 (£4) a head. $5 brought you a pass to the 'Love' section, while to be in the 'togetherness' seats was $2. Altogether 28,000 people attended.

The Peace Movement aside, if the only reason for the concert had been to display the depth of Jamaica's musical talent to the world, it would still have been magnificent. Suffice to say at the start that everyone played and sang brilliantly, and while the concert's eight or nine hour duration proved somewhat wearing — would any British rock audience have endured the same with so few amenities and such limited movement? I doubt it — the organisation under the unflappable guidance of Tommy and Valerie Cowan was excellent.

The early part of the show was in some ways the most enjoyable as Lloyd Parkes and We The People, including a beautifully crisp four-piece horn section, provided immaculate backing for a host of ranking acts that spanned the spectrum of JA music. With each act limited to two or three numbers, the effect was breathtaking. It was like watching a goodly portion of my singles collection come alive before my eyes.

The Meditations were first on, a high stepping archetypal cool JA vocal trio out of the old Curtis/Impressions tradition who offered lively versions of their hits "Live It Up" and "Woman Is Like A Shadow" to good reception. Then came Althea & Donna with a perfunctory performance of their pop song "Uptown Top Ranking". They seemed what they are; plain, likeable girls who unexpectedly found themselves with a hit. Pass.

By contrast Dillinger was immediate, electric, and lewdly infectious. He strutted onstage in his faintly hideous red, green and gold striped pyjama suit like a strolling Elizabethan player, cut the band, restarted at his own pace, and delivered a brace of dynamite talk-overs including "The War Is Over" *("Son don't take your guns to town/Cos the war is over")* to great reception. Natural sunshine, he won the afternoon's only encore, supplying "Eastman Skank" as his bonus.

The Mighty Diamonds' somewhat pedestrian stage presence has never matched the promise of their early records and the addition of several stones weight between them has changed them little since their '76 UK tour. They sang beautifully though; Marley's "Keep On Moving" and, again betraying the Mayfield influence, "I Need A Roof".

Next came the bizarre ten-year-old Junior Tucker, a Michael Jackson soundalike whose moves and dancing were precocious beyond belief. His youth and energy were not to be thwarted however and he took the audience by storm. Good clean family entertainment: Lew Grade should fly in and sign him quick, he has a hell of a voice.

Culture were a revelation. Another vocal trio, the group have won the accolades of UK critics and punters alike with their "Two Sevens Clash" album and a series of stand-out singles. They've also copped two Jamaican music awards in their eighteen month existence. Their stage show unexpectedly complemented the high

Continues page 58

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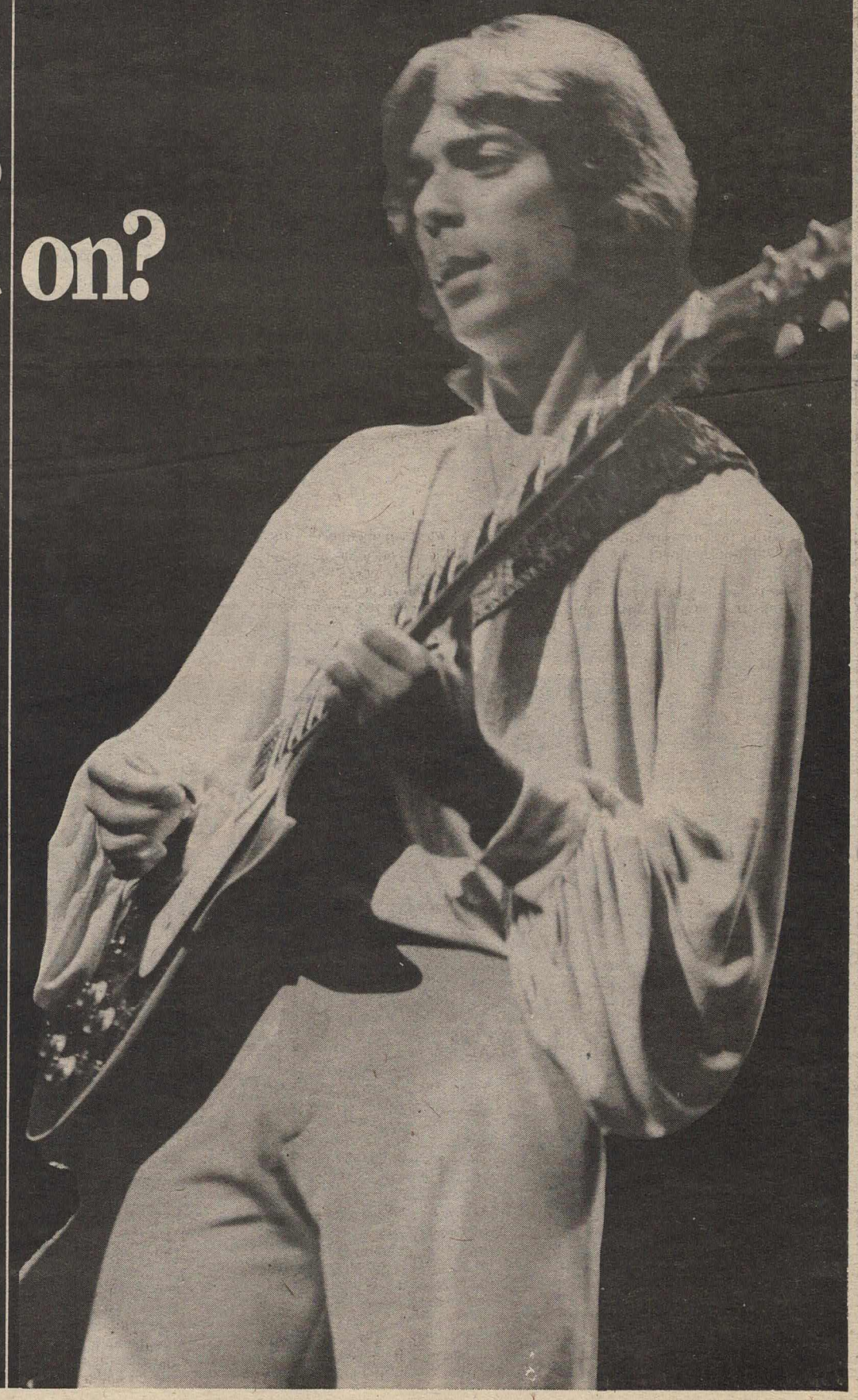


CHARISMA

THRILLS

BRIAN WILSON. "Smile" please — CHALKIE DAVIES

BEACH BOYS WEIRD OUT YET AGAIN

Surf's up, tide's out, Aussie report: ROSS STAPLETON

AFTER THEIR HUGE LOSS in public credibility following the 11th hour cancellation of their European tour last summer, The Beach Boys should have arrived in Australia for their recent tour fully aware of just how much hinged upon their ability to see the tour through successfully.

But if they realised this, they hardly showed it.

In a nutshell, the tour earned them almost universal criticism from the Australian media — and, in fairness, it has to be admitted that the bad reviews were generally the result of sloppy concerts. Brian and Dennis Wilson would absent themselves from the stage for long periods during the set, while Brian only ever had a token involvement in the overall stage sound, contributing minimal vocals and sit-down bass.

The media bashing of The Beach Boys came to a head at Perth, after their first concert there; Carl Wilson, suffering from "food poisoning", staggered about the stage, twice falling over, once into Dennis' drum kit.

The concert had already got off on the wrong foot when the group had arrived late for the gig. Brian was also unable to sing properly (he told me he was suffering from a cold), which hardly increased his popularity.

In any event, many fans felt sufficiently pissed off with the whole affair to demand their money back — which, believe it or not in these times, still actually works. With ticket prices from £5 upwards, estimates in the press ranged from about £2,000 to £5,000 being refunded by the promoters AGC-Paradine (in which David Frost holds a substantial interest).

One critic described the event as "embarrassing — one of the sorriest, saddest concerts ever seen in Western Australia", and the Consumer Affairs Bureau was reported to be seeking advice on the concert after complaints from the public.

At a press conference hurriedly convened the next day, Carl Wilson said he wanted to apologise to those who left because of his behaviour.

"It made the rest of the group nervous and they did not perform as well as they could have done — I was frightening them. It won't happen again."

He said he had staggered about on stage and fell over because he was unwell. He had taken a Valium tablet and two other pills on an empty stomach.

This, and a couple of beers had made him unsteady on his feet. "I usually have a beer before a performance and sometimes during the show if it is hot," he said. "I had a shower before the concert started but it didn't hit me until I got on stage. I don't remember too much of the night. I think people were entitled to demand their money back," he added.

However, at the group's second Perth concert, reviewers who had hit the street the day before with headlines such as "Wipe Out Time For The Beach Boys" after the show, reached for the superlatives as they praised the second night performances as one of the greatest concerts ever to be staged by an overseas act in Perth.

It seemed the first night fiasco was exactly the collective kick up the arse the band needed.

I caught the group's first Melbourne concert and thoroughly enjoyed it except for Brian's distinct role of figurehead. He sang lead or support vocal on only a handful of songs, and as I said previously, was off the stage two or three times during the 90-mimute set.

Apart from being rather offended by David Frost actually having the nerve to get up there and present the band with his usual frothy bullshit — "never been a group like them" and "they're bigger than ever" — my only other important criticism was that it wasn't until a third of the way through the show that we heard all five members sing together for the first time.

The lead vocals always came over well, but the mix and the sound of the other vocals throughout the evening left a lot to be desired.

But in fairness to the band I was at least offered an explanation for this by Dennis Wilson, when we spoke the following day. He said that the band had been upset because the stage monitors had packed up, which resulted in their vocal problems.

As I talked about the previous night's concert with Dennis, an intense man and the most obviously independent of the Wilson brothers, he became quite irritated with what he referred to as my "song-by-song criticism with what was wrong with the show."

"Look, is there anything else you want to talk about? You see, I get tired of doing interviews with guys like you who pick apart the show and it's as irritating as shit. It would be nice to talk about something else instead of 20 minutes' song-by-song of how bad it was."

Dennis was proving to be a little over-sensitive to my general criticisms, because overall I really enjoyed it. Nevertheless, he took time out to pinpoint the reasons for his own discontent with the show which, as well as including the monitors packing up, also covered the fact that all the band seemed to have somehow picked up colds of varying severity (with Brians's the worst).

THE MOST fascinating snippet to emerge from The Beach Boys' tour up to that point had been a report the previous day that just prior to coming to Australia, Dennis Wilson had "discovered" the previously lost "Smile" tapes.

As popular legend has it, "Smile" was to be Brian Wilson's knockout reply to The Beatles' dominant popularity at the time in 1967. But Wilson was supposed to have personally destroyed at least the vocal tracks after "Sgt. Pepper" was released, apparently realising that he could only finish second in any Pepper-Smile critical showdown.

"Brian didn't destroy the tapes at all," Dennis reassured me. "What happened was that he discarded them by accident in the library at Brother's recording studio (owned by The Beach Boys). They were simply misplaced with no labelling on them and I found them purely by accident.

"I ran across the 'Fire' tapes, things like 'Worms', all the good ones."

When I asked him if the version of "Surf's Up" which originally formed part of "Smile" is the same version as the cut released, he replied: "It's from the same era but it's not 'Surf's Up'. The song just forms part of 'The Elements' (supposedly a series of interconnecting Brian Wilson compositions). I don't know how long 'Elements' lasts, but some of 'Smile' has already been released, such as 'Cabinessence' which appears on the 'Sunflower' album."

While the group doesn't know what to do with "Smile", it's obvious that the incredible interest which will now result from the knowledge of the alleged missing masterpiece's existence, might influence The Beach Boys to release it as a curio in much the same way that Bob Dylan and The Band's "Basement Tapes" was belatedly released.

I spoke to Brian the following day, also at the pool, after watching him get a 20-minute massage. (The masseur was male, bald and about 50).

Brian's detachment and remoteness during conversation, combined with his ability to answer even the most complicated questions with a simple "yes", "no", "I guess", "that's possible", made him an impossibly difficult interview subject.

And just when it got really interesting (Brian seemed to be imparting some difficult truths), the answers appeared to frighten him and he opted to end the interview.

It became increasingly apparent as I spoke to one of the great song-writing geniues of rock'n'roll, that these days Brian Wilson and reality seem to have a rather estranged relationship.

Many of his answers really didn't have much relevance to the questions asked, while often he expressed ignorance about certain situations which were either the answers of a fool or a man trapped in an appalling state of ignorance.

When Brian was asked if he would like to see "Smile" released, he replied: "I don't think they would be right for now. That kind of stuff just isn't right now."

What sort of "stuff" was it?

"Oh they're just very sporadic tapes. They weren't done as well as 'Pet Sounds' or had as much put into them. They were not as elaborate."

What about "Elements"?

"That I don't know about. It was such a jumbled mess that I don't even know. It wasn't organised. It wasn't completed. It was so ugh . . . we didn't even like it."

So would he object to "Smile" eventually being released? Strangely enough, he said he had no objection to that.

Brian's memory may seem distinctly lacking on the content of "Smile", but it should be remembered that it *was* almost 11 years since he last heard the tapes, as he hasn't been played them since their discovery — although he said he would get Dennis to play them to him upon their return to the States.

Brian was just as cryptic about "Adult Child", the band's latest album for Warner Brothers which fulfils their contract with that label. "Adult Child" he simply describes as having "a lot of serious adult-type songs".

Dennis on the other hand was more realistic about the album: "I think I like 'Beach Boys Love You' more," he told me.

Considering that album is one of the low points of the group's career, he was hardly bestowing a rave review on the new record.

According to Dennis the band was returning immediately to the States after the Australian tour to begin work on the first Caribou release. He will also complete recording his second solo album, the follow-up to "Pacific Ocean Blue", which is still the only solo Beach Boys album.

Were any of the others considering solo projects?

"I've not heard anything about the others, although I know they have various ideas, but I think Carl should do one because he's very talented."

Obviously though the new band album comes first; Dennis said they plan to spend a considerable amount of time on the next one. "You should have plenty of time to make records. I don't think they should just be produced like cars off an assembly line."

AT THIS POINT I was intrigued to ask Dennis why he and Brian left the stage a couple of times during the Australian set.

"I left because I don't like the songs themselves (which turn out to be Mike Love and Al Jardine Transcendental Meditation songs). I'm not an advocate of TM, so I don't think I want to sing about it. I don't think it's right to promote something during certain parts of the show because you are a Beach Boy.

"I just feel that people come to see The Beach Boys' music and I think we should just do that.

"All the Beach Boys are individuals," he tried to assure me — and all he would add was that he felt sure there were "several" members of the band who felt the same way he did.

But they didn't leave the stage?

"No they don't, but they do within themselves in their own way."

Some days earlier I had seen Love and Jardine being interviewed on television and they said somewhat cryptically that The Beach Boys were really two different groups. It seemed obvious that conflicts raged within the band.

"Yeah, there always has been and there always will be. But they're just the conflicts that everyone experiences," Dennis suggested diplomatically.

Dennis also discussed his brother Brian's gradual withdrawal as the band's producer and composer of the bulk of their material in subsequent years.

"He's always been with us but he just stopped in the sense of being the one producer who told everybody what to do and how it was to be done — and now, I guess, he realises that the group is no longer musically himself."

Brian agreed he found it weird at first to be involved in producing The Beach Boys when he returned to the console for "15 Big Ones".

He says he's been finding the time recently to listen to a cross-section of British and American new-wave bands, and said vaguely that he's liked "nearly all of what I've heard, but there's no one I can name to you that I particularly like."

BRIAN SEEMED totally unaware of the lashing The Beach Boys got in Britain last year following their summer tour cancellation.

When I asked him why it was cancelled at the last moment, he seemed unbelievably ignorant when he answered: "I don't know why it was cancelled. I don't really know what happened at all."

Dennis on the other hand said it was simply a case of not enough time. But the tour was booked and they must have known well in advance it was coming up?

"Oh sure, but it just wasn't possible to have a very successful tour and we felt it would be wise to wait."

Dennis said Britain looked a distinct possibility in June, however. "We have a proposal we are considering now which would include a string of provincial dates in Britain and we would also do a European tour. We have to sit down among ourselves and discuss what we want to do because there's no doubt there is a tremendous demand for us there."

Brian himself was guarded on the possibility of him touring Europe as part of the band.

"I hope to tour if I can. If I'm up to it and my health is fine," he said with all the earnest uncertainty of a hypochondriac.

What was his main health concern at the moment?

"I don't know. I don't really know if I'm unhealthy or not and if I am, where? I haven't really had a good check-up. I'm feeling good on this tour," he volunteered. "Feeling great every day in fact, and last night at the concert I felt this surge of energy and I really did feel good." He seemed to be reassuring himself as much as me.

How about your left ear, Brian, is it getting any better now that you have resumed touring?

"No. It's actually getting worse. My ears always seem to hurt me," he shrugged with nervous resignation.

You actually have a physical pain with your hearing?

"Not a physical kind but another sort."

The pain of not having two good ears?

"Yes that's right."

He then confirmed there was nothing which could be done medically to correct his problem. He said he found it particularly infuriating when producing in the recording studio. He experienced enormous difficulty in obtaining balanced hearing while listening to stereo.

Although outwardly Brian Wilson appears healthy enough (apart from an obvious weight problem), as he sits beside me staring uncomfortably into space there is a disquieting aura which tells you that, although he may well have produced a reportedly classic Beach Boys song like his current pride

● Continues page 15

How much longer are we gonna take all this crap from Malcolm Macdonald?

Bandy-legged carthorse who obviously fancies himself as some kind of latterday John Wayne of football as he ponces about in his grotty wide-lapelled jackets and stupid kipper ties . . .

THE ODDLY NORMAL GOMM COME-ON

The highly normal IAN GOMM. Pic: GEORGE SNOW.

WHILE HIS FORMER Brinsley Schwarz colleagues have all been reaping fame, acclaim and not a little dough these past couple of years, the 'unknown Brinsley', guitarist Ian Gomm, has been hiding out somewhere in the wilds of Wales 'laying down tracks' for a Welsh choir. That's right, a traditional olde Welshe male voice choir . . .

Gomm split for the rolling hills of mid-Wales after the Brinsleys' break-up in February 1975, but now he is back, so to speak, attempting to make a name for himself as Albion Records' first signing. Their first release is Gomm's reworking of Chuck Berry's "Come On".

Always the technical Mr Fix It with the Brinsleys — as well as being their rhythm guitarist — after the split Gomm accepted a gig that amounted virtually to running Foel Studio near Welshpool where, apart from his encounters with the local choir, he worked with Van Der Graaf, Plummet Airlines and Alexis Korner — and engineered The Stranglers' first ever recording session, a somewhat chaotic affair which failed to secure the boys a recording deal.

"I wanted to do something with my hands, to erase my mind of what had gone before," says Gomm genially, referring to the Brinsleys' strangely stagnant career.

Concurrent with working at Foel, Ian wrote and recorded his own songs — "songs for every occasion" — but received no encouragement from a music business thrown out of sync by the arrival of punk / new wave.

He recalls: "If you're sitting in an office and you've just put your all into some demo tapes and a chap says, 'Well, quite honestly Ian I don't think you can sing,' it's quite off-putting in a way.

"But after a few of those I discovered they were saying it because of this new wave thing, and they were very uncertain of their future role in the whole thing anyway.

"Those rejections made me feel really miserable. It's like painting a picture at school and the art master think it's crap."

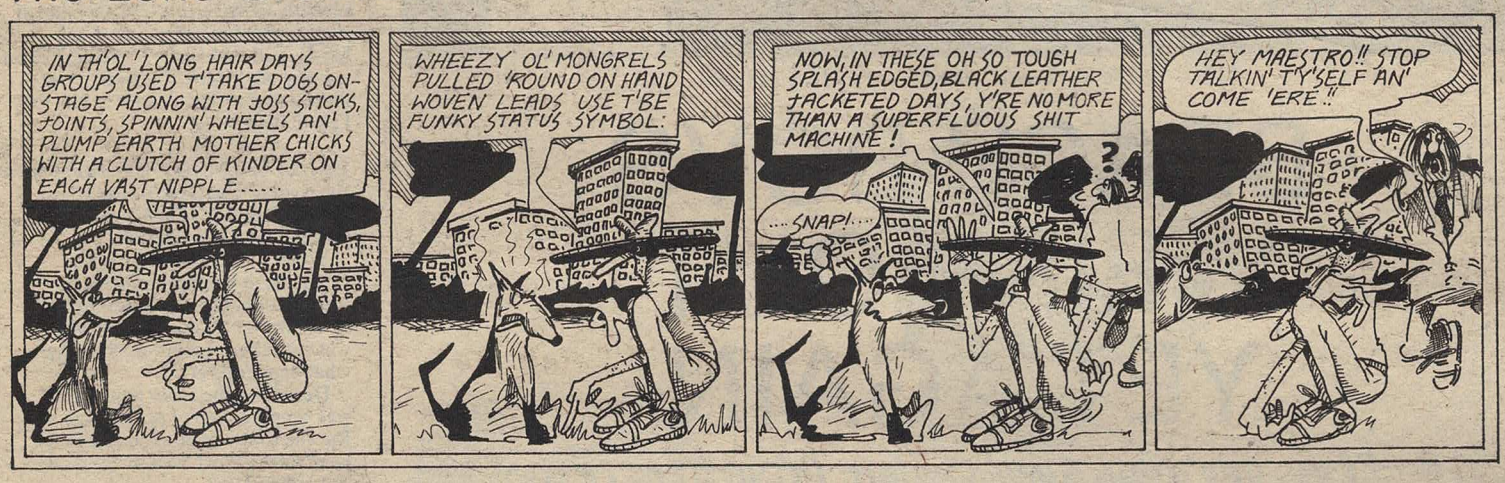
Even former Brinsley Schwarz manager Dave Robinson, in his new role as joint boss of Stiff Records, couldn't say anything positive about Gomm's tapes.

However, another erstwhile Brinsleys manager, Dai Davies — boss of the newly formed Albion Records — had more confidence that there might after all be a place in the charts for Gomm, and last year he contacted Ian to enquire if he was still writing.

Ian in turn arranged for Nick Lowe and the Brinsleys' drummer Billy Rankin to come on down to Wales and work on some tunes to present to Davies at Albion. 'Basher' agreed, but at the last minute Gomm received a phone call to the effect that Lowe couldn't make it because he had to go

● *"Come On" to page 14.*

The Lone Groover — BENYON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Tour booked by NEMS/Phil Banfield

IAN GOMM

● *From page 12*

into the studio with Rockpile.

"He's always been like that," grins Gomm. "You can depend on him to be unreliable. I don't know whether success will change him, but he might start wearing underpants!"

By last September Gomm was firmly ensconced under Davies's management, and recorded "Come On" in London with producer Martin Rushent, he of Stranglers (and Shirley Bassey) fame. With him were ex-Man and Help Yourself keyboards player Malcolm Morley, ex-Bees Make Honey bassist Rod Denick, and drummer Davey Lutton, formerly of T. Rex and now with Wreckless Eric — and none of Gomm's old B. Schwarz companions who, with the exception of drummer Rankin, had by this time all done very well for themselves.

"I think the whole thing with Nick, and Brinsley and Bob in The Rumour is that they got back into the whole thing right away," Ian opines. "I don't think they're particularly new wave as people. They were caught up in it more than actually being part of it.

"I think Nick's best stuff is yet to come. He's working under a hell of a lot of pressure. I think he could do better getting someone to produce him".

"Come On" was decided on because Albion wanted him to do it. Originally Ian had wanted to call himself Ian Normal, a reaction to the new wave's fixation with outrage, but Albion said no — although they have decided to pursue Ian's idea of himself as a very 'straight' dude. The packaging of the single features Gomm in front of a modern semi (he in fact rents a slightly run-down £10-a-week house) and the ads have him supping in his local.

The result is that Gomm comes on like a parody of Norman Normal.

"I decided to do what I'm told for a change," he says, perhaps recalling how the Brinsleys with their hippy ideals turned down two *Top Of The Pops* appearances. It's the normal thing to do . . .

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

THE LAST TIME I saw Alexandra Elene MacLean Denny was at London's Sound Circus last November, at her first gig in ages.

Her initial nervousness was soon dispelled by the sheer delight of the audience seeing her back performing again, and she delivered a scorching set, showing that her voice had lost none of its majesty during her self-imposed layoff.

I only met her once, just prior to the release of what was to be her last album, "Rendezvous". There had been a four-year lapse between her last album and "Rendezvous", and she talked at length of Fairport, of the London folk scene of which she had been so essentially a part, and many other related topics. She seemed grateful at the opportunity simply to sit at home with husband Trevor Lucas, having been on the road for 12 years or more, ending up "like a spaced out brain on legs".

Her death last week came as a terrible shock to all who knew her and loved her, particularly as things had looked like they were falling into place for Sandy Denny over the past year. Despite an uncertain recording future, she'd got back out on the road, released an album and delivered a daughter, Georgia, into the world.

She died, without regaining consciousness, after falling down a flight of stairs at a friend's home in London. She was 31.

SANDY DENNY'S career started round the London folk club circuit (notably at the Scots Hoose) and her first recording was with The Strawbs — an album which included her best known song, the achingly lovely "Who Knows Where The Time Goes", which was later recorded by Judy Collins — before replacing Judy Dyble in Fairport Convention.

Pictures (L-R): GEORGE WILKES, JOE STEVENS, LFI.

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SANDY DENNY
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She stayed with the band for three seminal albums, including the legendary "Liege And Lief" (from which period came the mighty "Matty Groves" and many other 'Trad. Arr. Fairport' classics). That one album, it can be safely said, instigated the whole English folk/rock movement; it's not surprising that, despite her many other notable achievements, Sandy Denny's name will remain inextricably linked with Fairport — whom she re-joined for a series of gigs and the "Rising For The Moon" album in 1974.

After leaving Fairport initially in 1969, she formed the under-rated and all too short-lived Fotheringay. The band's one recorded album was more than enough indication of the band's unrealised potential.

Four solo albums followed, each gradually leaving her folk roots further behind, from the haunting "North Star Ravens" to the lushly orchestrated "Like An Old Fashioned Waltz", but each stamped with her own individual style. Her voice was undeniably impressive, but accessible. With Sandy a song had to be *felt*, not simply admired.

When I met her last May she was relaxed and friendly, looking back on those traumatic Fairport days with great affection, delighted that Richard Thompson had come in to play on "Rendezvous" — "I'm sure he was glad to get back, wailing away on electric guitar" — and she was thinking of moving to America, where her brother lived, to try out American studios and musicians. "Not," she stressed, "because they're better, but it would be a complete change. Over here you tend to get terribly relaxed and thing, 'Oh well, Take 36' . . ."

Aside from her well-known folk connections, Sandy also appeared on "The Bunch", an album of old rock'n'roll standards with erstwhile Fairport members, "Led Zeppelin IV" and Lou Reiszner's "Tommy" production. There was also talk of her recording an album of old Fats Waller /Inkspots numbers, which she was particularly fond of.

Sadly that project will now never materialise, but as some small solace, Sandy Denny left a legacy of fine recordings: just listen to her memorable interpretations of Richard Thompson's "Genesis Hall" and "Farewell Farewell" or Dylan's "Percy's Song", or indeed any number of her own beautiful compositions, particularly the "Sandy" album or "Solo" and the title track of "Old Fashioned Waltz".

She leaves a husband, a daughter and a great many admirers who knew her only through her music. She will be greatly missed.

PATRICK HUMPHRIES

THRILLS

BEACH BOYS

● *From page 11*

and joy "California Feeling" since his return to the enclave, such songs will surely be very much the exception from now on.

What was his approach to writing songs now?

"I don't now. I haven't . . . I'm not writing anymore. I've stopped doing it," he says with a quiet resignation, an admission which seems momentarily to pain him before he braces himself for what he now knows is the inevitable question to come.

"Have the ideas stopped?

"Yeah."

How many songs would you have written in the last year? "About twenty I guess."

I tell him some people would be more than satisfied with that as an annual output, but Brian's not listening anymore. It's as if the realisation that the ideas have dried up has only suddenly occurred to him and its crushing meaning fills him with a panic need to get away.

"I've got to stop now, I'll talk to you later," he lamely apologises as he shifts his giant frame into overdrive, half staggering out of his chair, such is his need to split. He gazes confusedly around in search of his bodyguard or some such soul who keeps him happy when he's not.

Exit in confusion.

As this Australian saga has hardly been the most pleasant tour for the band, perhaps it's best to finish with Dennis Wilson who, in retelling a joke derived from somewhat less funny circumstances, nevertheless managed to distill the overall Beach Boys aura of fun, fun, fun.

"You know your TV interviewers here . . . phew (accompanied with long whistle of disbelief). One of them asked me if it was true my father (Murray Wilson, who died some years ago) didn't like groupies. I said 'boys or girls?'"

THRILLS

. . . shooting off his mouth about how he's the only England player since the war to have scored five goals in an international . . .

THEATER IN LONDON

Like Uriah Heep on Speed

The mind boggles! Spotted in the International Herald Tribune by Barry Cooper.

Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band

From Boston comes the Boom Boom Band fronted by Willie Alexander.

They have already contributed to the "Live At The Rat" compilation and have been compared on the R & B level to such bands as Mink De Ville and Graham Parker.

Their first album "Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band" MCF2835 was produced by Craig Leon – the man who produced the Ramones.

Their single from the album is "YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'", to be released on April 28th.

"It's good and compelling listening. Uncluttered three or four minute masterpieces which has one longing for more." RECORD MIRROR

"All in all, it's — um — interesting." N.M.E.

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ACID FILMS PLANNED

PLANS ARE NOW AFOOT for at least two major films on the recent Operation Julie acid bust saga.

Actor Malcolm McDowell of *Clockwork Orange* fame, along with BBC TV producer Mark Shivas, has bought rights to the book which Det. Sgt. Lee is writing about the affair.

McDowell, who as well as acting will debut on the film as a producer, bought the manuscript unseen, and there are now rumours that they have actually got somewhat less than they bargained for.

Far more interesting is the Operation Julie project being planned by independent film producer Rex Pike, who is currently in the States seeking backing. The word is that writer G. F. Newman, the man responsible for scripting the excellent *Law And Order* series, will produce the screenplay but at present no further details are available.

Surprisingly a Welsh newspaper, *The Cambrian Times*, recently reproduced large portraits of Richard Kemp's 8,000 word statement which, on lawyer's advice, he didn't read out in the dock.

In it Kemp claims: "The present climate of opinion and law effectively forced me to make a choice between making LSD available without social controls, with the small risks inherent in this approach, or not making it available at all.

"Believing as I did that the benefits are so widespread and so urgently necessary if we are to have any chance of solving the pressing problems of the modern world, I felt I had no choice but to adopt the course which has led me to the dock and your Lordship's judgement."

Students of the Julie affair would also be well advised to read the excellent piece by playwright Heathcote Williams in a recent issue of *International Times* (available from 97 Talbot Road, W11, price 35p plus p&p).

. . . when even Paul Mariner could have scored ten against that motley bunch of part-time barbers from Cyprus . . .

INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

AFTER MONTHS of comparative inactivity the campaign to change the law on cannabis is on the move again.

A new organisation is being established to act as a 'responsible', committed lobby group along the lines successfully established in the States by NORML — the *Playboy*-financed National Organisation to reform the Marijuana Laws.

Its job will be to monitor the law on cannabis, inform MPs and press, assemble evidence on cannabis research and generally act as a focus for the cannabis reform movement.

Many may feel the moye is now outdated and unnecessary, but this is far from the case — as the Legalise Cannabis Campaign leaflet points out.

Cannabis is the most widely used illegal drug in the UK —five million people are estimated to have used it — and Britain lags far behind other members of the international community, who have relaxed their laws for simple cannabis possession.

In 1976 a total of 9,748 people were convicted of cannabis offences, nearly 90 per cent being for simple possession of less than 1 oz. The latest figures available show that in 1975 no less than 838 people were sent to prison or borstal for cannabis offences.

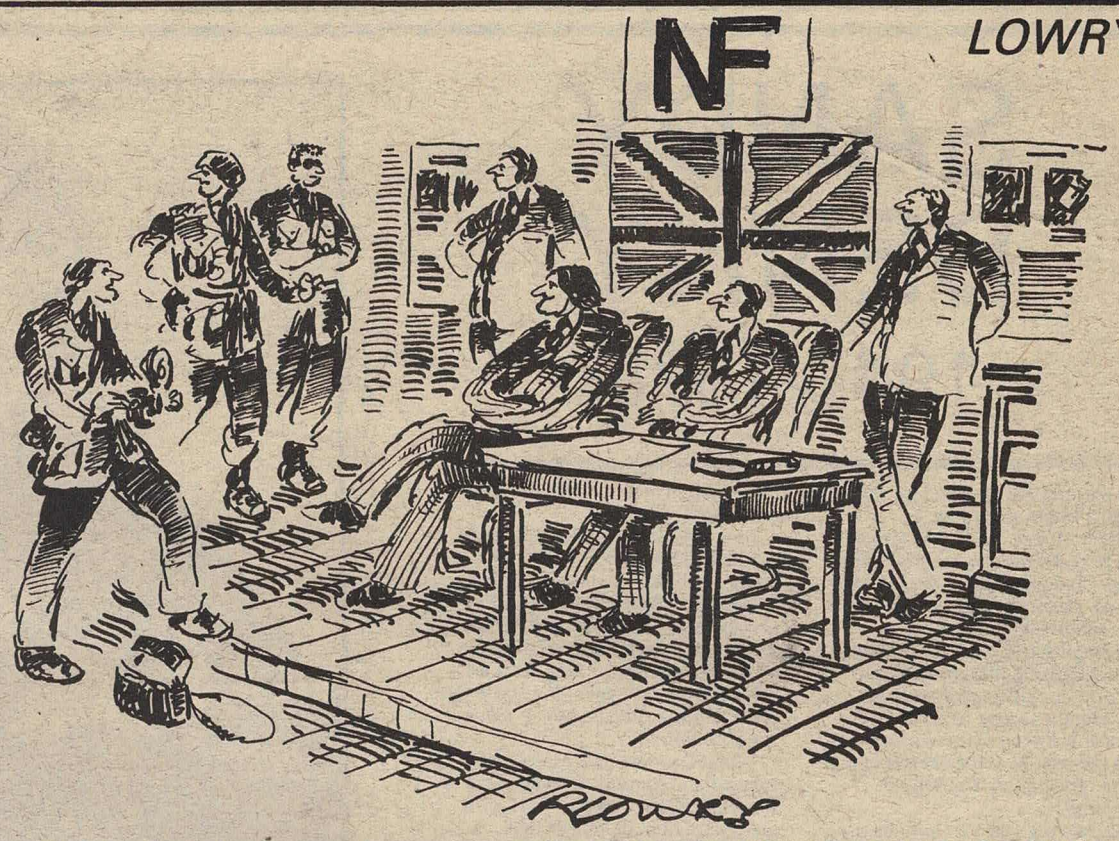
Furthermore, the police powers of stop and search under the Misuse of Drugs Act are widely abused; in 1975, 76 per cent of all reported searches were unwarranted.

The police themselves are unhappy about the situation. Tony Judge, editor of *Police*, the magazine of the Police Federation, wrote in 1975: "It is doubtful if one per cent of people guilty of illegal possession come to police notice . . . The law has exacerbated relations between the police and groups of young people in a way that has not been the police experience with any other law."

If any change is to come, if Britain's Victorian anti-cannabis laws are to be changed, public pressure will have to be translated into political action. This may prove difficult — even grass roots supporters have grown blase about the issue — but the hard facts remain the same.

The current campaign will culminate in a big meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, on June 3rd which the organisers hope will once again focus attention on the cannabis issue. But campaigns, of course, cost money. Believers should send cheques to: The Legalise Cannabis Campaign, 29 Old Bond Street, London W1 (Tel. 01-289 3881).

In the meantime the guerilla tokers, the Smokey Bears will be holding their cannabis smoke-in picnic in Hyde Park on May 13.



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Hitachi 7785 £405.95
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JAN & DEAN RETURN TO DEADMAN'S CURVE

THE LEGENDARY beach combo Jan and Dean are back in action — or at least their lokalikes are, in a made-for-TV movie called *Deadman's Curve* which hopefully will surface on our screens later in the year.

It's the story of J&D's success in the early '60s with a string of beach party classics like "Surf City" and "Little Old Lady From Pasadena" — success which ended abruptly one night in 1966 when Jan Berry, tooling down Sunset Boulevard at 90 mph, lost control of his Stingray and totalled himself against a parked truck.

Jan was in a coma for six months, and he spent the next six years learning to walk and talk again.

Meantime Dean Torrance switched careers. He formed the highly successful Kittyhawk graphics company, producing album covers for the likes of Nilsson, The Beach Boys and The Supremes.

In 1973 Dean tried a comeback with Jan at the Hollywood Palladium, but with Jan only able to lip-sync his old hits, it lead nowhere. So now comes the movie . . .

Shot entirely on location around Southern California, *Deadman's Curve* was filmed with Jan and Dean on the set every day to ensure realism.

Producer Pat Rooney stressed that they weren't going for some kind of sob story. "We don't linger on Jan's accident; we didn't want it to look like *General Hospital*. If there's a comparison, you might say it's a combination of *American Graffiti* and *The Other Side Of Midnight*. But, most important, we've tried to make it an authentic look at the '60s in Southern California, and at friendship — good, solid friendship — anytime and anywhere."

Jan still remembers little of the fateful night, or of the years afterwards. "It was a long time ago," he says, "and there was brain damage, you know. Maybe that's God's way of telling people who've been though a bad accident that you shouldn't remember, or dwell on that sort of thing."

There were rumours about a year ago that Dean might join The Beach Boys — he and Jan always had a close relationship with them.

Brian Wilson wrote their first No.1 hit, "Surf City", and allegedly sang lead on their old hit "Deadman's Curve" which gave the movie its title, while Jan sang lead on "Barbara Ann."

Nowadays Dean is involved in producing and sometimes guesting with a new LA surf band, Papa-Doo-Ron-Ron. Also, he has recently recreated J&D's Greatest Hits for a TV album. Old surfers never die . .

JAN & DEAN in their heyday and, left, as portrayed in the movie by Richard HATCH & BRUCE DAVISON.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

WHEN THE TANKS ROLL OVER POLAND AGAIN

BLACKMAIL CORNER

SO THIS is what these smoothie Scottish rock guitarists do on their days off, is it — pose for pamphlet pix for smoothie Scotch banking companies. Yes, come in Chris Thompson, your time is up — there's no escaping the all-seeing eye of Blackmail Corner. (And before anyone writes in moaning about how cruel we are to reveal the hidden pasts of the nouveau fameux, let us assure you that all of us here at Thrills have got plenty of crappy jobs and appalling clothes in our skellington closets, but so-what? Ain'tcha gorra sensayumour?).

THRILLS

TEENY SEX MEETS JAZZ SAX

FEW PEOPLE would expect to find one of Britain's best tenormen under the green bald wig of Zoot Muppet, deep on the David Essex Band. But there was Alan Wakeman, just landed after a tour of Thailand with the Acme of Acne himself.

How did he find the Thailand teenyboppers?

"Not aggressive like you get here," said Alan. "They sit in the hotel foyer and every time you come in, they'd do the bit" — he mimed the palm-pressing act of obeisance — "and give you little presents."

Thai sticks?

"No, no. Necklaces, garlands and that."

Did he get any chance to strut his stuff in the Essex context? Not much.

"Do something here, Alan — then that's ENUFF!"

David Essex, who'd started out as a drummer, would likely have trouble with Alan Wakeman's new trio, Triton, who have just released their first album, "Wilderness Of Glass" on the Mosaic label. It's driving, post-Coltrane stuff, and it's very good indeed, with one of those circling, prowling, tigerish rhythm sections.

"David Essex did use John Marshall on *Top Of The Pops* once when 'Rock On' was a hit," Alan recalled. "He kept telling him to hit something — all John was doing was playing on the cymbals. It was too complicated for what was required. It was very much like that for me."

Alan's cousin, Rick Wakeman, gave him his first clarinet lesson at school.

"He started very young. Every time I went round to my uncle's, Rick would give us something on the piano. He'd start off with a Mozart sonata and go into Bee Bumble & The Stingers."

They both had after-school jam sessions with the art master, band leader Mike Westbrook. Alan Wakeman took saxophone lessons under Charles Chapman, and stacked up an impressive track record with Dankworth, Graham Collier, The

ALAN WAKEMAN and a miniature teenybopper he smuggled back from Japan.

London Jazz Composers Orchestra, and Westbrook, before economics started to pinch.

"I remember sitting in the ICA for Mike Westbrook's 50-piece band, and being the only one there. Mike went up to the bar and said how much did we take? It was seven-and-sixpence. Mike bought a large vodka. I got a taste of the jazz scene then."

Not easy to hang in there with all that folding green moving elsewhere.

"For a long time it kicked the stuffing out of music for me. I began to think, what's the point? Still, I realise what I can do now, and what I can't do." And he was off to blow for Frankie Laine at Eastbourne, to help finance Triton.

BRIAN CASE

THE END

. . . we here at Thrills wish the so-called Supermac would just piss off back to Newcastle with his boring autobiography and his Barry White records.

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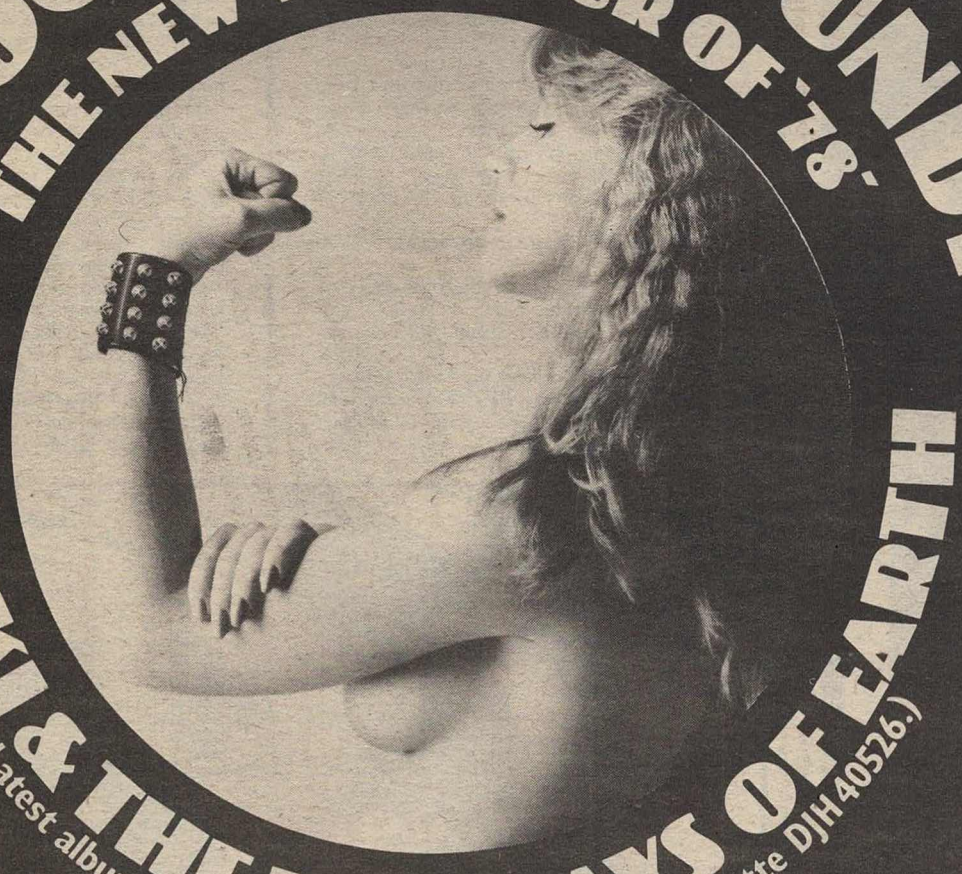

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All pix: PENNIE SMITH

LUCKY PUNCH! One little question travelling no more than six inches, and one of the accredited founders of rock 'n' roll is dumped smack against the radiator of his hotel bedroom, eyes out to lunch behind the avuncular spectacles, big arms hanging from his vest like punctured zeppelins, and there's one more label bit the dust.

"WOW!" gasps Bo Diddley. "I am SHOCKED! Where did you read that at?"

I have just asked him about Leroy Jenkins, New Black Music's greatest violin player, prime **timber-shiver in The Revolutionary Ensemble. "I came across it in Val Wilmer's *As Serious As Your Life*.** You and Leroy started out on violin together at the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Chicago."

"Yeah, we played in the same Sunday School orchestra. Wow, man — I had to be 12, 13 years old. Leroy was a little bit more advanced than me. I wanted to play the violin. It was like kids today — you want everything you see. My mother and Leroy's parents, they all thought alike — 'OK, you begged for it — you gonna play it! You're not gonna go put it down and grab somethin' else.' I tried to get out from under it, but my mother says, 'Oh no, uh-huh.'

"The Ebenezer Sunday School Baptist Band and Orchestra were run by Professor O. W. Frederick and his wife, and both of them were damned good teachers. They taught us when we didn't have money to pay for lessons. They'd tell my mother, 'Mrs McDaniel, pay me when you get it.' I was kinda a hardhead about it, because it wasn't what I really wanted to play. I wanted to play some jazz and get down, you know, and everybody else was playing 'Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes' and concertos.

"I wanted to play like 'Honeydripper' and stuff that was going during that time. I just wanted to see if some of this stuff could be played on a violin. I figured if all this other weird stuff could be played, you gotta be able to play some blues on it! But I got tricked. I'd quit practising and start playing that stuff, and the teacher would come back in the room and I'd get beat up. But I learnt. I won quite a few merit pins for performances."

He scratched his head. "Leroy Jenkins! Wow! He still playing?"

"Yep. He found out what you could play on the violin. He dedicates a track on 'Solo Concert' to O. W. Frederick and the Ebenezer Baptist Church."

All of which substantiates the LeRoi Jones' contention that "the New Black Music and R&B are the same family looking at different things. Or looking at things differently. A collection of wills is a simple unity like on the street."

So where, I thought, does rock 'n' roll come in? Bo Diddley has always been disarmingly honest in interview: "I was put into the R&B lineup because they didn't know what the hell to call me, man. Finally Alan Freed started calling me 'rock 'n' roll'. It was a new sound, rocking and rolling. I was the first one — almost a year before Elvis was even thought about.

"So at 17, 18 years old, I became a 'threat' to Muddy Waters, because I was raising hell around Chicago with my little juke band, you know? And I couldn't play but two tunes!" (Neff & Connor).

Other people's definitions get right up Bo Diddley's nose. "They don't know! The only way they find out is ask black cats what it is. They'll tell ya. What bugs me is at home in the States everybody became a music expert all of a sudden.

"Everybody became a genius about what kind of music it was, and that I can't digest!

"You ask some of the old black entertainers, they can tell you about where the stuff came from, where it derived from, and how it arrived. Titles — they're still trying to figure out what I'm doing. They tried to name it, but I won't buy that. Ask me. I'll tell ya what I'm doing because I'm the guy that hooked it all together."

"All right," I said. "Do you want to define it?"

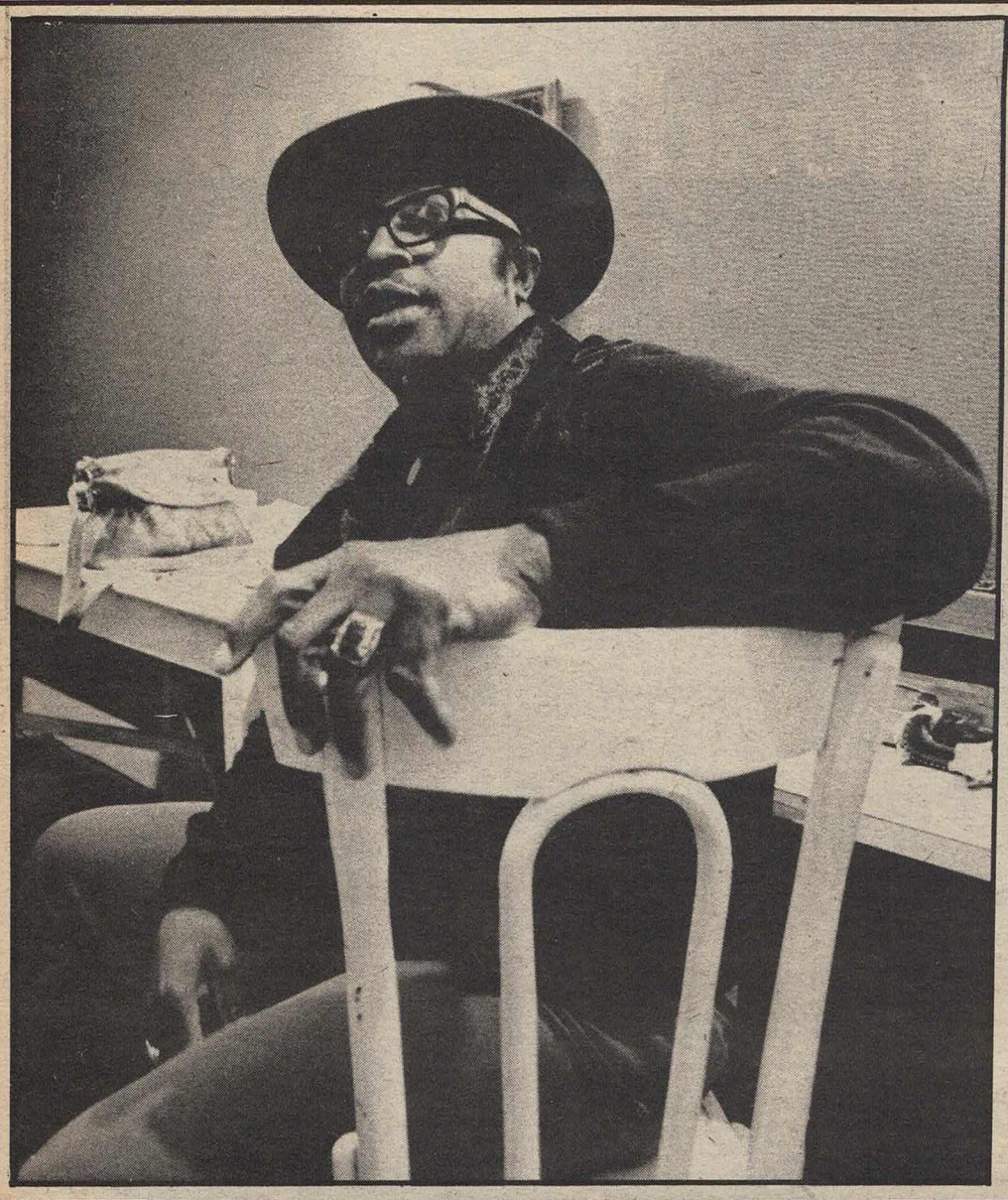
"No," said Bo. "I let 'em keep jumping from one thing to another. But I'll tell ya one thing. It's got a little spiritual, little African, and a little West Indian calypso — and if I decide I wanna stop and start yodelling in the middle of it, I can do that too."

BO DIDDLEY was born Ellas McDaniel at McComb, Mississippi in 1928. The family moved to Chicago when he was small, the traditional transplant for modern bluesmen, but Bo, typically, cuts across the mould.

"I know for a fact that my nationality is **Creole. It's kinda hard to trace, because you** don't know where the heck you came from. I got **this gene from somewhere, playing this music.** I useta wonder why I have the temper that I have, and why I like a lotta hot foods, spicy foods. Well, in New Orleans, that's all they eat. The hotter the better. I hafta watch it when I cook at home because I put too much black pepper or hot sauce in it and burn up everybody in the house!

"All my people, I think, descended from around Louisiana and back down in the Delta country, the cotton belt, during slavery time."

And it's that Creole blood behind the Bo Diddley rhythm pattern, that old lucrative and insistent "shave-and-a-haircut, six bits" heartbeat which promoted the young guitarist from the Chicago bar circuit, The Sawdust Trail, The Castle Rock, and into a contract with Leonard Chess for Checker in 1955. He cut "I'm A Man" and "Bo Diddley" — originally titled "Dirty Mother Fucker" — and, together with Chuck Berry, hit the charts. They were a new



BO DIDDLEY'S A GUNSLINGER

That was the title of one of the influential, flamboyant R'n'B man's hits, for you punks too young to remember. But nowadays, believe it or not, Bo Diddley's graduated to being a deputy sheriff at Albuquerque, New Mexico — the theory apparently being, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em . . .
BRIAN CASE reports.

phenomenon, black blues-based artists who captured the white teenage audience.

"We had sanctified churches," said Bo, "and that's art. They did these sanctified numbers for 15, 20 minutes, tambourine and old raggedy set of drums, and you'd think Duke Ellington was in there playing. They'd be gettin' it together. This is where I found out those driving rhythms was the key thing. A rhythm that penetrates within the person . . ."

He half regrets that he never finished schooling. "I took the same trade as Earl Hooker in school. I made a violin and a bass fiddle, cut and warped the wood, moulded it — and you couldn't tell it from a store-bought instrument. I decided to make my own moulds to make a hollow-body guitar, so I got ambitious and head got a little bit too fat, and I quit school. I feel I made a big mistake by quitting, y'understand — I feel that in myself — but would I be here talking to you now as Bo Diddley if I'd stayed in school?"

"You might be here talking to me as Stradivarius," I said.

"Not hardly." He gave a generous guffaw. "I think I made the right move at that particular time, but today, if I pulled it, I believe I'd be facing starvation as a musician. It don't work that way no more. The first contract I got, I sat up all night looking at it because I couldn't figure, there wasn't NO WAY you could tell me that somebody's gonna give me 700 bucks for playing a song. Seven hundred dollars! I'd worked all month, and I mean WORKED, driving a truck, and I didn't get no 700 dollars. It just didn't make no sense to me then. I sat up ALL NIGHT looking at that contract, I turned it upside-down, I turned it sideways! I knew there was a seven, but I thought maybe it might've been a misprint."

"Did you get the idea of a square guitar from your trade class?"

"No — I've always wanted to be a little different. Anything that I own — I put up with things that are made by other people because there ain't no way for me to make my own. I can't help it — I'm just that way. I gotta put my little touch to it because I feel I got ideas of my own, so why should I accept everybody else's all the time? That's the reason why I decided to build me a square guitar, because when I jumped on stage, I would like to have the people have something they could talk about.

"WOW! — that dude came out there with that FUNNY-LOOKIN' guitar! Never seen THAT before!' Somethin' to rap about, see. Once your name leaves the lips of your public, you gotta problem.

"I'd like to jump on the stage one time, just for the heck of it, in a polka-dot suit. Just for somebody to say, 'Man — that sure was the UGLIEST suit that dude had on!' Automatically, you start thinking: BO DIDDLEY. OK — you're gonna get some Do's and Don'ts, but you're gonna keep somebody saying SOMETHIN'. Long as it ain't nothing that I run around, or they see me sitting on the kerb drunk or using narcotics, because I don't do that. Ain't my bag."

In fact, back home outside Albuquerque, New Mexico, Bo Diddley is a deputy sheriff. He opened his wallet to show me the gold star, palm the tin. He's a far cry from the vigilante mentality, though. Back in his teens, a rough cop called Two-Gun Pete confiscated his first zoot suit, and Bo's attitude towards red-neck authoritarianism has remained singularly practical.

"I useta tell those hippies, 'Don't keep bitching about the police. You can't change those seasoned head-busters. Cut off your hair and join the police yourself, then you can make the changes."

Most of his assignments deal with teenage addiction, with Bo talking them down. His strict moral sense he attributes to having two Mommas to raise him.

"I consider myself as a fortunate fella. My Mom wasn't financially set to raise me and my brother, so my mother's first cousin raise me from an eight-month baby up to a grown man. I was brought up under the iron hand. My Momma was ROUGH, man. She didn't speak but once. Like she'd say, "Ellas — wash the dishes.' She knew that my hearing was superb. She didn't speak a second time.

"I think maybe they overdid it, but at the same time I'm kinda glad because the devilment I DO think about, I would never do it. That training keeps you from doing it. I think if I hadn't had that, I'd be one of the worst hoodlums there was. As long as it was illegal, it'd be right up my alley."

In the late '50s and early '60s, Bo Diddley's songs established him as a major figure: "Bo Diddley", "Bo Diddley's A Gunslinger", "I'm A Man", "Pretty Thing", "Mona", "You Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover", "Road Runner".

Droves of cats took a hit off the Diddley pulse, with greater or lesser acknowledgement: Buddy Holly, Johnny Otis, The Yardbirds, Eric Burdon, The Rolling Stones. "I don't care nothing about people using my stuff, but at least give me credit for it. Like thanks to Bo Diddley for inventing such-and-such a thing, and we're using his little lick. But you get 'song arranged by so-and-so' and it sounds like something I did 10 years ago, so that's a crock of crap!

"If I record a song that was written by somebody else — The Beatles or The Rolling Stones — then I acknowledge it, and if my record company won't, I won't record the song. I'm just cut that way.

"Me and The Rolling Stones, we're pretty tight. They welcomed me here in London when I first came here, and I'll never forget that. They came to the Cumberland Hotel and gave me a pair of gold cuff-links with my initials on them, and that said something to me. They've used a whole helluva lot of my licks, and I guess because we've struck up such a relationship, I never said anything about it."

He has a lot to say, though, about the change in fashion which shoved him into the back seat in the late '60s. Lean times. Part of this abrupt obscurity was due to the rise of Black Politics, which saw his music as Uncle Tom, while the emergent black middle-class took the opposite tack and put him down as a primitive embarrassment.

Back in the thick of it, he told Robert Neff and Anthony Connor: "As a rule, Black people don't follow me. Period. My folks are strictly anti-Bo Diddley . . . I guess I got monotonous. So I said, There's nothing for me to do but shoot for the other side of the fence. I'm really hurt by it, man. It hurts me that I can't even draw my own folks, and I'm playing our music.

"I used to hear all this crap. Muddy Waters and all of us was supposed to have been a disgrace to the race for playing blues. It used to be a no-no to call me 'Black'. Now, if you don't call me Black, you're liable to get killed. So I'm really in a crossfire. I'm really confused."

Happily, times have changed. "They're much older now, and they're beginning to creep in and peep, because I'm still here. They're figuring, 'Hell — he must be doing something, the cat's still here doing that same thing.' I'm not doing anything but playing basically what's anybody really. Everybody. It's a basic rhythm, it's a driving rhythm, and it'll drive ya into a frenzy.

"Everybody useta talk about me and my one change — how long I'd play a section of a song before I made a change in it, you know. They were talking that my music got monotonous. They don't know actually what I'm doing. I was the first one to start the scratching thing way back. They tried to name it and call it 'chinka-chink chink' — and today everywhere you look you got some guy trying to figure out HOW to do that lick.

"They can get the noise, but there's one specific thing in there that makes it kinda hard for them to copy. If they copy one, don't mean a thing — they gotta get ALL of them. And I got a whole BUNCH of them."

And he laughed affably, a large hearty man who learned early that God blessed the child that got his own, and wasn't about to be bitter. The fuzz pedal, though. That was a different ball game . . .

"People said I faded out. I didn't fade out. They pulled the switch on us. How do you write MUSIC for fuzz pedal? I don't understand. It's turned into electronics. Punk rock is nothing but 1969 acid rock, same noise, just a different generation of kids got a hold of it, so they had to put a different name to it. They've run into a brick wall and they've gotta bounce back with something. OK — it's the automation of music. That's what we're going through now, I think. It's noise with a beat."

Reports of the Sex Pistols American Tour have got in amongst him.

"That group pukes on stage? I don't necessarily like that. That's not showmanship — that's nasty. No discredit to them, except they need to get an act. You gotta put it in the respect that they're gonna grow up and have children, and how would they like for their kids to get a group and pull the same stunt on stage? They wouldn't dig it.

"They would NOT dig it. They'd talk about them like dogs — what is this shit? — I didn't train you to do that. So, you don't go do this for other people's kids. They have a good little thing going music-wise, but they need to get an act that would not have the bad vibes coming off. Well, I haven't seen them, so I'm just talking from hearsay, but from what I've heard I don't WANT to see it till they clean it."

Strictures over, Bo bursts out laughing at a punk parallel.

"I saw a guy one time in my lifetime in showbusiness eat glass. EAT GLASS! I sat and watched him. Me and the whole group. He ate it in Richmond, Virginia. Jerome Green came to me and say, 'Hey Bo! — I want ya to meet so-and-so. He's in showbusiness too.' I say, Yeah? What's he do? Jerome says, 'Well, he eats glass.' I say, NOBODY eats glass, man — and I walked off.

"We had a day off, and Jerome was determined to prove to me this guy eats glass. He says, 'Hey man — whyn't ya eat some glass?' Guy says, 'Well — I don't eat no glass less I'm paid for it.' So I says, You eat some and I'll pay you — then I'm gonna sit round and wait for you to drop dead so I can get my money back. I pull out five bucks and hand it to the dude, because he says he hadn't had nothing to eat, hard for him to get a gig.

"Jerome went and got a couple Pepsi Cola bottles, took 'em and broke 'em in his hand. The dude took out the big pieces and put 'em in his mouth and chewed it up. I'm waiting on him to keel over so I can get my money back. I started getting nauseated.

"The guy says, 'This ain't nothin'. You oughta come and see my show tonight.' So I walked in the door and women were running by me — AAARRRGGHH! The guy had bit a chicken, a live chicken on stage, just took it and GRRRR! and everbody was RUNNING out the club and when I saw it, I turned around at joined the caravan. That act needed cleaning up."

I told him about the chap who used to bite off the heads of live rats for a beer. Bo roared in horror. "You got weird people that do weird acts, man! That ain't my bag either.

"I have a secret of what I do on stage. I don't play for myself, I play for people I watch feet. If you start patting your foot, I got you. You're mine then. Ain't no way you getting away.

"If I start you clapping your hands, you just been had! If I ain't getting to you, If you're sitting there being hardnosed, I ain't going for it, and if you stay there long enough, I'll get ya! Your hands start getting like a rubber band and all of a sudden they meet — POW! You're helping each other. I'm securing my well-being with my public at the moment, and they're getting a sense of release.

"Lotta people come to concerts that have problems at home that they can't seem to solve. For the time that I'm on stage they can blot them out. On the way home, They may work out a solution rather than go to a bar and get sloppy drunk, and wake up with a headache. Then they got two problems — the headache, and the original problem.

"Any time that I hit the stage, look out there and see all them pretty faces, you're gonna get the best that I know how to give ya!"

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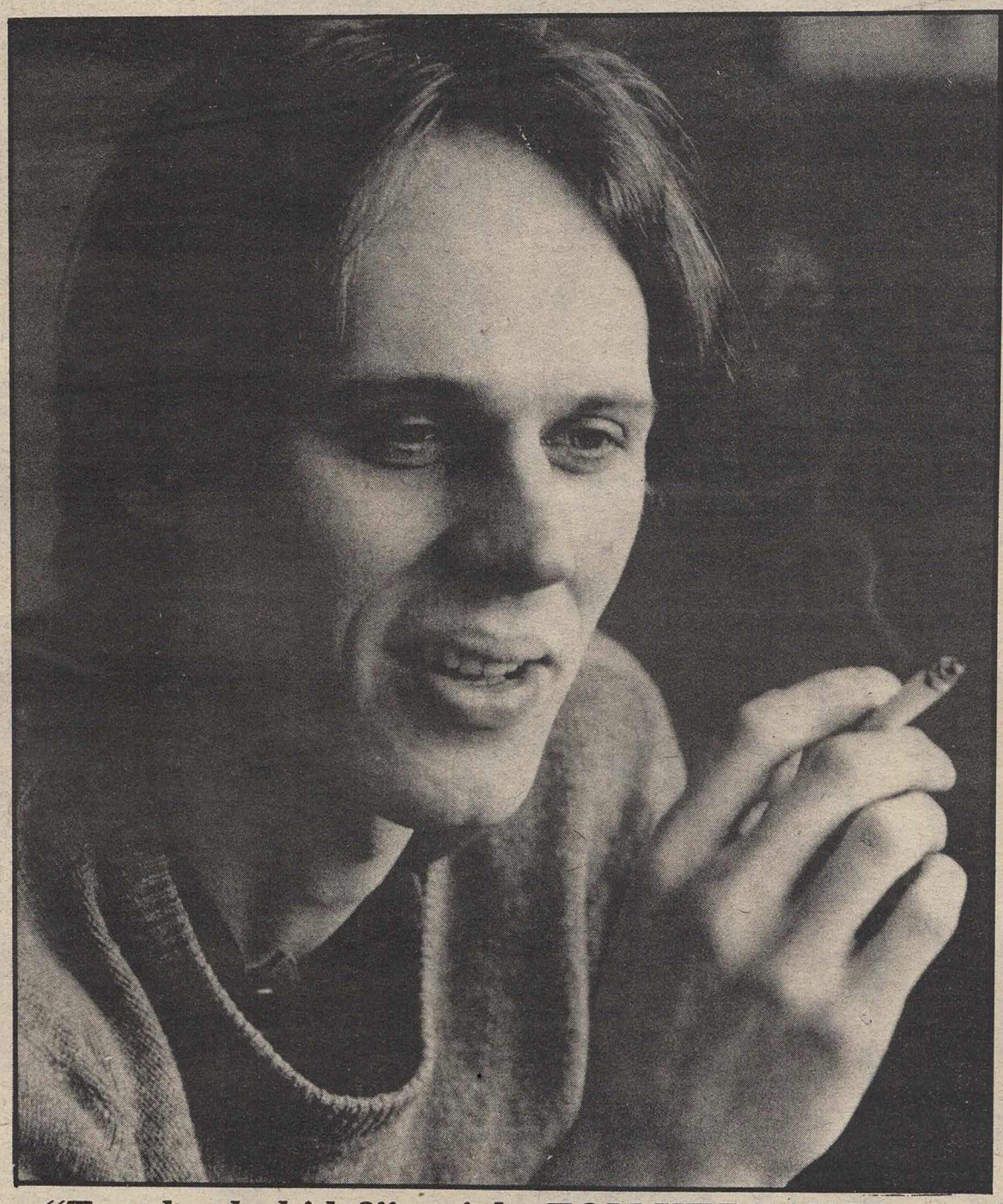

"Tough, eh, kids?" smirks TOM VERLAINE, the man who crossed the Channel (He means the Atlantic but there's no pun in that. — Ed.) to tell STEVE CLARKE that he doesn't consider himself 'good at anything.' DENIS O'REGAN is allowed to snap a bit.

IT WOULD BE difficult to envisage worse circumstances under which to conduct an interview with Television's creative fulcrum Tom Verlaine.

In what to outsiders must appear an about-turn of epic proportions, a fortnight ago this journal took Television's latest waxing — the aptly titled "Adventure" — to the cleaners with an almost unparalleled vengeance. The essence of Julie Burchill's review was that Television was just another American band out to get rich quickly. And all this coming on top of Nick Kent's interview with Verlaine last year in which the former revealed in detail numerous instances of what he saw as Verlaine's rampant ego-mania, arrogance and paranoia.

"Kent implied I thought I was Jesus Christ," says Verlaine.

Last January Kent had been the first to pour lavish praise on Television's long-waited debut "Marquee Moon" that the band were deemed fit to grace *NME's* cover, solely on the basis of that review.

The critical wind had indeed altered course. To compound 'the Television backlash', *Sounds* and *Record Mirror* gave "Adventure" a critical thumbs down, too. In response Verlaine refused *Record Mirror's* request for an audience and only reluctantly agreed to be interviewed by *NME;* after all, *NME* had given Television a heartly slap on the back last January.

THERE IS NOTHING about Tom Verlaine's appearance to suggest that he is one of the most exciting guitarists currently working in rock. With his baggy, weathered cords, sloppy jersey, high forehead and angular features, Tom Verlaine looks like a 1930s intellectual with literary leanings.

Verlaine is indifferent to our entrance. His previous interviewer had told me Verlaine's reputation as something of a difficult subject is pure pie in the sky. The record company people said Verlaine is just shy.

After first disassociating myself from Ms Burchill's review, I immediatley put my foot in it.

"We were not booed off stage. What are you talking about?" he retorts to a remark about the reception Television received at New York's Palladium last March when they supported Peter Gabriel, then making his debut as a solo performer.

"I was onstage and I could hear what was going on," he continues. "It was like half applause and half booing. And we were *not* booed off stage. We did our whole set."

That night in New York Television bore no resemblance to the group which toured Britain to great response later last year. Little of Verlaine's guitar genius came across or, come to that, of Richard Lloyd's more lyrical approach. As a unit Television were limp and unco-ordinated and only gelled on the set-closing "Marquee Moon", a far cry from their awesome presence which was to captivate the British audiences last summer. There was no encore.

Verlaine's explanation for this descrepancy is simple: "When you get that kind of response it just makes you play so much better. I think we're as good as our audiences are. If you come onstage and you feel that the audience isn't just curious — you feel like they're with you on some simple emotional level — it tends to make you play better.

"You come out and there's too much expectation or some slight hostility, and it works against everybody. Sometimes you can just get over it by ignoring it. It depends on how tired you are."

The previous night in New Jersey, the tour's first gig, was worse still, Television performing without a sound check plus minus anyone at the mixer: "The only thing coming out of the PA was bass and drums, and a little bit of vocal. And we're a guitar group.

"New Jersey likes three acts. They like The Grateful Dead. They like The New Riders Of The Purple Sage and there's one other group they go nuts for. It's the kind of audience that drinks a few beers and just loves to give the band a hard time.

"Gabriel didn't go down that well either," he adds, pulling up his cords and fidgeting with the long black socks hiding underneath.

In America, Television still mean next to nothing, though they haven't exactly been breaking their backs to get in on the act. Apart from the Gabriel tour — a 15 date schlep which Television did because it would give them some experience of playing theatres — their only other US dates last year were three gigs in Illinois and a handful of club dates on the West Coast. The rest of the year was taken up with the European tour and recording "Adventure", a four month stint from September to January with November off.

Still, if we're to believe Verlaine, he isn't interested in Making It:

"Success per se doesn't interest me. The only way it would bother me was if it affected our relationship with our record company. Elektra just let us do what we want. They let us double our budget for this record. They're very nice people. It's really as simple as that."

So why does he think Television are much more successful in Britain?

"The English are smarter. Seriously. I think there's — what, two radio stations over here? In the States there's twelve rock 'n' roll stations in every major city. Just day and night the same crap. There's five bands coming to your town every week. Every night there must be some band somewhere on TV. We're probably still too spontaneous for America. Most bands in America have no spontaneity. Everything's all worked out right. They all go through these producers that have cost a pile of money and they do a record that sounds just like their last one. Look at Aerosmith's last three records. I can't listen to that.

"I think the British have some sympathy for individual style. I think Television has that. In America people tend to attach themselves to something immediately familiar. Which is why Elvis Costello is a success over there.

"He reminds a lot of people of a lot of '60s acts. His latest single is note for note a Music Machine rip off. Remember Music Machine? They had a hit single in '66 called 'Talk Talk' which is a great song. It's three minutes and fifty seconds of this very scrambled rhythm. 'I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea' is at least one third note for note ripped off from this little '60s punky group.

"I'm not that crazy about Elvis Costello. I feel like I've been hearing Elvis Costello since I was 18. Younger than that. I like Nick Lowe 'cause at least he likes experimenting with guitar sounds a lot.

"Obviously that guy has heard every record in the world."

VERLAINE HAD EXPECTED to record "Adventure" in eight weeks. But the inadequacy of the group's equipment and other assorted technical problems there were delays from the start.

"We don't use producers. We just get engineers. Some bands need a guy in there to tell 'em what to do, help 'em arrange. Every producer I've met has been a . . . I mean, a producer in the United States makes like two thousand dollars a week.

"They're all a bunch of really inflated guys who think that they make hit records. Once a producer has a Gold record in the States he tends to be a rather bloated personality. Walks around and wants you to give him cocaine to do your record. Who needs it?

"The first record was almost like a live record. It was going in and cutting everything live and, whenever anything didn't make it, filling it with another guitar.

"This album was done the opposite way. Half writing the stuff in the studio. 'The Fire' and 'The Dream's Dream' were basically written in the studio. Solos are spontaneous in the studio. The drag with solos is that they can always be better. I wish I could remember solos 'cause I can remember some nights playing a solo I thought was good and not remember exactly what it was. That solo on 'The Fire' is okay.

"Everybody says I sound like Neil Young. I don't know. The first Neil Young record I listened to was 'Zuma'. That song 'Cortez' is a great song. I like the lyrics 'cause they capture something that's historically true. And subconsciously present. He's one of the few guitar players I like. I like Link Wray's early guitar playing. I like Buchanan's work in the '50s on those Chess singles. I like Richard Thompson's tone. I don't like his playing. I like that sparkly Fender sound. The Byrds got that same kind of sound. That whole kinda shiney sound."

"Days" sounds like you'd be listening to The Byrds.

"Oh sure. I love The Byrds. I think that track came out of a rehearsal where we were talking about The Byrds. Me and Fred the bass player especially like The Byrds' sound. They're a terrible live band though. They're probably the worse band that ever made Top Ten live."

Television watchers will notice the non-inclusion on "Adventure" of several songs the band featured live on their British tour last year. Verlaine says they didn't appear because Television was bored doing them and the song "Adventure" itself was discounted because its inclusion would have meant a reduction in sound quality.

"That's what I don't like about our

● *Continues over page*

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● *Continued from previous page*

first record. The grooves are so close. Maybe the general public doesn't hear that kind of stuff. When you're doing it you can all kinds of distortion because the grooves are so close. I'd say the new album is close to five minutes shorter than the first one.

"The lyrics to 'Carried Away' and 'The Fire' took a long time to write. 'Ain't That Nothin'' was written in an hour-and-a-half in the studio. Everybody came out with an 'I Don't Care' last year so we changed the title to 'Careful'. We've been doing that song for four years."

Does he consider himself a poet?

"No. You really can't sing poetry. I don't like sung poetry. I once hard a record of Allen Ginsberg singing. That might be poetic. It's really hard to determine what poetry is.

"It's something that has some sort of personal interior logic. Some people respond to that individual thing. Some people don't. From that point of view it might be poetic."

It's been suggested that you have something in common with the Romantic Poets?

"Oh yeah, that's because of the name. I almost wish I'd never called myself that. I still like the name enough to . . . It probably would have been easier if I hadn't.

"About five years ago in New York a whole number of people I knew did it. One was a painter. Richard Hell was one of them. Me and Hell were friends. We were sitting around and decided to change our names. It took us a while to think of what we wanted.

"It was really a pretty simple thing. It wasn't meant to be a move where one denies their own past or associates themself with some historical thing. It was almost just like something to do.

"I'm 28 now. I read Rimbaud when I was about 23. I liked him then, but I really can't read him now. It's just a name I like. I know it doesn't sound believable."

He doesn't believe in the starving artist myth: "You've got to have your bases covered even to do anything. You've got to know if youre going to eat tomorrow in order to work on something that night. That basic knowledge has to be unconscious in yourself at least."

Verlaine's own lifestyle isn't a luxurious one, although he has moved from the tiny Lower East Side apartment he lived in a year ago (Television's drummer Billy Ficca now lives there) to an even smaller pad — in a better kept building.

"I like buildings where a lot of old people live. You get buildings where a lot of young people live and they tend to get too communal. I'm not the communal type. I'm not out to meet a lot of people. I'm not very sociable. I don't go out to clubs much and I don't go to parties."

TELEVISION CERTAINLY didn't swell their collective bank balance as a result of last summer's European tour. To date, no money has been forthcoming from the tour and, strangely enough, Verlaine — who after a seven month wrangle freed himself from his contract with Wartoke Management — seems happy to let it stay that way.

Verlaine claims Television has been done out of 5,000 dollars, enough, he says, for him to live on for a year.

"I didn't make more money than that last year. There's not a lot of money in rock 'n' roll. You can make a lot of money if you have a Gold record. Before that it's just breaking even."

Verlaine also hasn't received royalty statement for the sales of "Marquee Moon". He obviously isn't into a 'rock star trip'. What does he think of Television being dubbed "The Ice Kings Of Rock"?

"At first I thought it was funny, but then I just thought . . . it would be nice to have total control of your image. The band are hyper-emotional. That's why I just don't see where it comes from.

"I think when you're hyper-emotional you appear to be cold. especially on stage where everything is theatricalised. It would be very easy to go on stage and hop around, be a clown. I don't think it's icy. Our link to our audience is emotional and the people who don't pick it up just see the whole thing as cold.

"If it's nobody's cup of tea, I think they're going to write off as that kind of thing. Have you ever seen Muddy Waters? Most blue guys appear to be cold. But the sound coming out isn't cold at all. A lot of what you're seeing is somewhat frozen. I'm not saying they don't sweat. Onstage I move more than people see. It's just that it's not exaggerated movements. We're not a show band."

Does he think about *not* moving?

"No. I just do what I do. I notice that my leg moves all the time. I notice that my shoulders move. What am I going to do, Chuck Berry stuff? Jimi Hendrix moves? Actually I might do some of those just for the fun of it sometime.

"We're interested in playing well. I think we play okay. We're not virtuosos. We're not even like rock virtuosos. Writing and playing are about the same thing to me. Playing a guitar solo or making up a song is about the same thing.

"I don't consider myself a good anything. It's not a question of good or bad. It's a question of how much you put yourself into it. That's misleading too. I say what I want to say."

Which is?

"Well, you see, that's the mystery. I know I'm saying what I want to say but to be specific about what it really is gets really hair.

"It does sound really stupid, but it's true. A person knows when they've done something whether it's right for them. It's impossible to say whether it means anything to anyone else. I know it means something to somebody 'cause people tell me they like it."

Our interview has lasted an hour, during which time Denis O'Regan has been photographing Verlaine. He now asks if he could do some shots with Verlaine standing up.

"I don't like posing for photographs," replies Verlaine. "You can come backstage next week. You've had an hour."

No more photographs are taken.

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Collector appeals for dirty poems

LAST CENTURY, Francis James Child published an anthology containing around 1,000 versions of 305 ballad-stories, thus preserving in print the great tradition of oral balladry. I have been commissioned to edit a similar collection of oral *bawdry*, to gather together the sort of amorous verse and song which has hitherto circulated by word-of-mouth and, occasionally, in well-thumbed typescripts. Obviously a book of this kind requires the co-operation of the public, so I'd like to appeal to *NME* readers to send me any examples of popular bawdy verse known to them. **— ALAN BOLD, Fife, Scotland.**

● Right then, you lewd lot, here's the big chance you've been waiting for. So just down your spray cans and forget the graffiti for a mo' while you send your quilled efforts to Alan Bold at: Balbirnie Burns East Cottage, Markinch, Fife, Scotland. Any sonnets commencing "There was an old lady called Burchill" are totally disqualified. Apart from that, anything goes.

HEY BOZO! Have I gotta remind you that you promised the readers that you'd conclude the Stiff discography in this issue? **— FRED DELLAR, The Bog, Carnaby Street, London.**

● I always knew that ill-bred alter ego — the result of being born a Willesden Gemini — would come in handy one day. Anyway, to continue our Stiff singles listing — on Ovalstiff there's been Johnnie Allen's "Promised Land" (LOT 1), on Chistiff we've had Wayne Kramer's "Rambling Rose" (DEA/SUK 1), Stiff-Booji Boy has provided Devo's "Jocko Homo" (DEV 1) and "Satisfaction" (BOY 1), while Stiff-1-Off has supplied The Subs' "Party Clothes" (OFF 1) and Ernie Graham's "Romeo" (OFF 2).

EP-wise there have been three releases — Nick Lowe's "Bowi" (LAST 1), The Albertos' "Snuff Rock" (LAST 2) and Mick Farren And The Deviants' "Screwed Up" (LAST 4), LAST 3 never escaping from the maximum security wing.

Finally, on album Stiff have provided The Damned "Damned, Damned, Damned" (SEEZ 1), Various Stiffs "A Bunch Of Stiffs" (SEEZ 2), Elvis Costello "My Aim Is True" (SEEZ 3), Ian Dury "New Boots And Panties" (SEEZ 4), The Damned "Music For Pleasure" (SEEZ 5), Various Stiffs "Hits Greatest Stiffs" (FIST 1), Various Stiffs "Stiff's Live Stiffs" (GET 1), Mickey Jupp "Legend" (GET 2), Wreckless Eric "Wreckless Eric" (SEEZ 6 or SEEZ 86 depending upon whether you prefer a 12" or a 10") and, shortly to threaten your neighbourhood, "The Akron Compilation" (GET 3), a collection of tracks by Jane Aire And The Belvederes, The Rubber City Rebels and other loonies from Ohio.

JAZZMAN GARY Burton once cut an album in Nashville. Can you provide any details of this release and list the personnel etc.? **— ROY SYLVESTER, Reading, Berks.**

● Burton recorded his Nashville album, "Tennessee Firebird" (RCA SF 7992), in 1968. Though it was thought surprising that such a modernist should cut a C&W-oriented LP, Burton later explained that he'd been raised in a country music area, had lived in Nashville at one period of his life and had worked with some of the local musicians.

"Firebird", which contained some original material, versions of Dylan's "Just Like A Woman" and "I Want You", plus a number of country songs and even a little bluegrass, provided work for Steve Marcus (saxes), Buddy Spicher (fiddle), Sonny Osborne (banjo), Bobby Osborne (mandolin), Charlie McCoy (harmonica), Buddy Emmons (steel guitar), Ray Edenton, Jimmy Colvard and Chet Atkins (guitars), Steve Swallow and Henry Strzelecki (bass), Roy Haynes and Kenny Buttrey (drums).

MAY I be the latest in line to inform you that the missing Billy Joel/Hassles album is the 1968 "Hour Of The Wolf", produced by Thomas (Jefferson?) Kaye and released on UA UAS 6699? **— PAUL DUNN, Newcastle, Staffs.**

● Oddly enough, Paul, you were the only one to supply the required info. Guess the album must be rarer than we imagined. No wonder the lad went solo!

COULD YOU list tracks on The Flamin' Groovies "Live At The Roxy" bootleg? What's the quality like and where can I get a copy? **— J. GRAY, Ruislip, Middlesex.**

● Tracks on "Live At The Roxy" — which is only rated as "fair" in the hi-fi stakes — are "She Said Yeah", "Let The Boy Rock'n'Roll", "House Of Blue Lights", "I'm a Lover Not A Fighter", "Please, Please Me", "Please, Please, Girl", "Up And Down", "Shake Some Action", "I Wanna Be Your Man", "Don't Lie To Me", "I Can't Hide", "Miss Amanda Jones", "Under My Thumb", and "Hey, Hey, Hey". But I don't know where you can lay your mitts on a copy — the way things are going, even the combined forces of the CIA and the KGB would find it hard to locate bootlegs nowadays.

PLEASE SUPPLY some information on Elmore James. All I know is that Robert Plant likes him! **— M. K. KELLY, Deal, Kent.**

● An intense, impassioned bluesman, James first recorded for the Trumpet label in 1951, cutting "Dust My Blues (Broom)", a version of a Robert Johnson number, and gaining a minor hit. Though his sound was pure Chicago, James was born in Mississippi in 1918. He played local gigs during the '30s, also running a radio shop and working as a DJ. Later, he moved to Chicago and became a Southside favourite, recording, as many bluesmen have done, for any record company that could offer ready cash, his sides appearing on such labels as Meteor, Checker, Flair, Modern, Chief, Chess, Fire, Fury and Enjoy.

An elusive man, James agreed to be interviewed by French discographers Jacques Demetre and Marcel Chauvard in the early '60s. By '63, he was dead, a victim of asthma at the age of 45.

Island issued two fine James albums on the Sue label during the '60s, and in more recent times we've had Blue Horizon's "To Know A Man", deleted in 1973, Polydor's "Cotton Patch Hotfoots", and UA's "Legend Of", which have also fallen by the wayside. At the last count DJM's fine double-album "Elmore James — All The Blues" (DJLMD 8008 — released 1975) could be found in most shops. But even that invaluable document — which includes an in-studio conversation between James and producer Bobby Robinson — could soon be in the hard-to-get category.

SPLIT ENZ Chrysalis split . . .

COULD YOU let me know how I can find out about the American DJ scene? What are the chances of getting work on stations in the USA? Is there an addresss I can contact and is there a magazine dealing with American radio? **— DAVE CUNNINGHAM, Inchicore, Dublin 12.**

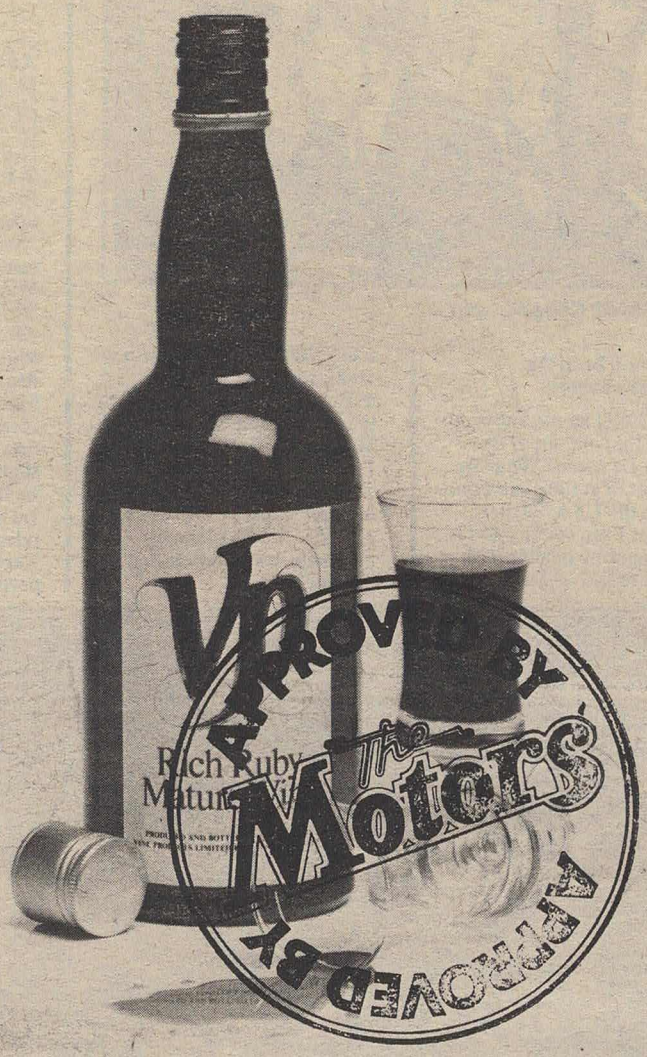
● Being a real good Joe (term taken from standard issue U.S. World War II film dialogue), I'm sendin you a copy of *Radio And Records*, the U.S. radio industry paper, which not only provides details on many Stateside radio stations but also includes an "Opportunities" page, listing scores of jobs viz "KFYV, Arroyo Grande, CY, has immediate opening for talented morning drive jock" and "WIBW, Topeka, KS, needs air personality — send tapes" etc. An expensive weekly to wrap your fish and chips in — it retails at $130 per annum plus $100 for overseas subscribers — the paper can be ordered from *Radio And Records*, 6430 Sunset Blvd, Suite 1221, Hollywood 90028, USA.

HAVE SPLIT Enz released any albums in New Zealand or Australia — apart from the British-released "Mental Notes" and "Dizrythmia", that is? **— CLIFF TAYLOR, Tile Hill Village, Warwicks.**

● It seems that our Antipodian friends have recorded one other album — an effort called "Second Thoughts" which came out on the Australian Mushroom label at the close of '76. But the original version of "Mental Notes", another Mushroom release, is a whole deal different to the Phil Manzanera production, being recorded in a studio down-under and featuring a slightly different track listing. Incidentally a late news flash via the Earls Court bush telegraph reveals that Chrysalis and Enz have now parted company.

Andy McMaster (vocals, bass, keyboards):
Honey-sweet, richly flavoured, powerful, heady, cheap.
It's Approved By The Motors. V2101.

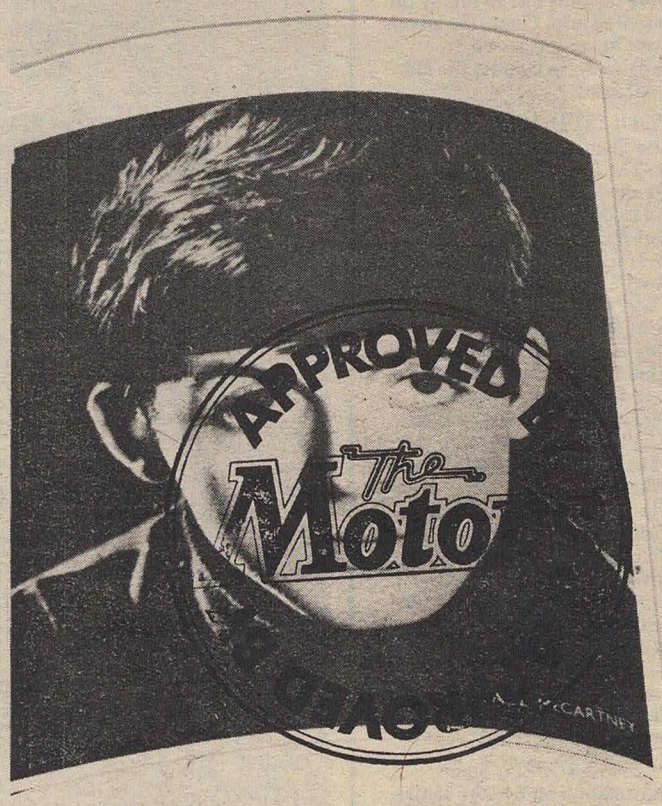
The Motors (a new album on Virgin Records):
Ten new favourites you've never heard before.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.



Approved By The Motors. The great new album Sounds didn't like.

Andy McMaster (vocals, bass, keyboards):
Hand-stitched from the finest hides. Sturdy, strong and water-resistant. A very high quality rat.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.

Rick Slaughter (vocals, drums):
From such big trees do little acorns grow.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.
Urban but creative.



Rick Slaughter (vocals, drums):
Durable and long-lasting.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.

Nick Garvey (vocals, guitar, bass):
A steak pie is like life.
You've got to rip off the protective outer covering to get to the meat.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.
Rip off the cover now and listen to the meat.

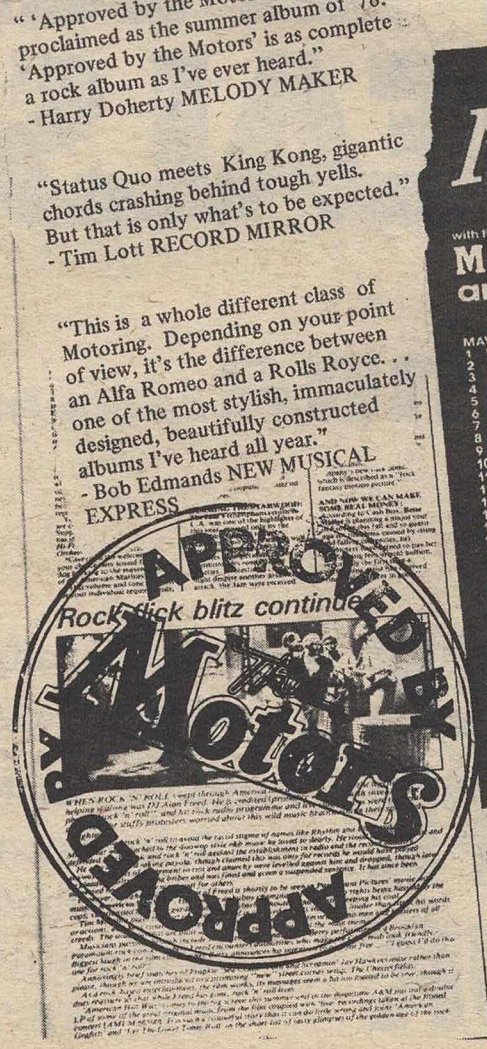
Bram Tchaikovsky (vocals, guitar):
Contains no artificial preservatives or synthetic colouring matter.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.

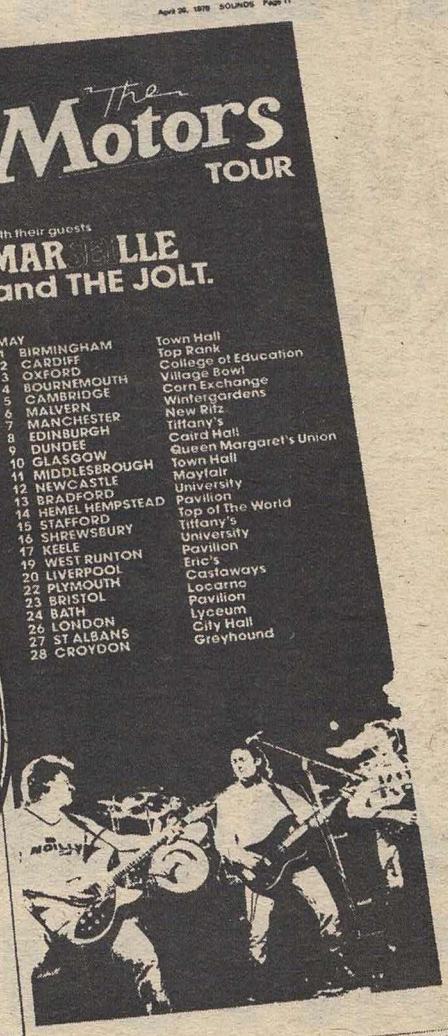
The Motors (with Marseille and The Jolt):
Somewhere, somehow, you've got to see The Motors and buy their new album.
Approved By The Motors. V2101.

" 'Approved by the Motors' should be proclaimed as the summer album of '78. 'Approved by the Motors' is as complete a rock album as I've ever heard."
- Harry Doherty MELODY MAKER

"Status Quo meets King Kong, gigantic chords crashing behind tough yells. But that is only what's to be expected."
- Tim Lott RECORD MIRROR

"This is a whole different class of Motoring. Depending on your point of view, it's the difference between an Alfa Romeo and a Rolls Royce. . . one of the most stylish, immaculately designed, beautifully constructed albums I've heard all year."
- Bob Edmands NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS





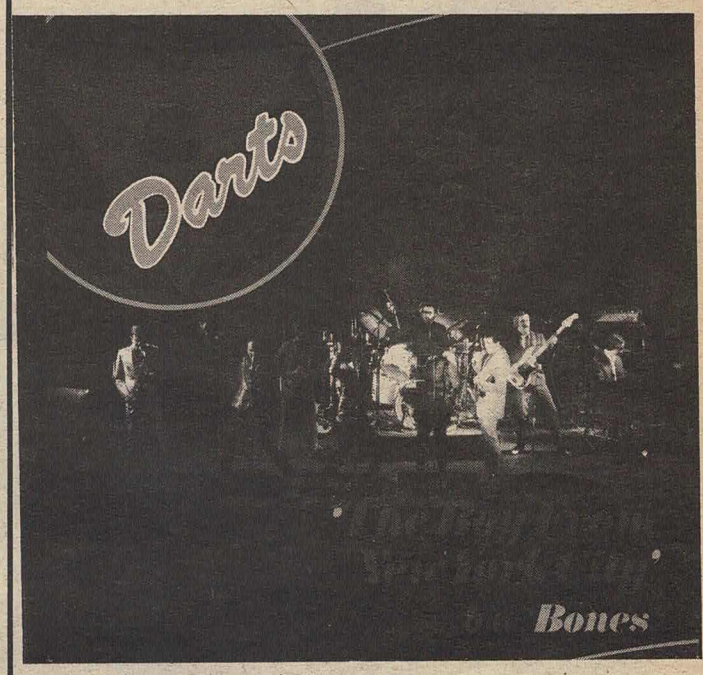
THE NEW ALBUM FROM SAD CAFÉ

MISPLACED IDEALS

Record: PL 25133 RCA Cassette: PK 25133

SEE SAD CAFÉ ON TOUR

April 12 Lyceum, London
30 St George's Hall, Bradford
May 1 City Hall, Newcastle
2 Southport Theatre
3 New Theatre, Oxford
4 Fairfield Hall, Croydon
5 City Hall, Sheffield



DARTS: The Boy From New York City (Magnet). A bullseye, this one. Wasn't too partial to Darts' previous hits, which, for my money, failed to capture the spirit of the music they so obviously love. But this loving re-creation of The Ad-Libs' early '60s "The Boy From New York City" is right on target, thanks to the production of Tommy Boyce and Richard Hartley — a gloriously blurred mix and a sound big enough to get lost in. Rita Ray takes the vocal honours and does a sterling job. Great song, and another hit. Thump Thompson's B side "Bones" — *"I ain't gonna make no bones about my beef with you"* — is a chuckle too.

SHAM '69: Angels With Dirty Faces (Polydor). Jimmy Pursey deserves a lot of credit for his obvious charisma and sincerity, but I'm a bit concerned about his ability to actually compose a decent pop chune. This boisterous, rough and ready assault on our consciousnesses isn't exactly exploding at the seams with melody. Frankly, it sounds like last year's thing, or should I say model?

PAUL SIMON: Stranded In A Limousine (CBS). Prolific Paul strikes again, or rather his record company take the obvious step of releasing as a follow-up to "Slip Slidin' Away", the other new song from last year's "Greatest Hits" album. And fairly abysmal it is too, as Simon taps his penchant for Gospel music to ill effect. It sounds anaemic, despite the obvious talent of the piano player and has no real melody to talk of. Superior is . . .

ART GARFUNKEL: Marionette (CBS). Such is the cloying perfection of "Watermark" — the elpee from whence this came — that the cuts sound far better when heard as singles. Lots of acoustic guitars, a genuine melody (what else do you expect from a Jim Webb song?), and Artie's crooning combine for maximum MOR pop effect.

GORDON GILTRAP: Oh Well (Electric Record). Yes, *the* "Oh Well" as written by Peter Green and performed by Fleetwood Mac back in the late '60s. Thoroughly dreadful it is too, with Giltrap showing that despite his technical ability as a guitarist, he's not a man of taste, even if that last record of his — surrogate Mike Oldfield stuff — doubtless increased the weight of his wallet. Where Green's incendary electric guitar lines added the perfect counterpoint to his acoustic riffing, Giltrap goes and puts some tacky brass arrangement in their place. The drumming is quite horrible. An insult to the original.

DEL RICHARDSON: Soul On Fire (Gull). Osibisa's guitarist shows flair, taste and 'cosmic optimism' on what is a likeable record, highlighting Del's acoustic playing. Nice feel, but the song itself doesn't cut it.

NAZARETH: Place In Our Heart (Mountain). Not a heavy metal lick in aural range as Nazareth get out their acoustic guitars, strum a mid-tempo rhythm and sing a lacklustre melody which gets nowhere fast.

MADDY PRIOR: Rollercoaster (Chrysalis). Steeleye's songstress makes her solo debut with a track from her imminent first solo album, "Woman In The Wings", that's likely to deter any radio programmer — such is the dynamism of the opening bars. It gets better, though, as Maddy tells of Life On The Road, against a polite string arrangement. Still, the overall effect is hardly shattering. Bet you're interested to know that Ian Anderson sings back-up. To think it took three people to produce this.

ROBERT PALMER: Every Kinda People (Island). Can't think why Robert Palmer's looking so confident on the sleeve pic — a photograph which, for once, doesn't allude to his bedability. Written by the precocious Andy Fraser, "Every Kinda People" comes on like a diluted Marvin Gaye circa "What's Goin' On" with its free-wheeling melody, and Love Is The Answer lyrics, rather than the swaggering riff-alongs we've come to expect from Frazer's pen. Smooth, pretty, but not passionate.

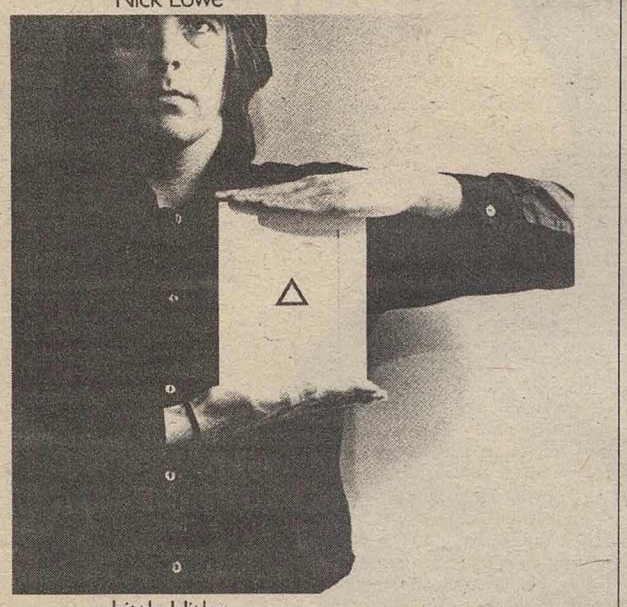
LEO SAYER: Dancing The Night Away (Chrysalis). Not, as its title suggests, disco Sayer, but a ballad underpinned with pretty piano and the other cliches we've come to expect from these kind of surefire hyper-hits produced by Richard Perry. The understatement is along the lines of Rod's "You're In My Heart". There's even a violin solo. The melody will grow on you. Music for the masses.

THE MODERN LOVERS: New England/Astral Plane (Beserkley). Now would the ingenious Beserkley outfit (love their Greg Kihn press ads) stoop so low as to take a single from an album? Course they wouldn't, and this latest from Richman's dippy imagination is not from the live Modern Lovers album, although live cuts they are. "New England" — you might

SINGLES

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY STEVE CLARKE

Nick Lowe



Little Hitler

have caught it on *Top Of The Tops* — is Richman at his wacky best, with audacious lyric rhymes, doo wop nuances and even some "Egyptian Reggae" guitar. "Astral Plane", however, falls flat on it sloppy bum.

LINDISFARNE: Run For Home (Mercury). Who would doubt the excellence of the original Lindisfarne? Their reunion, however, is a rather embarrassing manoeuvre, confirmed by the release of this, their 'first single', which is totally devoid of the band's original spirit. Gus Dudgeon's production seems out of character with the band — whose quality was their contempt for any kind of pretension. Still, Alan Hull's song would probably sound more comfortable in the hands of a Des O'Connor.

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS: Can't Stop Lovin' (Snoet). Good to see that someone paid attention to Blast's review of Thorogood's debut album, and has seen fit to release it over here. This single is purely an ad for the man who's being compared to a 1978 Paul Butterfield. It's snortin' stuff. Thorogood carouses into the little known Elmore James song with enough gusto to shake any preconceived opinions about him and his aptly named Destroyers being merely a critics' wet dream. He'll have to do something about the bassist, mind.

AMANDA LEAR: Follow Me (Ariola). Disco dreck a la sub-Donna Summer which doesn't even come in a picture sleeve. Shame.

CARLY SIMON: You Belong To Me (Elektra). Methinks this choonlette recently appeared on a Doobies' album. Ms Simon co-wrote it with their keyboard player, Mike McDonald, one of the numerous musicians to have been chartered into Steely Dan. If it wasn't, then it sounds a lot like it, with its lop-sided construction and erstatz funky sheen. I still rate The Leggy One as a singer, but she could use better material than this. File under product.

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Take Me To The Next Phase (Epic). Excellent hyper-funk from a band who still have a lot going for them despite the passing of time. Hard, gritty funk which reeks of commitment and doesn't even utilise Ernie Isley's often over-used Hendrixy guitar lines.

BRITISH LIONS: International Lions (Vertigo). Likeable mainstream British rock which sounds three years or so out of date with its obvious debt to Ian Hunter's fixation with Dylan. Shame the rest of their album doesn't have as much distinction as this. At least, they're trying.

DOWNLINERS SECT: Leader Of The Sect/I Want My Baby Back/Midnight Hour/Now She's Dead (Charly). Re-release of early '60s sicko classic which brilliantly parodies The Shangri Las' "Leader Of The Pack". Originally called "The Sect Sing Sick Songs", it features those immortal lines: *'I looked around and there was the leader, there was the pack — and over there was my baby, and over THERE was my baby, and WAY OVER THERE was my baby.".*

STEVE HILLAGE: Getting Better (Virgin). Not a patch on the original "Sgt. Pepper" version, but nonetheless an inventive and infectious rendition of a great Beatles song; the bass line on the original is outrageous. Hillage and his band play great, incorporiating some foink in the arrangement, but his vocals don't do the melody justice.

WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS: Walking On The Edge (Virgin). Auspicious debut from Wilko's new combo that showcases his R&B roots in a pop setting, middle eight and all. Shame there's not more of the piano solo which closes this ferocious performance.

JIM CAPALDI: Sealed With A Kiss (Polydor). Pretentious arrangement of old chestnut that seeks to ensnare the disco crowd.

JOE TEX: Get Back Leroy (Epic). Exemplary record from the inimitable Tex who refuses to let time get the better of him. He races his way through this opus, never letting up for one moment. This features far and away the most formidable rhythm section I've heard amongst this week's batch of singles.

JUDY MOWATT: Black Woman (Grove Music). Self-penned number from reggae singer Judy Mowatt that's a veritable oasis in a desert of dross. Classy vocal — and Ms Mowatt doesn't sing about Babylon or Jah, but the oppression of black women. Nice guitar obligatto too.

RARE GEMS ODYSSEY: What Is Funk (Casablanca). Amusing novelty funk that offers some interesting definitions of the word.

NICK LOWE: Little Hitler (Radar). So much for Radar not being like all the other record companies. Last week they released Costello's "Pump It Up" from "This Year's Model", and now they put out Lowe's "Little Hitler" from "Jesus Of Cool". Coming nowhere near the standard of "Breaking Glass", 'Basher' rifles, among other places, Hari Georgeson's work with Spector for this immaculately produced, but melodically weak number. Great sleeve, but lousy choice for a single.

RANDY NEWMAN: Short People (Warners). The song that divided a nation, Newman's number is re-released to coincide with his imminent UK visit.

ALTANTA RHYTHM SECTION: Imaginary Lover (Polydor). Polydor have been putting their weight behind the Atlanta Rhythm Section for some time now, and this kind of high gloss MOR rock is likely to do the trick over here. Tailor-made for radio play. It's an attractive enough sound, but doesn't fulfil the potential of its opening bars.

THIN LIZZY: Rosalie (Veritigo). Trailer from the ubiquitious Lizzy album, "Live And Dangerous", "Rosalie" is just what you'd expect — hell raising and raunchy, showcasing Lynott in considerably better form than his recent guest spot singing back-up with one B. Furnace where it looked as though Phil would hit the deck.

ROCKERS TIME

By NICK KIMBERLEY

SINCE I spent most of '77 moaning about the terrible state reggae was in, it's a pleasure to note the number of quality records that have appeared lately.

There's just as much compost as ever, but a few of the old faithfuls have turned in good performances, and a visit to your local record shack is almost worth the effort these days.

Burning Spear has weighed in with the best so far, putting him firmly at the top of the heap: **"B/W Natural/Institution" (Spear)** is a true classic, mostly in dub; and while Marley seems content to bide his time, Spear goes from strength to strength.

Augustus Pablo is another on top form; as a producer, he can even get the goods out of **Jacob Miller,** which no-one else seems able to do: **"Each One Teach One" (Rockers, 12")** is a graceful record, with Miller subdued but convincing while Pablo's keyboard as usual provides the main attraction.

In general, vocalists are definitely favourite at the moment, and **Gregory Isaacs,** the most reliable of them all, has two new records to show he's keeping his arm in; **"Never Be Ungrateful" (Love)** is a pleasant love song with Gregory sounding typically vulnerable; while **"Mr Knows It All" (Thing, 12")** ranks as perhaps his best record, certainly in the last two or three years. The song isn't particularly notable, but the rhythm is a full-weight masterpiece (the version is "100 Kilograms Of Dub"), with exactly the right balance of music and electronic trickery. If sound systems are permitted in Zion, this is what they'll be playing.

Another Isaacs discomix going the rounds is his old cut of **"Loving Pauper" (Gussie),** spiced up for the sounds of '78. It's a good record, but the song is in danger of dying from over-versioning.

Apart from the Isaacs' cut, you can still find, if you look hard enough, a re-issue of **Bobby Dobson's** epic rock steady original **(Treasure Isle);** for the punk market, there's **Ruddy Thomas's** slight and trite version **(Lightning),** whose toasting B-side has **Trinity** finding **"Judgment Time"** in the price of a bike — not one of his best efforts.

As if this wasn't already too much, **Clement Dodd** offers a version by **Freddie McGregor (Studio One),** but he shouldn't have bothered — Studio One has enough good music without trying to convince us it originated tunes which it obviously didn't. **"Death In The Arena",** for example, with its umpteen versions, was originally a Dodd rhythm; none of the new versions are worth mentioning, so I won't.

Back to quality stuff instead: **Pat Kelly's "I'm So Proud" (Chanan-Jah, 12")** shows us one of JA's top voices at its best. Kelly, along with Slim Smith (they were both in Techniques in rock steady days), is the best of the gospelly singers with a style derived from Curtis Mayfield, whose importance to reggae is enormous — "I'm So Proud" is a Mayfield tune.

The flip of Kelly's version is a mix of his old hit, **"Soulful Love",** '78-style. On the same label, you'll find **Ken Boothe's "Who Gets Your Love" (7" only),** with Ken's hard voice telling a sad tale of conjugal angst. Neither the Boothe nor the Kelly are in any sense innovative, but don't ignore them.

On the other hand, you can safely ignore a lot of recent **Virgin** product: **The Diamonds' "Sweet Lady",** despite Angus McKinnon's recent eulogistic review, would have fitted the Eurovision context quite well; while **Sly Dunbar's "A Who Say"** is a weedy instrumental with Althia-and-Donna-style interjections. The B-side, **"Cocaine Cocaine",** is even more lame than the title; I think he's getting it confused with Vick Vapour Rub myself. It does provide some progess for reggae, though: after horn versions, toasting versions, etc., this is the first sniffing version. 'Sounds Of Reality' my ass.

Virgin's main hope to salvage their reputation must be **The Abbyssinians,** but dare *we* hope?

Meanwhile, over in Ealing, the **Greensleeves** label is carefully building a catalogue of worthy music: no classics but all good-dependable stuff. **The Wailing Souls' "War"** (12") is fairly dilute, and **Ranking Trevor** doesn't help. But the flip, **"Jah Give Us Life",** is more musical in every way, and gives a better idea of their tuneful style.

But for definite proof that things will be great in '78, look to **Glen Brown,** one of reggae's Grand Eccentrics. Last year was a quiet one for him, but he's blossomed (?) again with an instrumental on the **Music God** label (such modesty in his label names): **"Every Forward"** (a nonsense title, but obviously not the correct one) is a melodica version of "Get Together". The years of practice haven't improved Glenmore's ability on the old melodica, so the record's a must. The other side (different rhythm) is nearly as good and the label claims it's "Imsperation Instrumental": you *know* this is forward music, so why are you still buying Tapper Zukie records?

Nick Kimberley

GREGG ISAACS. Pic: KATE SIMON

The debut album from

Althea and Donna

Uptown Top Ranking

Featuring a brand new version of the ranking smash Uptown Top Ranking

From Virgin Records who lead the way

on the Front Line label
FL1012

CARNIVAL

Reporter: Chris Salewicz

Pics: Denis O'Regan, Chris L. Urca (here and over page)

AS HE STOOD AT THE TOP OF WHITEHALL at 10.35 last Sunday morning gazing impassively towards Nelson's Column, the optimism of Commander Walker of Scotland Yard's "A" Division seemed possibly more than just media cool.

The man in charge of the policing of last Sunday's anti-National Front Rally, March, Carnival and Festival didn't seem at all worried that the giant bloated effigies of Front leaders Martin Webster and John Tyndall might turn the march from Trafalgar Square to Hackney's Victoria Park in the East End into some kind of bloody left versus right confrontation.

"The organisers seem to want a nice peaceful demonstration," he smiled dutifully, bouncing up and down on his heels as if aware of the need for self-parody.

"It's early days yet, though," he added, though his general ease — which was reflected throughout the ranks of the Metropolitan and City police one encountered for the rest of the day — suggested the afterthought was more from habit than genuine fear.

Tariq Ali, the *enfant terrible* of the '60s British Left who ten years on from May '68 edits *Socialist Challenge* (just one of the multitude of revolutionary sheets being hawked on Sunday), appeared to be considering some bygone era as he stood on the base of Nelson's Column and watched, almost nostaligically it seemed, the tail-end of a body so enormous that the last marchers were still leaving the Square as those in its vanguard were actually arriving in Victoria Park some three and a half miles to the East.

Wasn't the National Front, he was asked, just a mere ugly pimple — just the slightest slimy facade — of all that is rotten in this currently confused island?

Don't worry. As Tariq sees it, events like last Sunday's — which, depending whose estimate you prefer, drew an astonishing 50-80,000 people to Victoria Park — are just the beginnings of a little lateral head-opening for Britain's youth. "Lots of people will come for Rock Against Racism today," he suggested, "And see that it should be Rock Against The Stock Exchange tomorrow. It was the same with Vietnam."

Interestingly enough, in the 45 minutes of speeches from assorted politicians — Labour MP Ian Mikardo, former Young Liberal Peter Hain, Ernie Roberts (prospective Labour candidate for Hackney North and Chairman of the Anti-Nazi League) — and stock celebrities like Miriam Karlin and Tom Robinson (short but sweet: "Hands off our people: black, white, together and forever"), Vishnu Sharma, President of the Indian Workers' Association, was the only speaker to mention the immoral and anachronistic, and obviously inter-related, exploitation of blacks in countries like South Africa by British multi-national corporations like ICI. Sharma even, somewhat optimistically suggested that the youth of Britain could defeat these companies . . .

Optimistic he may have been but Sharma's mood was reflected in the amazing cross-section of people on the carnival march: young and old, hippies and punks, blacks and whites. Together they marched alongside effigies of the NF leaders, while punk and reggae bands played in the sunshine from the backs of trucks moving at walking pace. Only certain backstage shenanigans at the Victoria Park concert suggested that perhaps anyone who really does believe rock'n'roll can change the world whilst it is the multi-corporations themselves who control the vast majority of the music is operating under almost CSNY-like delusions.

THE ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE was formed in May of last year by its National Secretary, Paul Holborow — a Socialist Workers Party member — along with Peter Hain and Ernie Roberts.

A direct reaction to the National Front's having gained 119,000 votes in that month's London local elections — which resulted in the Front's threat to put forward 500 candidates at the next local elections — the League is not a direct political platform but consists of individuals of assorted political persuasions. In addition to what appears to be a strong involvement by the SWP, the founding statement of the Anti-Nazi League was signed by 50 Labour MPs.

The League's role, as Holborow sees it, is to work at "grassroots level"—for which read football matches (a heavy anti-NF leaflet campaign is planned for next season's traditionally reactionary terraces), discos and schools (SCAN — Schools Against The Nazis — is now heading for its third edition, with 8,000 copies sold of each of its two predecessors).

Many of those involved, claims Holborow, have not previously been politically active.

He also poured scorn upon the frequently expressed view that the National Front should be allowed to expose themselves as the absurd fatuities they certainly are, and not be dignified with the kind of near-Establishment credibility which they are given via events like last Sunday's. This theme was reiterated from the Trafalgar Square platform by Ian Mikardo.

"In the East End," said the MP, explaining why Hackney and not Hyde Park had been chosen as the march destination, "fascists have done their traditional work of dividing one group of workers from another group of workers. There are too many people in the Labour movement who believe if you leave it, it will go away.

"There is only one way to fight it — head on!"

Said Holborow the next day: "For five years the Front have been ignored and *not* gone away — and grown instead. In Germany before the war people used the same argument. I think yesterday's fantastic reception showed we're right."

For some time now in the East End of London, racial violence particularly by early teenage white youth — which presumably gives Sunday's predominantly youthful gathering an even greater significance — has been increasing to such an extent that Asian mothers collect their kids from schools half an hour early to prevent them being beaten up.

It was for reasons such as these, along with the added factor that it is in Hackney South that Front Chairman John Tyndall is standing as a parliamentary candidate at the next election, that Victoria Park was decided upon by the Anti-Nazi League as an appropriate setting for an anti-racist festival.

Accordingly, in the middle of March the League contacted Rock Against Racism to ask that organisation to join with them to put on such an event.

ROCK AGAINST RACISM was formed at the end of the summer of 1976, following (a) the increasing attacks on non-whites during that long hot summer, and (b) Eric Clapton's apparently racist remarks at a Birmingham concert — although there are those who maintain that Clapton was actually making a humorous reference to the vast numbers of rich Arabs to be seen everywhere in London. Whatever the truth of that, it is perhaps worth pointing out that a grey worthy lack of humour appears to characterise a large percentage of the members of both Rock Against Racism and the Anti-Nazi League . . .

Linking themselves with the positive element of punk — hence last Sunday's billing of X-Ray Spex, The Clash, Steel Pulse and the Tom Robinson Band — RAR has put on gigs all over the country since its formation.

Considering the historically wary — even, at times, bigoted — stance by much of the hard party line British Left towards rock, RAR is in fact fairly unique. "For some reason or other," says one RAR organiser, "the British Left have always thought that anything electric couldn't possess any true political awareness and that acoustic folk was the only possible music they could ally themselves with."

Rock Against Racism measures its strength from the fact that it has sold 30,000 RAR badges in this country.

THAT, INDEED, was the figure the organisers optimistically estimated would turn up for Sunday's event, and was the crowd estimate offered to the Greater London Council.

Contrary to popular rumour, and not withstanding the 6.00 curfew the GLC put on the event (concerts in Hyde Park, which have a long-established precedent, traditionally close around eight in the evening), County Hall did not, says RAR, cause them any unnecessary hassles.

The first band to agree to play the event was Tom Robinson's, Robinson being a veteran of numerous RAR gigs. Steel Pulse, who had also played previously for RAR, and X-Ray Spex, who had been booked a couple of times for gigs that fell through, also agreed before the end of March to play the festival for expenses only.

Despite the bands appearing for free, however, the event still cost £10,000. Save for a handful of largish donations to the Anti-Nazi League by anti-fascist business people, this sum was raised entirely in individual donations of the 10p variety.

One early boost came when Pink Floyd — who share the management of Steve O'Rourke with TRB — offered the use of their PA as a contribution to the gig. This, though, was nixed by the Floyd's not having a permanent crew capable of swinging their giant rig into place, thus forcing RAR to become involved in their biggest item of expense in hiring a PA from Europa Sound.

This late addition to the schedule perhaps explains the at times fairly dire sound with which the 80,00 strong audience had to contend.

They didn't really seem to object too much, however. After all, what with the bouncing clowns, stiltmen and street theatre that had been provided by the Tower Hamlets Arts Projects (the Tower Hamlets Movement Against Racism and Fascism and the Hackney Campaign Against Racism), plus the occasional whirling dervish troupes of Turkish Socialists, as well as the punk and reggae still blasting off one of the carnival floats in the distance . . . well, it did sometimes make the concert proper seem just a little incidental.

X-Ray Spex hit the stage somewhere around 1.30. Their set had few high points, few low points. Just the usual very excellent mixture of sometimes quite Roxy Music-like sound pictures that Poly and her lads like to provide.

The Clash followed with the worst sound of any group that afternoon — seemingly an occupational hazard with them. Though Strummer complained over the microphone of a sore throat, at least his skin had changed from the hepatitis yellow it had been the last time I'd seen the band, at the beginning of the year in Coventry. Also, the energy level was far healthier than on that occasion and, for those close up by the stage, it was possible to ignore the dire sound and concentrate on the sheer power put out by the outfit.

New numbers like "Tommygun", "Bang Bang", and "The Last Gang In Town" flexed their muscles, though the sound mix only hinted at their real strength.

Considering the setting and the fact that only the chorus line was clearly audible,one might reasonably have expected "White Riot" to have caused some confusion. With Sham 69 vocalist Jimmy Pursey taking over the lead vocals, however, it turned instead into the most stirring number of The Clash's set, and possibly of the day.

With "Ku Klux Klan" predictably the best received number, Steel Pulse played their customary enthusiastic set of British rockers. After both the march *and* the high energy level of the white rock bands who preceded them, the reggae came almost as something of a relief.

The Tom Robinson Band came onstage at 5.30; because of the need to comply with the GLC regulations, which ordained that the music should end at six, they played a somewhat truncated set that reminded one, in terms of both subject matter and in-between raps, more than a little of a white Peter Tosh.

His set proper ended, Robinson returned to the stage with 90 Degrees Inclusive, Jimmy Pursey, Mick Jones and Steel Pulse to perform "We Have Got To Get It Together", a number especially written by Tom for the event.

At the end of it Jimmy Pursey grabbed the microphone. "All the newspapers thought we were going to go like that!" He pointed his index fingers at each other. "But we went like *that!!*" And he offered the inevitable Cockney Sparrer grin as he clutched his hands together.

It must be said that backstage there was frequently, to say the least, just a little tension. There was bickering over billing, bickering over backstage passes, bickering over whether or not to have security guards.

In the end, though, that really didn't matter.

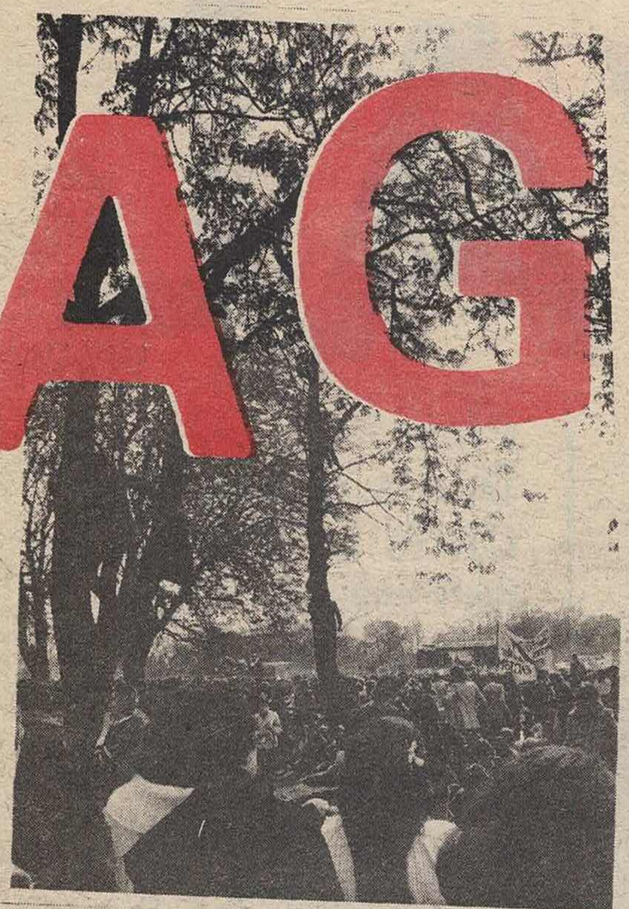
Even though, despite ITN's having made it its lead news story on the ten o'clock news that night, not a single one of Tuesday's popular dailies carried a word about what an RAR spokesman correctly felt to be "one of the most important concerts this country has ever witnessed" — a scandalous reflection of the national press' preoccupation with violence and tragedy.

It was a day to remember, and none of those present will ever forget it.

On the Melvyn Barg arts programme that followed the ITN News that evening, writer Martin Amis was complaining that the "Blank Generation" suffered from a lack of "moral energy".

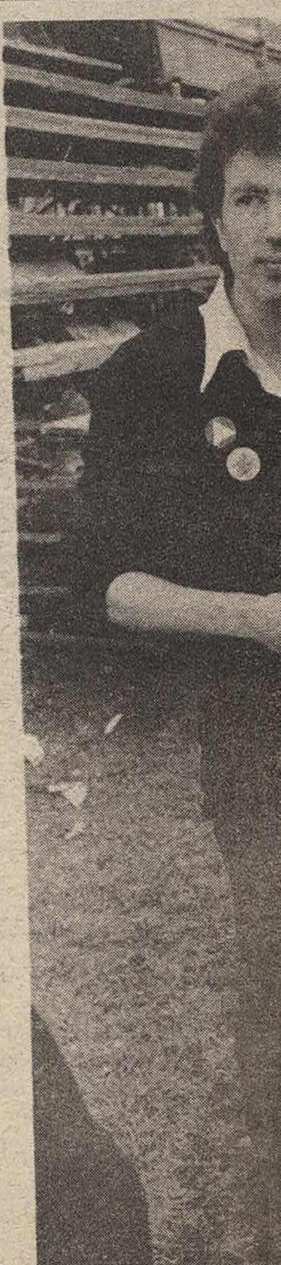
Who's kidding who?

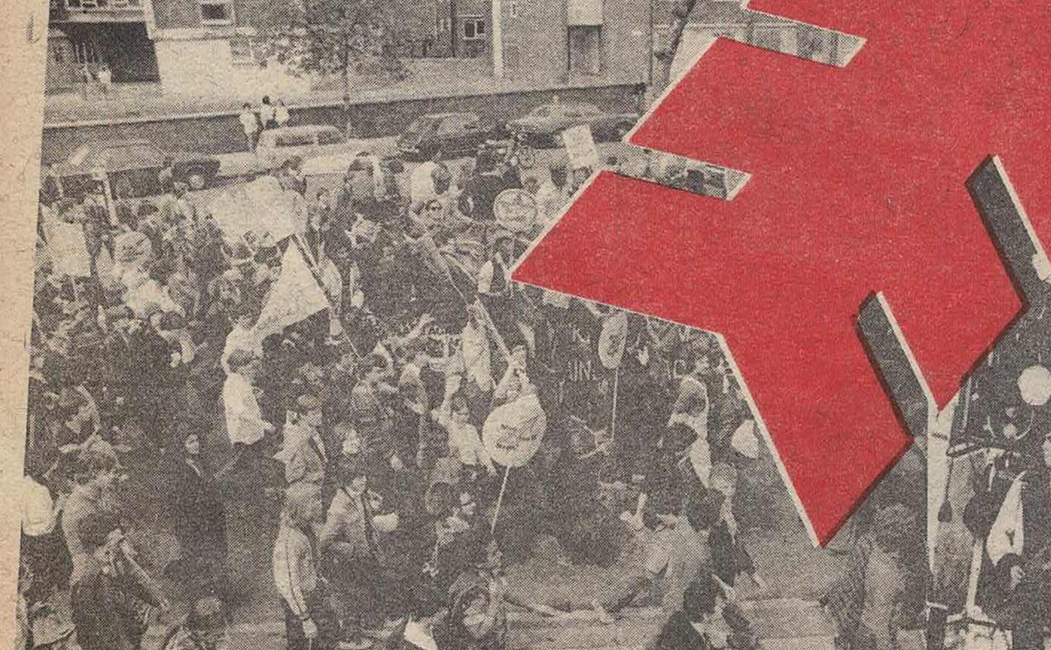
AGAINST



Tom Robinson in Trafalgar Square.

Poly Styrene/X-Ray Spex.





Finale: Clash, 90° inclusive, Jimmy Pursey, TRB, Steel Pulse.

THE NAZIS

April 30, 1978

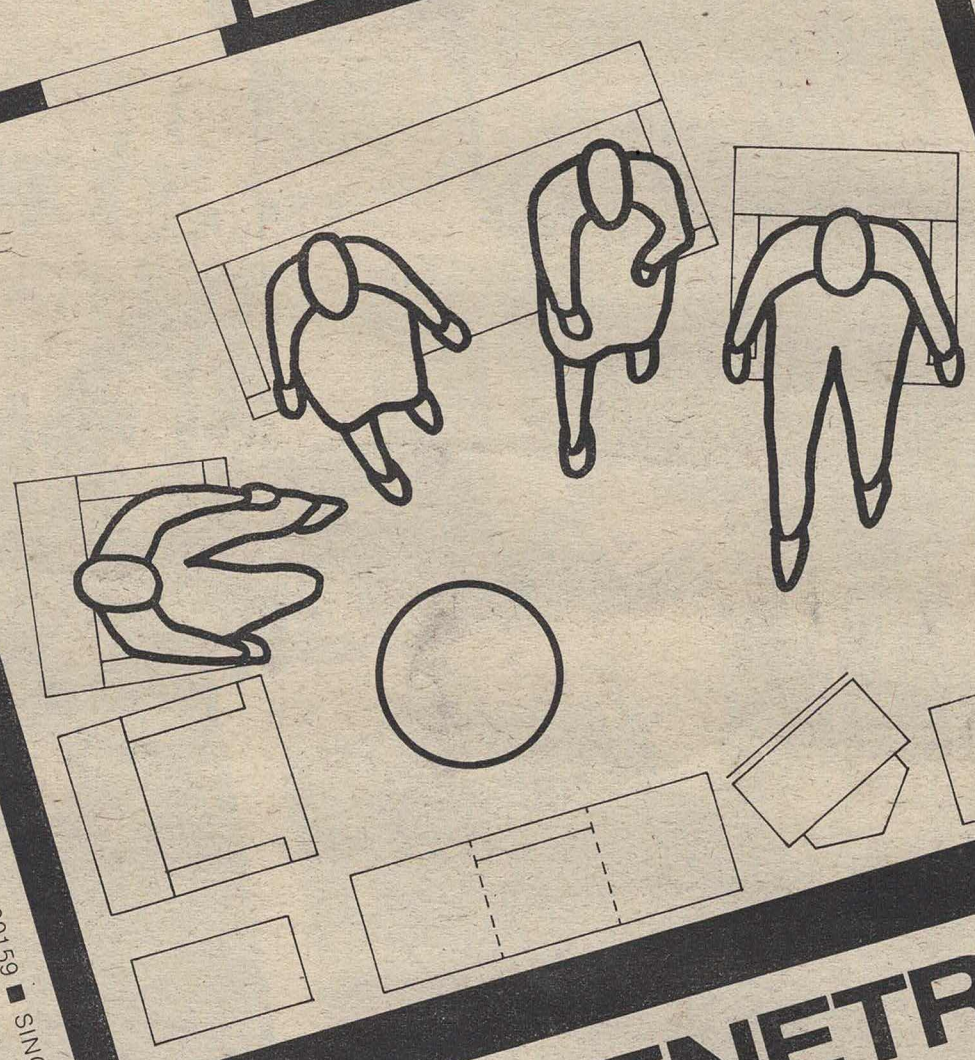
Clash in Victoria Park.

Tom Robinson, Paul Simonon in the park.

Pics: DENIS O'REGAN, CHRIS L. URCA.

BUZZCOCKS

ENTERTAINING FRIENDS



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FRIARS - AYLESBURY	6
PAVILION - BATH	9
TOP RANK - CARDIFF	10
TIFFANYS - SHREWSBURY	12
LOCARNO - COVENTRY	14
CITY HALL - NEWCASTLE	19
ST. GEORGES HALL - BRADFORD	19
TOP RANK - SOUTHAMPTON	21
TOWN HALL - MIDDLESBOROUGH	25
MAYFAIR - BIRMINGHAM	26
ROUNDHOUSE - LONDON	28
STELLA - DUBLIN	1 JUNE
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ALBUMS

DAVID JOHANSEN
David Johansen
(Blue Sky Import)

IT'S BEEN a rough old three or four years for David Johansen, and even now at a time when his career seems to have firmly coalesced and borne fruit in this his first solo album, I still can't help but express doubt as to whether this coup will not merely be blighted by his past (bad) reputation — and also whether the record itself is strong enough to clean the poor boy's slate.

Few, I would hope, need to be informed that Johansen was a member of the trail-blazing New York Dolls, whose corporate "Too Much Too Soon" manifesto for fun was taken as arguably the prime source of inspiration for so many new wave acolytes.

A few more, I'd wager though, need to be acquainted with the fact that Johansen was the brightest, most creative and very much the leader of the Dolls, calling virtually all the shots in the band, not merely writing all the lyrics (witty, sussed and sardonic as they were) but choosing all the band's non-originals and consistently delivering his end of the deal like a trouper, even at times when his companions were barely able to pick their guitars up, never mind play them.

Unfortunately Johansen had his shortcomings, these rooting themselves principally in the fact that he just wasn't a rock 'n' roller — which is why the coalition between him and hardcore rocker Johnny Thunders was so important to the Dolls' equilibrium.

Consequently Johansen went on to impair the band's vinyl clout by choosing two totally unsuitable producers — first Todd Rundgren and then Shadow Morton, by then little more than a shadow of his '60s brilliance — to get the band's punch down on record. Both albums failed miserably in this respect and the downward curve that followed was harsh, quick and seemingly bottomless.

The rest of the Dolls blamed Johansen's pussy-footing and prima-donna predilections for much of their bad luck and the final break was considered by them to be the direct result of the singer's shortcomings. All of which should not be taken as gospel. But anyway . . . Thunders and drummer Jerry Nolan formed The Heartbreakers, first with Richard Hell, who left in due course.

Johansen meanwhile teamed up with the Dolls' Syl Sylvain and, with three new members, made an abortive attempt to proceed under the Dolls' moniker. But contractual and other problems hamstrung this episode too, leaving it more or less still-born. Eventually Sylvain formed his own band, The Criminals, and Johansen was finally picked up by Steve Paul, manager of Edgar and Johnny Winter, Rick Deringer and also owner of Columbia subsidiary Blue Sky.

After rumours of production by Jack Douglas and Joe Perry, "David Johansen" arrives with these chores assigned to Richard Robinson and David himself. There's no hint of glam or lip gloss here; instead Johansen wears jeans, a functional leather jacket and yellow sweat shirt. He looks like the boy next door with a Tom Waits hang-up than anything else; one imagines only vanity stopped him sprouting a small goatee.

But that's by the bye. Whereas in the past Johansen played his vocal shots as if he was some feisty, loud-mouthed leader of a typical Lower East Side street gang, this album makes it clear that despite the generally raucus nature of his rock and roll backup, Johansen has left the gang and is out on his own.

Parallels with the Dolls are inescapable throughout, mainly due to The Staten Island Boys having the same instrumental lineup. This bunch are better musicians, mark you, playing with infinitely more finesse and precision. Sadly though, at times that very precision becomes faceless and one almost longs for the shambolic but characterful fire of the Dolls in their heyday.

The Island Boys have the chops, the riffs and the dynamics, but lack identity, far too often leaving Johansen alone to provide the vital ingredients. And this he does, with his waggish vocalese, even though it's obvious that the songs co-written with these new partners just aren't strong enough.

"I'm A Lover," for example, is a cheeky rocker but Johansen fails to toss in sufficent numbers of those witty asides that are perhaps his strongest asset. "Not That Much" is better, full of his special wit that at least keeps the thing buoyant above the plethora of hoary old Stones riffs the band amp out with boisterous panache.

Johansen in fact fares better by himself with "Pain In My Heart", which features terse, sly lyrics, and with "Donna", a sentimental work-out reminiscent musically of "Lonely Planet Boy", where Johansen proves his voice is becoming more affecting, succeeding even when he's labouring under Scarlett Rivera's tiresome gipsy fiddling.

The best songs are those composed by Johansen and Sylvain Sylvain during their second shot at a Dolls' continuation; Johansen really does need a strong melody writer to pack his talents home. Not that all four efforts thus composed are perfect — indeed, "Funky But Chic" is appalling (hopefully a parody of white street disco-suss though suspicions linger that it may be serious).

"Girls" is as close as this album gets to recreating old Dolls' sass. A slightly tongue in cheek anthem, it still pales next to the best rocker here, "Cool Metro", wherein four guitars thrash through an unforgettable jolt of rock action.

There's one track left to check and I've purposefully left it until last because it totally transcends anything else to be found on the album. "Frenchette" is the last song on the second side, and quite rightly so — nothing could really have followed it.

Starting out with just a mournful piano backing, Johansen sings with a truly poignant edge; the lyrics are as dazzling for their wordplay as they are heart-wrenching: *"You call that love in French, Frenchette/I've been to France so let's just dance/I get all the love I need in a luncheonette/In just one glance so let's just dance/I can't get the kind of love that I want or need/So let's just dance".*

Then, in one swift power-glide of guitar chords, the song explodes with a pace as strong as that of the very best and most intoxicating of Bruce Springsteen's work. Johansen's wordplay becomes more devastating:

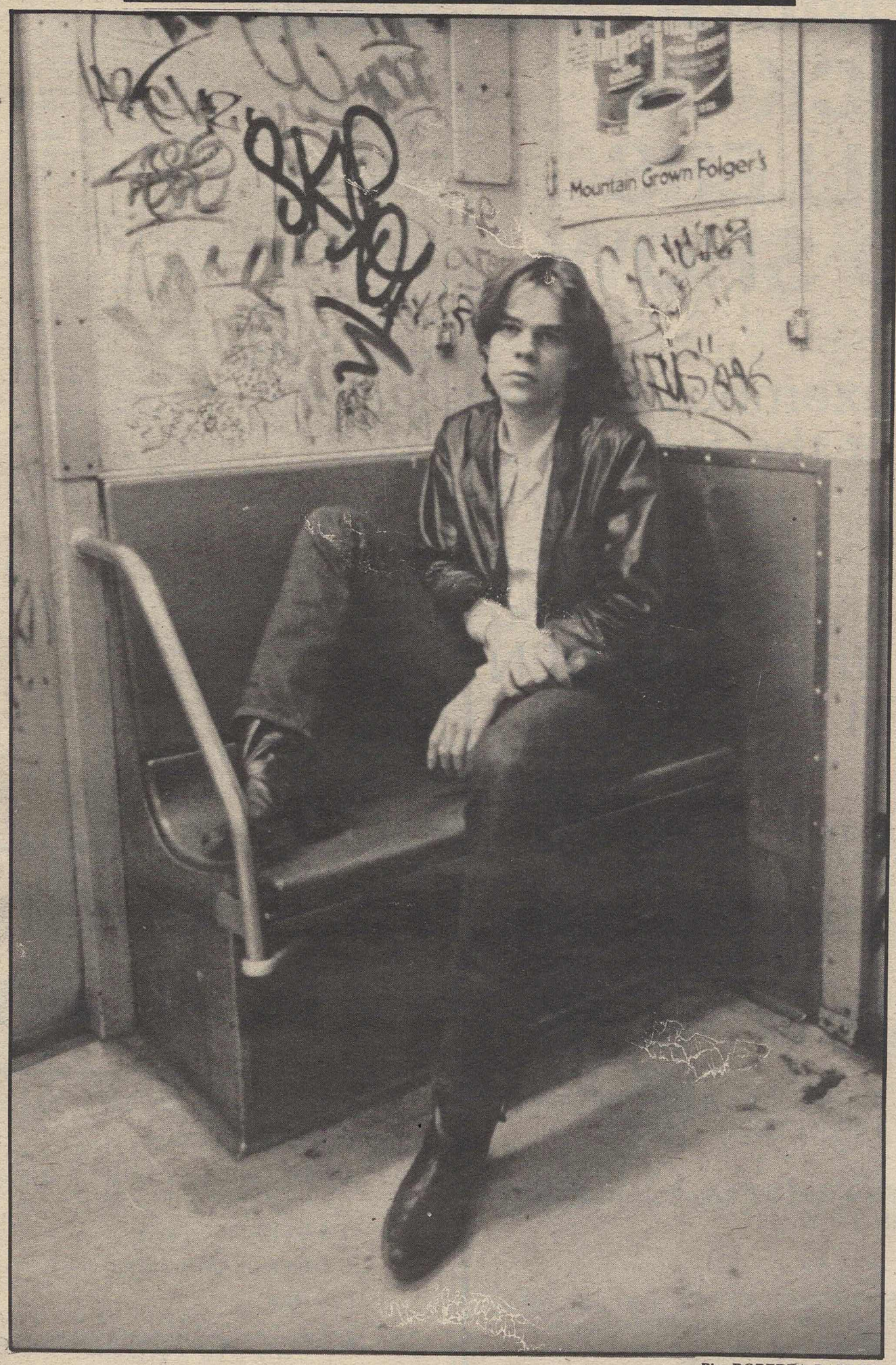
"Just like all your leathers, darling/They don't scare me, I know it's only leatherette . . ."

"Frenchette" is one of the most striking songs and performances I've heard in aeons — so strong in fact it puts the rest of the album into the shade: realms of good-natured, minor-league rock. I only hope Johansen will continue to work in this vein.

As for now, shortcomings aside, this is a record that deserves attention not just from old Dolls fans but also those who wish to catch up on an original talent.

Oh, and regarding dear old Johnny Rotten, whose vicious verbal attack on Johansen on the Pistols' "New York" should at least be acknowledged here — the day you turn out something bearing a twentieth of the merit of "Frenchette", then you'll almost deserve to stand in the same room as the object of your scorn. Until then, keep your mouth shut before the sheep start sussing you out.

Nick Kent



Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY

IS THERE LIFE AFTER DOLLS? NO.

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MAY 24 TONY PRINCE AT GABLES COUNTRY CLUB, THEDLETHORPE, LINCS

MAY 25 BOB STEWART AT FANG'S, PRAED ST., PADDINGTON

MAY 26 BOB STEWART AT ST. IVO RECREATION CENTRE, HUNTINGDON

208

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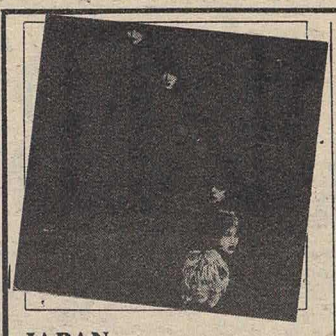


JAPAN
Adolescent Sex
(Ariola Hansa)

"Hello? Is that Cadavers Cruising Coffins?

"Tricky one for you here. I want a circular coffin, 12 inches in diameter, quarter of an inch deep, and with a self-sealing lid.

"I've got the first birth by a band called Japan here and it's still-born. There's such a grotesque stench of musical decay that my stylus refuses to go near it again.

"The songs — mostly contrived attempts to exploit fantasy — are all written by their singer, David Sylvian, accept 'Don't Rain On My Parade' which Streisand did in *Funny Girl.* Funeral march rhythms, and all the numbers exude a depressingly doom-laden atmosphere.

"Family history? Oh, Japan are a real tarty lot. Got together four years ago, and besides Sylvian there's Mick Karn (bass), Steve Jansen (drums), Rob Dean (lead guitar) and Richard Barbieri on keyboards, particularly synthesiser. They put on the make-up of glamrock then and haven't bothered to wash it off since.

"No signs of life at all really — just a few ghosts hovering behind the drapes; Steve Harley's spirited into the lyrics, and Bowie's lurking in the vocals, especially on 'Communist China'. Japan were obviously mating in a room where 'Station To Station' was playing.

"Flowers? Well, a bunch of wet pansies will do."

Tony Stewart

ANGEL
White Hot (Casablanca)
ZON
Astral Projector (Epic)

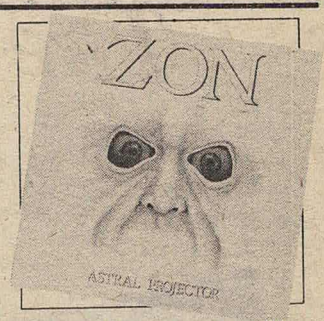
JOHN PEEL reckons the cover of "White Hot" to be the most repulsive sleeve so far in '78.

Can't think why, Peely old fruit. All it shows is a remarkably artless painting of a quintet of heart-stoppingly (well, two beauties out of five's good going when you consider how ugly most musicians are) pretty boys coiffed, manicured and bound snugly to five well-done stakes, looking very unconcerned about the white-hot flames about to consume them while all around hideous humanoids cringe in horror and envy.

Their image is confirmed in the first line of their first song "Don't Leave Me Lonely" with *"I saw you again at a matinee this afternoon . . .":* so shrills Angelic Frank DiMino, but — shock! — it's not the mandatory 'I'm A Big Fat Rock And Roller, So Get To The Back Of The Dressing Room Queue' smirk. On the contrary, it's the plea from a lowly member of the audience to a gossamer movie actress.

This is Angel's advantage, you see, the approach which sets them apart from your ordinary Headache Merchants — they're a passive band, axe victims rather than heroes. Every title tells a sob story: "Hold Me, Squeeze Me", "Ain't Gonna Eat My Heart Out Anymore" and "Flying With Broken Wings (Without You)". Their songs deal with begging some girl to linger or with being wrapped round some little finger . . . brave stuff for men to emote in these days of Kingshit strutting.

They're shrill, semi-tough or semi-tender like a male Runaways with two Lita Fords and no Joan Jett. Predictably, they're not liked — because they're cute, because they're barely aggressive and because although pushed as Heavy Metal (this is their third album), their production



pushed them over into Pop (non- Power) country with a sound that's light, fluid and quite refreshing.

The album doesn't touch you in any way at any time in any moment after it stops revolving, but you're lucky if, say, one song a month stays on your mind. It's their attitude I like, I suppose, but I think attitude sells more records than music anyhow.

Zon are gone whatever way you look at it. A Canadian band who don't know whether they want to be Rush or Yes, they pose as five ugly, butch-bozos in crucifixes and silly shirts baring puny pectorals. Their songs are called "Hollywood", "On The Road" and "Put On The Show" and the look of the loser is in their collective eye, a look which CBS money cannot defy.

Lyrical content? *"Something about the way you walk/Something about the way you talk."* They are most certainly not making music because genius burned too painfully. Their record is on beautiful blue vinyl. It's not their fault that they're so bad, no more than it's my fault that I'm spiteful and supercilious about 99% of the music I review. It's just that rock and roll has been flogged to death.

Texas Guinan, the Wild West nightclub hostess, would greet her customers with the obituary "Hello, sucker!" — coloured vinyl, chart-rigging, overkill promotion, records now openly referred to as "product" . . . your guess is as bad as mine to how long it can carry on.

Julie Burchill

Answers to tape quiz on Page 4

1. **AMPEX** in 1949 (first purchaser Bing Crosby).
2. **AMPEX**
3. **AMPEX** (Also equipment for the Apollo missions and the space shuttles).
4. **AMPEX**
5. **AMPEX GRANDMASTER**
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The Once And Future King

ELVIS PRESLEY
The '56 Sessions
Volume 1 (RCA)

IN NOVEMBER 1955, Elvis Presley was sold by Sun Records' Sam C. Phillips to RCA for an unprecedented transfer fee of $35,000.

However it wasn't until January 10-11, 1956, that Presley undertook his first official record date for his new label in Nashville. Of the five songs he cut on that occasion, the eerie "Heartbreak Hotel" acted as an innovative foretaste of a whole unbroken string of runaway international chart-toppers.

From that moment on, the hits just kept on coming as Presley knocked out one instant gold-plated classic after another right up until he was drafted into the US Army in 1958.

In retrospect it might be said that (without exception?) Presley was hotter than any other single artist in the entire history of popular music. In 1956 the public certainly couldn't get enough of the New Star. Similarly it seemed that RCA couldn't get enough of his records to a burgeoning fan following to meet the demand.

Accordingly in September of that year, RCA simultaneously released no less than seven singles (the first six comprising the entire contents of his debut album, the other coupling "Shake Rattle And Roll" with "Lawdy Miss Clawdy"), and caught a second breath as Presley proceeded to hold down the top slot on the nation's charts from August right through until Christmas, when it was announced that the Hillbilly Cat had sold ten million records in the USA alone!

This album is the first of a two volume set which collates (in chronological recording order) Presley's entire output for his first remarkable year on RCA. It's also in its orignal mono form.

This is pretty much how that year flew by. When Presley wasn't out on the road causing havoc and hitting the headlines, he divided his time between record sessions in Nashville, New York and Hollywood, plugging the results "live" on the prime-time TV shows of Jimmy & Tommy Dorsey, Milton Berle, Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan. Somehow, Presley also managed to make his first movie, *Love Me Tender*.

Unlike today's stars, Presley didn't sit around for a year or more re-cutting and re-mixing a track. For instance, Presley slapped "Heartbreak Hotel" down on tape on January 10 and plugged it on the Dorsey Brothers show on January 28. On that same date he also aired Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes", a song he waxed two days later. Similarly, he premiered "Hound Dog", one of his most requested stage songs, on the Milton Berle show on June 5 and, due to public response, again for Steve Allen on July 1. He recorded it the next day and it was in the shops soon after.

When Presley worked, he worked hard and fast. Retaining the line-up of his regular road/recording band — Scotty Moore (guitar), Bill Black (bass) and D. J. Fontana (drums) — he occasionally augmented this trio with guitarist Chet Atkins, a pianist, and The Jordanaires vocalising.

Basically, the sound produced at these first RCA sessions was pretty much an extension of the spontanious atmosphere Presley had created under Sam Phillips' guidance at Sun Records.

However, due to the more sophisticated equipment at his disposal, the quality of these Presley records was marginally more professional. In addition some of the material was subtly modified away from more primitive country and blues roots towards a much more aggressive hard rock stance. Furthermore for the first time, the ballad side of Presley's character was being explored.

As to the actual sessions themselves, legend has it that Presley often went into the studio unprepared and unrehearsed and then either considered some demos ("Don't Be Cruel" and "Heartbreak Hotel"), perhaps personalized some old R&B material he was familiar with ("I Got A Woman", "My Baby Left Me", "Hound Dog", "So Glad You're Mine" and "Lawdy Miss Clawdy") or set about covering other artists' current hits (Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti" and Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes").

Those who worked with the man insist that Presley had the uncanny knack of being able to memorise both the melody and lyric of almost any song on the strength of a couple of hearings and then knocking out his own definitive interpretation in double-quick time. Nevertheless, Presley was a perfectionist and it has been said that he cut 31 takes of "Hound Dog" before he was satisfied.

This is Presley, a legend at 21, before he was groomed for an ill-starred career as a '60s matinee idol: an all too short period when the animal was still uncaged, making music for the sheer hell of it and transferring as much to his musicians. The fact that he was making both history and millions at the same time didn't influence his direction or tame his spirit.

For those who were never in at the start and (sadly) only came across Presley at the kill, they may have wondered what all the fuss was about. If you really wanna know, it's all here, still sounding as fresh and as exciting as the day it was made.

Roy Carr

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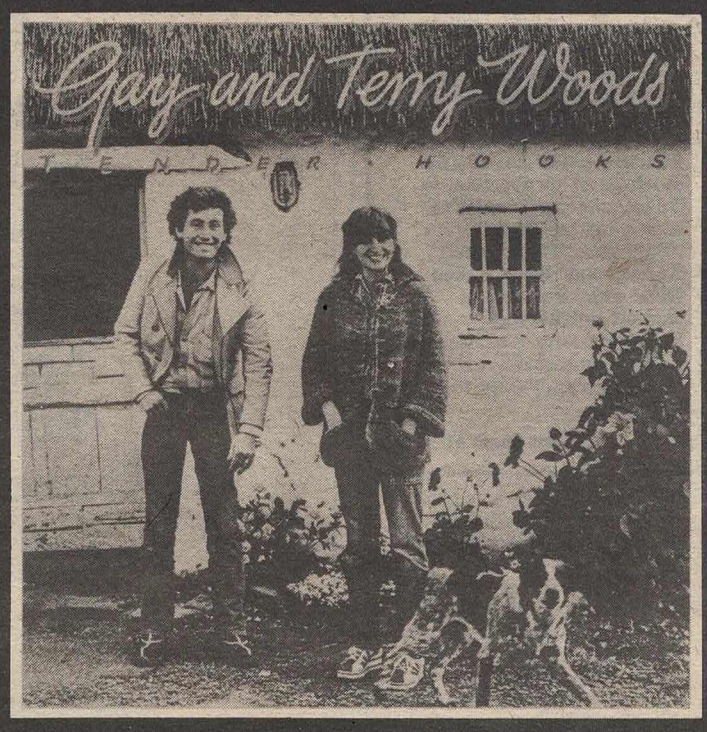

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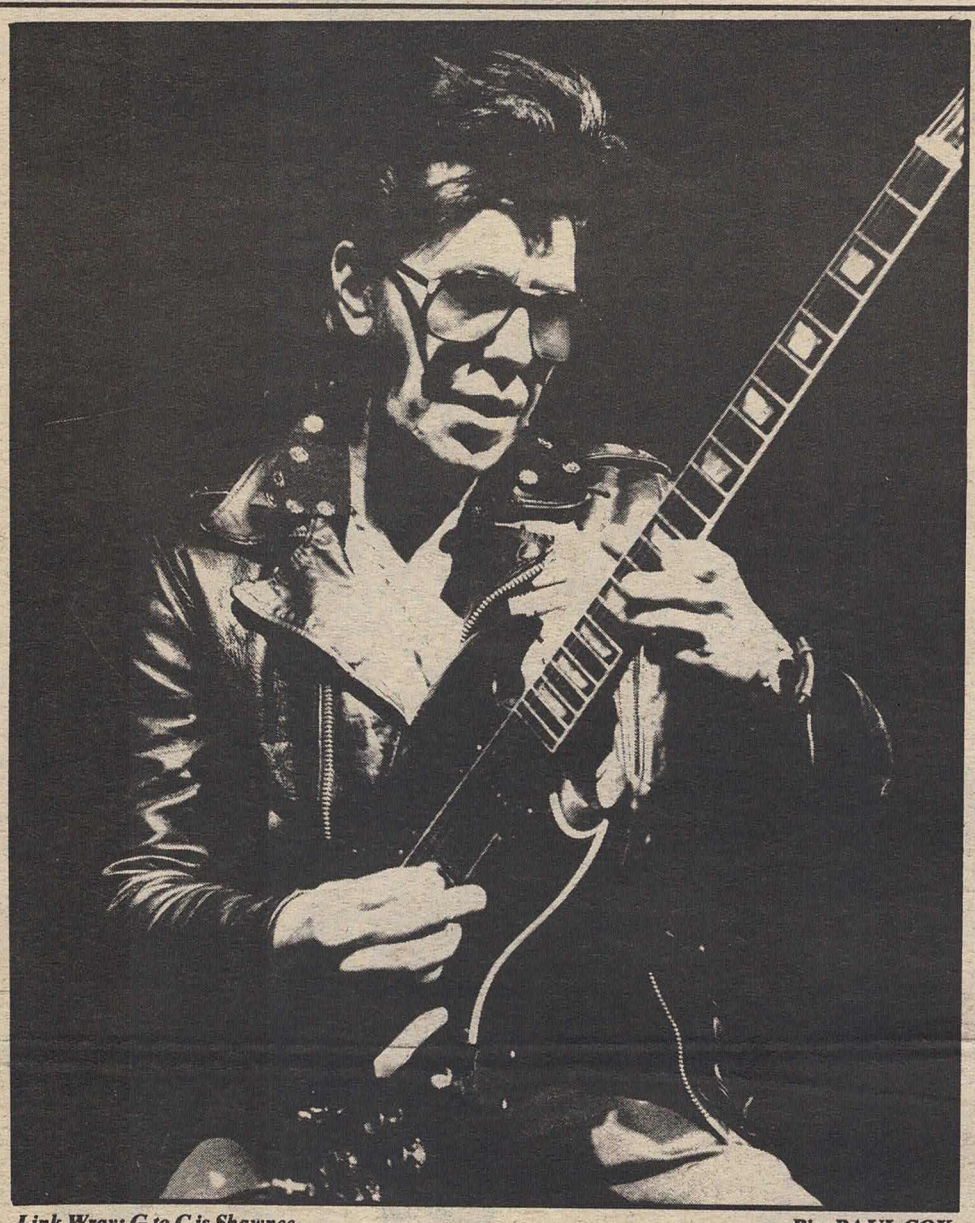
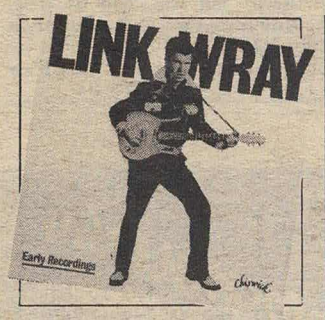


Link Wray: G to C is Shawnee . . . *Pic: PAUL COX*

SMART AXE



LINK WRAY
Early Recordings
(Chiswick)

MEET THE guitar that destroyed the universe.

There are axemen whose licks have entered the *lingua franca* of rock and roll — Chuck Berry, B. B. King, Keith Richard, Jimi Hendrix, Scotty Moore — and those who've entered the pantheon on sound alone.

Link Wray — to coin a phrase — didn't get where he is today (wherever that is) by the *what* of what he played so much as the *how*. Wray's *sound* — fuzzed, ominous, crackling with pent-up energy, a sound larger than the runs and chords and notes, larger even than the music.

In the late '50s/early '60s guitar instrumental stakes, Wray was to Duane Eddy what The Sex Pistols were to The Bay City Rollers, what Darts are to Showaddywaddy. Apart from Bo Diddley, no contemporary of Wray's ever coaxed meaner, nastier noises out of a guitar.

The material on this collection is pretty much your standard sock-hop stash; it's a teen-trash bash, all riffing guitar and drum sound like someone methodically kicking shit out of a cardboard box. There's the goonery of "Batmen" and the weirdbeard laugh of "The Shadow Knows", the bluesy whambam of "Hidden Charms" (the only vocal in the bunch and a Willie Dixon song which I hadn't previously encountered), the defiantly oddball picking on "Run Chicken Run" and a whole mess of dark, shadowy back-alley stuff.

King of the hill is "Rumble", a slow, seething shadow-dance which — in a quiet way — redefined the sound of rock guitar.

"Early Recordings" is the biz for guitar freaks, oldies enthusiasts and that odd clique of people who dote on The Ventures, Duane Eddy and the more prominent exponents of instrumental early rock. Fourteen tracks may be a bit much for all but devotees, so I'd recommend Chiswick to stick a quartet of cuts — "Batman", "The Shadow Knows" and "Run Chicken Run" with "Rumble" as lead-off and title track — out in 45 RPM form as a taster.

In the meantime . . . if you wanna rumble, y'come to the right place . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

GARNET MIMMS
Garnet Mimms Has It All
(Arista)

WHAT A depressing experience.

For years I've been hearing the names of Garnet Mimms and Linda Jones as the two really great soul singers to have received the cruellest deal from the fickle hands of fame and fortune.

The otherwise patchy series of albums under the collective title "This Is Loma" gave me the opportunity, at last, to hear Ms Jones' work some twelve months ago and it was a joyful experience; her rich penetrating tone and peculiarly hypnotic phrasing make her a true original; one of the greats.

All of which served to inflame an already heated desire to hear Mr Mimms in action. His reputation rests on a series of white hot, churchy sides made in the '60s, with and without The Enchanters, but if they are ready to hand in any record shop in the country, then no one is telling me about it.

I expected his legendary fervour to have mellowed with the years, that he might even have slipped into the supper club circuit approach — but I never expected anything quite like this bleak testimony to the crassest, most cynical ideas in modern soul.

Just how completely it ener-

Continued on Page 39

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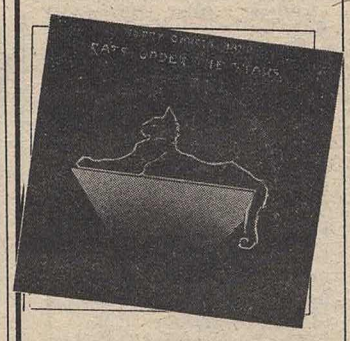

JERRY GARCIA BAND
Cats Under The Stars (Arista)

UNCLE JEROME'S fourth foray into the solo light gets some of that old Dead sound back to base. Just in time I guess.

In retrospect, the patchy excellence of "Terrapin Station" smacked somewhat of pacing that thin line between San Franciscan avant-garde and West Coast product — not a pretty thought. Mind you, it must be a mite galling for The Captain and his crew to see the Starship occupants hot-footing it up the charts with their most blatantly MOR record to date.

The old order changeth. None of that for Garcia though. He's so unfashionable it hurts. In he glides with a low-key, democratic band, familiar faces and no jive good music.

There are slight changes of course. The cast list of "Reflections" has been pared to his road band, very much a permanent fixture, plus Keith and Donna Godchaux from the group. Robert Hunter continues to write in his biblical hat, though unlike John Barlow, Weir's right hand man, the songs are more straightforward than apocalyptic.

Opening with "Rubin and Cherise" and shades of "Lady With A Fan". A strange song really, with a period troubadour lilt and an unfathomably tragic ending. The lyrical surfeit keeps the band under structured wraps while Carnival melodies and carnal knowledge blink uneasily at each other. And like Dylan's poetic elongations, if you don't hook onto the words you get lost.

Bassist John Kahn gets his teeth into the credits with a vengeance, branching out instrumentally and handling orchestration. His "Love In The Afternoon" is cunning reggae (no culture shock please) and fits a variety of down beat hooks onto Hunter's lazy summer rhyme.

The brief and beautiful "Palm Sunday" is a gas. Cowboys, religion and a camp fire harp from an uncredited Norton Buffalo (must be him, no one else blows like that). And so to the title track — a vintage Garcia melody, soaring bridge clarity nestling easy on Ron Tutt's percussive glissando.

Side two contains the best and worst of the album. "Rhapsody In Red" is plain sailing rock'n'roll, messing with the time scale, pumping the pulse on Garcia's heartbeat riff. No complaints. Unfortunately the up mood is mitigated by Donna Godchaux's very own "Rain" which is actually not so bad as a vocal performance but suffers from an abominably twee lyric and no pace whatsoever in development or impact.

John Kahn's tone picture acapella "Down Home" is likewise a waste of space. Can't believe they didn't have something more energetic than this dirge which is about as sophisticated as a rafia mat.

Ending with the good news, Garcia and Hunter's "Gomorrah" (if they don't like this one Jerry, Sodom), rather in the mode of the Dead's slower work outs on "Wake Of The Flood" and "Mars Hotel". Hunter muses on the fate of Lot and his old lady, God makes a brief appearance and honour is satisfied. With Merl Saunders, Godchaux and Kahn contributing mellow keyboard fills, Garcia gets to work on his sad, soulful delivery. He'll never satisfy the cynics but he moves me every time.

Just what the world needs, another Jerry Garcia album? Well maybe it is. For those people who think the Dead burnt out the fuse around 1969, there's no compulsion to switch on. Everybody else, keep listening. The Garcia band are supposed to be touring here this year. About bloody time they did.

Max Bell

Jerry Garcia: A to B is beyond me . . . *Pic: JOE STEVENS*

Slow Trax

(Headline By Ready Rhymes)

From Page 38

vates and emasculates talents can be seen here, with horrible clarity. This singer could be anybody.

The titles tell it all; "We Had It All" is the attempt to emulate "The Way We Were" and all those other melodramatic ballads. "Tail Snatcher" and "What It Is" are of course cheap disco. "Johnny Porter" is a ghetto drama; "Street Music" is street music is street music.

The most galling thing about this parade of mediocre imitations is the vision it gives us of exactly what some record producers actually think of us, the record buying public. Even in financial terms I think they are wrong. I think that the only way to make money on Garnet Mimms is to drop the formulae and take the chance on his reputed individuality. Let him sing, and then let the public decide for themselves whether or not they want Garnet Mimms.

Remember, it was contempt for their audiences that nearly toppled the record company giants in the golden age of rock'n'roll. Just a thought.

Alynn Williams

FOTOMAKER
Fotomaker (Atlantic)

FOTOMAKER IS a new American band and another ulra-slick, lush and layered sound product. Signed for a bundle by Atlantic, "produced and engineered" by Eddie Kramer of Kiss and Led Zeppelin fame, and already gaining notoriety because the line-up includes a former Raspberry and two ex-Rascals, this group is out to make it big in the States album charts alongside such pomp-rockers as Styx, Kansas and Journey.

Not pretentious like those bands — Fotomaker stick to love and languish — the album tries to win us over with a predictable re-mix of controlled power riffing and lightly impassioned singing, often over a moody keyboard or string arrangement and backing vocals.

Song for song it's all executed with armchair plushness, moonlit savvy and teen-appeal buoyancy: A classic lesson in old wave American '70s power-pop.

One potential hit could be "All These Years", a frothy body-swayer that derives its charm from catchy acoustic guitar plucking. If you close your ears near the end, you can almost hear the canned applause coming over the fade-out.

Marcus Smith

You dont have to be a freak to be a Misfit

A History of Piracy

JOHNNY KIDD & THE PIRATES
The Best Of Johnny Kidd & The Pirates (EMI)

DURING THE early '60s, Johnny Kidd & The Pirates stood out like a sore thumb as the only acceptable alternative to the innumerable mohaired clones of Cliff & The Shads which seemed to comprise the entire British rock scene. Figuratively speaking, Liverpool hadn't as yet been put on the map.

Much has been written about the legacy of the late Kidd 'n' Kin, and though a couple of excellent French compilations have long been available on import, this is the first time that anything like a commendable attempt has been made in this country to document the music of Britain's first underground band.

It needs to be emphasised that, between 1959-1966, The Pirates didn't just constitute the mighty triumvirate of Mick Green (guitar), Johnny Spence (bass) and Frank "All By Myself" Farley (drums). There were various line-ups before and after this trinity. However, it was this Mk.4 version on which the rich legend was founded.

The two-year partnership began when, towards the end of '62, Spencer and Farley bought in Green to replace Johnny Patto and set the pattern with "A Shot Of Rhythm & Blues"/"I Can Tell" which continued right up until the release of "Jealous Girl" in June '64. Anyway, all the relative fax are contained in Geoff Barker's informative liner notes.

Without passing over the other Pirates' line-ups (check out "Please Don't Touch", '59, and "Shakin' All Over", '60), the Mk.4 crew were certainly both the most innovative and commercially productive collaboration. Together they produced, amongst other things, "I'll Never Get Over You", "Hungry For Love", "Dr. Feelgood" and a one-off Pirates' single (included here) "Casting My Spell"/"My Babe".

There can't be many people who aren't familiar with the impact of The Pirates' Second Coming or how — the first time around — they exerted such a profound and lasting influence on British rock. We're all aware of the debt the Feelgoods' owe to The Pirates and how Green & Co have been a major source of inspiration for the current generation of hard rockers.

And a word about The Kidd. As the tracks he cut with the Mk.4 mob vividly illustrate, he was never intimidated by his formidable backing band. Quite the contrary, he never worked better. Kidd was, up until the emergence of The Fabs, the only British rocker who wasn't content to resort to slavish copies of his idols sung in a self-conscious mid-Atlantic accent. In fact he perfected the first true British rock voice, the spirit of which still lives on in the work of Roger Daltrey.

Twenty tracks for just £2.50 and an important (and still valid) chunk of history.

Roy Carr

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
Easter Island (Monument)

PERSONALLY, I never knew what Sam Peckinpah saw in him. I mean, as an actor, Kris Kristofferson is a studied disciple of the Victor Mature school (two profiles and staring straight ahead). Krist, the krinkly-eyed koot, looked ready for a kasket before the kredits rolled.

Still, having Johnny Kash bless your debut album as 'poetry' could've proved the kiss of death for far greater talents than K.K. The World's Most Watchable Man (as decreed by Manwatcher Inc.) remains one of the most unlistenable. The Kaptain (as decreed by the sleeve notes) may be 'proud of this one', but throughout "Easter Island" Kris kontinues to sing like he acts — koldly and with little konviction.

His vocal range — which could kindly be described as a tuneless bass moan — is as narrow as Lord Longford's mind, but on songs like "How Do You Feel About Foolin' Around" and "Forever In Your Love" (both emblematic of the nouveau Nashville peach-fluff by way of laid-out LA pickers) that cheese-grater of a voice actually attempts to carry the melody, a trick Kris must have picked up from working with Babs Streisand.

This record contains not one note of rock or roll. The gospel freneticism of "Lay Me Down" comes closest, but any meat is vitiated by the Hollywooden arrangement and back-up chorus (which, surprise, boasts Rita Kristofferson). The title track has built-in phony mysticism (via *Star Trek* synthesisers) and wishy-washy theology *("Thy will be done . . .")*, and the prize-fighter-as-analagous-with-the-record-biz dirges ("Risky Bizness", "The Fighter", "Living Legend") are just pathetic whines.

"The Bigger The Fool (The Harder The Fall)" almost attains an ironic poignancy in this context.

Harry Carpenter

ELKIE BROOKS
Shooting Star (A&M)

THERE'S no point feebly trying to justify this record in terms of *good music*, because frankly it isn't.

The whole point of her last album, "Two Days Away," was that Elkie Brooks proved herself a formidable singer, and it didn't really matter whether she was tarting herself up at the same time or not. Singing soul in an evening gown, butcher's apron or even the noddy, was irrelevant — as long as her priorities were right.

Now they're not. What to wear and how to look is obviously the question she asks herself first. And what to sing and who to have playing with you are given scant consideration. Don't be fooled by the sleeve credits to Jean Roussell (keyboards), Elliott Randall (guitars), Jerry Knight (bass) and Andy Newmark (drums) and expect musical greatness. Their collective playing is staid and boring.

Just for the record, producer David Kershenbaum has gone for the disco-sound of bottom heavy bass and drums; this demands a faceless identity for the musicians as much as it does for Brooks, and also for the songs they perform.

Neil Young's "Only Love Can Break My Heart", Frampton's "Putting My Heart On The Line" and Wonder's "As" are as nondescript as her own material. And perhaps the most criminal act of the album is making the rock and roll raunch of Stewart and Wood's "Stay With Me" innocuous enough for British (and American) suburbia to swallow.

Tony Stewart

IMPORTS

WILDING AND BONUS? Odds are, you've never heard of 'em.

But Danny Wilding was the flute-playing A&R man who helped put Brand X together and Pete Bonus was the guitarist who traded licks with John Goodsall on the band's aborted first album.

So when they got together to cut "Pleasure Signals" (Visa), Phil Collins, Robin Lumley and John Goodsall just had to put in their ten cents worth — right? You got it. Add contributions by ex-Santana man Mike Shrieve and Automatic Man's Bayete and the picture's complete — jazz for rockers, rock for jazzers — with Wilding hogging much of the limelight via an array of electronic sounds produced by his wired up flute system.

And how does it rate? Well, only so so, mainly due to the band's refusal to dig deep and mine any real veins of ideas. So this one's strictly for surface lovers. Which, considering the talent involved, is a pity.

Bonaparte's of Croydon have signalled that they're importing the US pressing of the *Generation X* album (Chrysalis). Seems that such tracks as "Listen", "Invisible Man" and "Too Personal" have suffered wipe-up on this version, being replaced by "Wild Youth", "Your Generation" and "Wild Dub" — all of which have appeared on singles here — plus another song called "Gimme Some Truth".

Another Bonaparte hotline item is "Satisfaction" (Ralph), the previously hard-to-get single by *The Residents,* whom — or so we are told — are currently working on an album titled "Eskimo", prompted by exploits of the mysterious N. Senada, whose latest travels have taken him to the polar regions.

Meanwhile it's hair-on-end time for *Dave Edmunds* freaks for not only has the original "Rockpile" album been re-released by EMI Holland but a French double album titled "Dave Edmunds, Rocker — Early Works 1968/1972" has also appeared in the racks. Perhaps the most potent Edmunds reissue to date, the latter is a double that contains all the "Rockpile" tracks plus a stack of Love Sculpture goodies, the titles now available on any current British album including "Brand New Woman", "Blue Monday", "I'm Coming Home", "Country Roll", "River To Another Day" and "I'll Get Along". Get it!

Finally, news of a now available slice of fresh *Doug Kershaw* cajunery from Warner Brothers. Titled "The Louisiana Man", it features the ebullient Doug fiddling and vocalising on such fare as Randy Newman's "Marie", Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues", Hank Williams' "Jambalaya" and other hotshots, all achieved with the aid of his brother Rusty, Al Kooper, Bill Payne, Duck Dunn, Steve Cropper, Paul Barriere, Fred Tackett, Herb Pederson and other personages of infinite repute.

Fred Dellar

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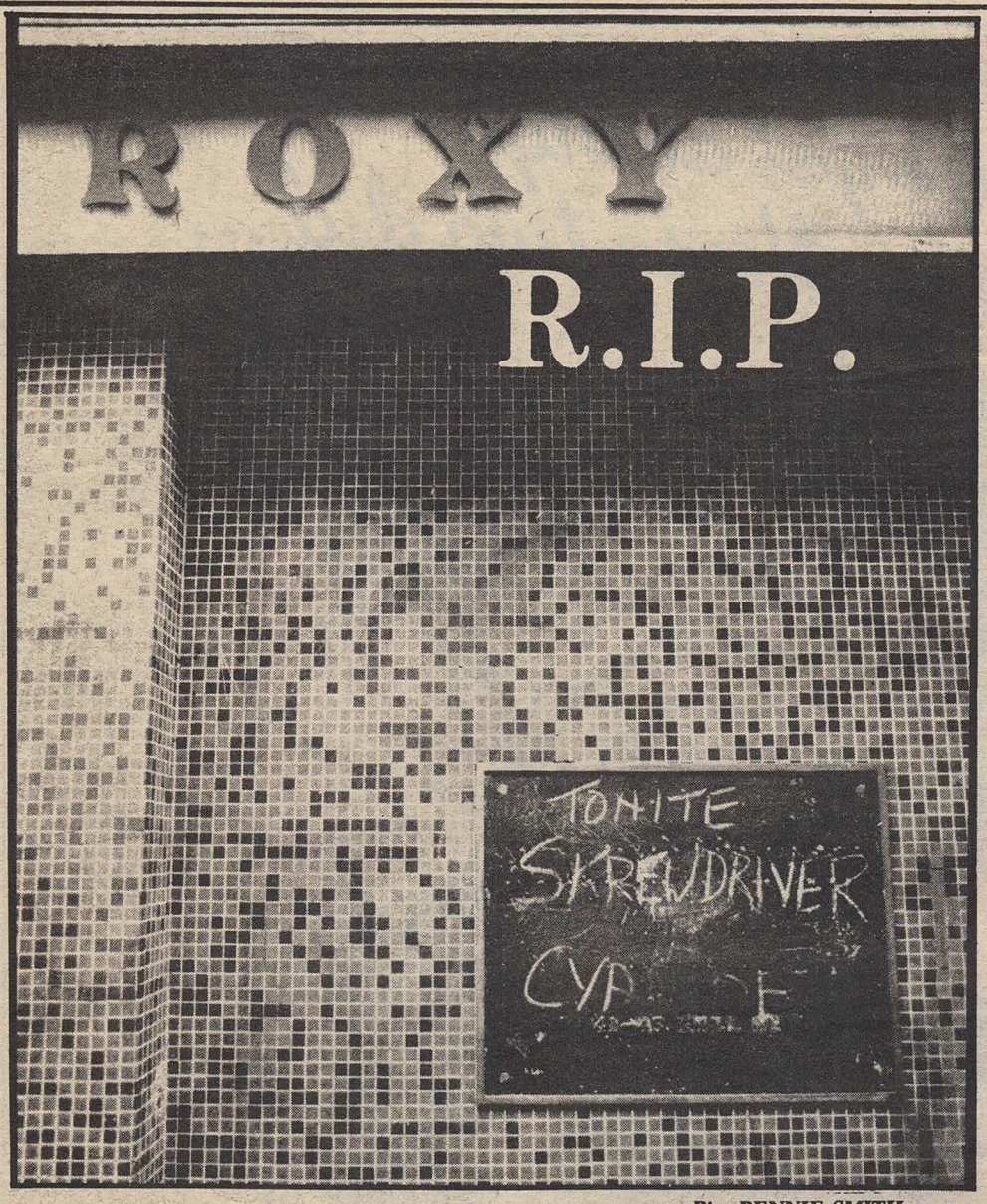


Pic: PENNIE SMITH

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Farewell To The Roxy (Lightning)

LOOKS LIKE another horrendous no-hope punk compilation, budget-priced with the name of the club tacked on to lend it a superficial veneer of credibility.

Fortunately it's neither that simple nor that bad. The title gives it a lot to live up to; the original Roxy album which featured live material from The Buzzcocks, The Adverts, X-Ray Spex, Wire and Johnny Moped, to mention just the best, was an apt souvenir of the original grubby pit of a club.

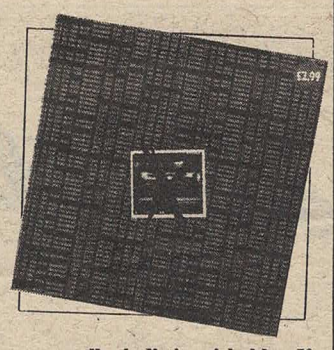
More than that, it was, and still is, good listening. No-one would claim it represented any of the bands at their peak but as a record of that time (early 1977) it was indisposable.

The new Roxy collection, ostensibly assembled to commemorate the extinction of the venue, dispenses with the fascinating aural documentary aspect of the original. You don't eavesdrop on conversations, glass-smashing, gossip. It's a headlong scamper through fourteen tracks, each combo announcing themselves and crashing immediately into their two minutes of limelight.

A glance at the credits and it could be the track listing off any album of garage-band discards. Bands like Billy Karloff & The Goats, The Streets and The Tickets are predictable no-hit wonders.

The UK Subs, inexplicably accorded two tracks in which to flex their heavy metal muscles, plough through "I Live In A Car" and "Telephone Numbers" with more vigour than appeal. Acme Sewage Co., XL5, The Bears; it's a hideous thought that ten years from now these bands will probably be collectable cult names.

Today, however, they're



generally indistinguishable. If you like what became the standard, limited punk sound of late 1977 you'll love wrapping your eardrums round such a selection of mediocrity.

It's a surprise as well as a relief to find that there's some material here to satisfy anyone who originally identified the new wave with variety and energy. "Strange Boy" by Blitz is a muddy wall of noise redeemed by a bubbling organ riff and high, twisted (presumably female) vocals. The Red Lights anguish over a poor boy who has to leave his sewer; sounds silly but imagine Patrik Fitzgerald with a backing band. "Never Wanna Leave" is a strange, deranged moment with a guttercharm of its own.

"Vertigo" by Open Sore is the most unusual cut. The distinctive, angular lack of conventional structure is initially reminiscent of Wire's impact on the first Roxy relic. Open Sore avoid such cumbersome labelling by substituting an irritating guitar drone for musical aptitude.

The most enjoyable item is saved for the closing track. It's "Lullabies Lie" by The Crabs, a good song by any standards. It builds from a deceptively peaceful, nursery rhyme intro, through a burst of sharp catchy riffing to the best, maybe the only, hook on the record.

Kim Davis

farewell, boys. You sold out, and I hope you're satisfied with whoever's buying in. . . . and the amount that they're buying in for.

And just by the bye, Colin Cooper, next time you sing Tony Joe White's "The Gospel Singer", just listen to the words, okay?

Charles Shaar Muray

THE SEEDS
The Seeds (Sonet)

BORN TOO late to sit in some car with the radio on and The Seeds screaming for mercy in my ear! Maybe it's just as well — in these days when producers but not musicians are credited on album sleeves, I swoon to the corny organ and wonky harmonica of The Seeds, but they do go on a bit.

Very American stuff this — creating problems for yourself to overcome simply because you've always had it so soft, squealing on and on about losing love and being betrayed and being misunderstood, and flogging that old "Pushin' Too Hard" riff to death.

The sleevenotes say they were influenced by The Rolling Stones and Bo Diddley but I must have missed that bit. They also say that The Seeds hung on from 1965 until 1971, trying to make a comeback over and over when they weren't working as dishwashers — and that's the tone of the whole album, that arch-crime of *over-staying one's welcome!!!*

"Nobody Spoil My Fun" is one of two songs that serves as anything more than a furry-tongued blur, and would have made a great B-side on a re-issue of "Pushin' Too Hard". Apart from that, the album's little more than luxurious background music, like most eccentricities are.

Sky Saxon whines like Patti Smith before she got a head for business, but "Nuggets" will give you more flash trash for your cash. The Seeds are all ugly as hell and suffer from that old bourgeois affliction — mentality arrested at adolescence. They're mildly amusing, like anybody else who chases their tail in an ever-decreasing circle. Those who try to drag Sky's moans and groans up to date for use as a backdrop to their own draggy little dramas are deceiving themselves.

I mean. . . *"You know there's always someone/Wants to spoil your fun/When your fun has just begun."*

If you thought Yeah! Yeah! and are over 14, you may well be wearing a wig, trying to dance like John Travolta and making a fool of yourself in front of young girls by 1998.

The world has seen too much since 1963 for The Seeds to sound sincere.

Julie Burchill

CLIMAX BLUES BAND
Shine On (Warner Brothers)

THE ONE thing more annoying than a duff album by a duff band is a duff album by a good band.

I dig Climax a lot; enough to write a liner note for their last album, have seen 'em several times and always got off on the show, which is why "Shine On", their first under their new deal with Warners and their first under the management of Irving "Joe Walsh is now an Eagle and as such does not talk to the press" Azoff, is such a heaving drag.

The last one — "Gold Plated" — featured the hit single "Couldn't Get It Right", and a whole bunch of other tunes that expertly and sympathetically blended the twin disciplines of funk and blues, with a few sharp lyrics and a lot of good playing. "Shine On" is pure California FM radio bland-rock; smooth as glass and as about as transparent. On the basis of this album, for Climax to continue calling themselves a Blues Band is virtually a contravention of the Trade Descriptions Act.

I suppose it makes sense commercially. The kind of music on this album is what's selling these days, and no-one's better at selling that particular breed of dilt than Azoff and Warners. Fleetwood Mac are the precedent; British R&B spends most of its time in the States and gradually takes on the characteristics of its surroundings. Climax already *look* more like California jerkos than Staffordshire stalwarts, but now they sound that way as well.

Still, they've been slogging away for close on a decade and now they've got the chance to do a Frampton Mac. I hope they make a pile of money, but I hope they don't manage to kid themselves that this album even deserves to be on the same record shelf as their last album or any of its predecessors. If they do, then hail and

RISE UP LIKE THE SUN

A folk rock (no, that isn't very accurate labelling but as close as you can get), work of art approaching perfection . . . if you never buy another folk album in your life, do try and hear this one. Albion rises.
David Brown – Sounds.

Sheer, confident variety in the songs, and the bold and fresh approach to the instrumentation . . . the scope is even wider than Steeleye Span ever attempted.
Robin Denselow – The Guardian

STYX HITS

To celebrate Styx' first UK Tour a four-track maxi single is specially available

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"COME SAIL AWAY"
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14th	PORTSMOUTH	Locarno
15th	SWANSEA	Circles
17th	SHEFFIELD	Top Rank
18th	GLASGOW	Satellite City
19th	EDINBURGH	Clouds
20th	PRESTON	Polytechnic
22nd	DONCASTER	Outlook
25th	BRISTOL	Stars & Stripes, Yate
26th	CAMBRIDGE	Corn Exchange
27th	CRAWLEY	Sports Centre
31st	WOLVERHAMPTON	Civic Hall
JUNE 1st	NOTTINGHAM	Sandpiper
2nd	LIVERPOOL	Erics
5th	STAFFORD	Top Of The World
6th	COVENTRY	Locarno
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8th	COLCHESTER	Woods Leisure Centre
9th	EAST RETFORD	Porterhouse

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2059 023

SOUL & INSPIRATION 'ROCKY' JIMMY CAGNEY 'SULIVAN 'WHO NEVER DIED A YELLOW RAT

A JIMMY PURSEY PRODUCTION

polydor

BOFM

Another very interesting study of the very interesting Eagles. *Pic: MIKE PUTLAND*

VARIOUS ARTISTS
FM-Soundtrack
(MCA)

HAVE YOU begun to notice how, over the last few years, the same composers keep being re-cycled on screen credits—John Williams, John Barry, Quincy Jones, John Williams . . .

Seems we've reached the stage where who scores the soundtrack is as important as who stars and directs. Let's not pussyfoot: box office receipts for such movies as *Shaft* and *Car Wash* must have been greatly stimulated by boasting a chartbound theme, but lately things have progressed even further. The score is now of such paramount importance to any movie's success that, as the score for *Saturday Night Fever* has clearly shown, the music is quite capable of grossing more in the record store than the film at the box office.

As *Easy Rider* first demonstrated, a short-cut was to hastily assemble a collection of tried and tested material and watch it chart: a device subsequently used to boost the take of movies like *American Graffiti, Cooley High, The Harder They Come, That'll Be The Day, Stardust, Looking For Mr. Goodbar* and, at the time of writing, *The Stud.*

In keeping with this quasi K-Tel marketing concept, a new American movie *FM* (set against the world of format radio) has gathered together no less than 18 FM radio favourites plus its very own droll title theme written by Becker & Fagen and recorded by who ever currently constitutes Steely Dan.

However, this isn't just *another* all-star collection. Much care has been taken over the predominantly Hip Easy Listening programming. I'd go so far as to state that the entire contents could have been pulled intact from any one of a couple of hundred major US radio stations in the last couple of months. Said format comes across like one of the many FM programme aids that American labels press up in limited quantities and distribute selectively.

At the other extreme, it could be a syndicated programme designed to boost station ratings, with sufficient gaps between each band to allow any DJ sufficient time to give station name, time and weather. I've timed and tried it — it works.

Nothing has been left to chance. All the tricks of format FM radio are included. There's two in a row from Linda Ronstadt ("Tumbling Dice" and "Poor Poor Pitful Me"), a bunch of recent biggies, Foreigner ("Cold As Ice"), Boz Scaggs ("Lido Shuffle"), Boston ("More Than A Feeling"), some not too old (potential) golden oldies, T'Eagles ("Life In The Fast Lane"), Bob Seger ("Night Moves"), Steely Dan ("Do It Again") and Queen ("We Will Rock You"), current chart-busters like Billy Joel ("Just The Way You Are"), plus popular programme padding.

The remaining tracks are: Steve Miller ("Fly Like An Eagle"), Tom Petty ("Breakdown"), Randy Meisner ("Bad Man"), Jimmy Buffet ("Livingston Saturday Night"), Dan Fogelberg ("There's A Place In The World For A Gambler"), Doobie Brothers ("It Keeps You Runnin' "), James Taylor ("Your Smiling Face"), Joe Walsh ("Life's Been Good").

Playing this double album is just the same as listening to radio but without the commercials and asinine banter. You can supply that yourself.

Roy Carr

GAY AND TERRY WOODS
Tender Hooks (Rockburgh)

FROM BEING an integral part of the original Steeleye Span — theirs was the rousing "Hills of Greenmore" from "Hark the Village Wait" — Gay and Terry Woods have made a series of albums since they split from Steeleye in 1970 which never really caught up with a sizeable audience.

"Tender Hooks" is the one they hope will do it for them. Well, it couldn't happen to a nicer couple as they say but I'd be surprised if this album achieved what their previous efforts have failed to do.

The talent is certainly there. Both Gay and Terry possess strong and distinguished voices but the material on this album (all their own) lacks a distinction to mark it out from the literally hundreds of other albums in a similar vein. It falls uneasily between Hip Easy Listening and the sort of blander material Richard and Linda Thompson have occasionally produced. Only on "The Reward" and portions of "Dreams Come True" did I feel any empathy with their style.

It's not the hoary old 'Is it folk?' argument but, by deserting their roots steeped in Irish tradition, the Woods have drifted into an aimless middle ground of vacuous soft rock material.

Kate McGarrigle guests on two tracks. If you liked her albums with sister Anna, then "Tender Hooks" could *just* appeal to you, but not for me this time round.

Patrick Humphries

CIMARONS
Cimarons Live At The Roundhouse (Polydor)

DO YOU remember the days of Session Musicianship? Yes! I recall The Cimarons rhythm-tracking Ken Boothe on his simmering '74 "Let's Get It On" LP and "Everything I Own" 45 notoriety. Then they were unseen, but I did observe them, backgound skanking unquestionably well. A who seh 'HeyDay'?

"In Time" was the band's own set of the same period. It was simple and fetching if irregular; the main bugs being their cover versions of unpalatable MOR: dem should steer clear of Greyhound dinky reggae.

But that album's title would seem to have been an appropriate indication of what was ahead. After a brief — one album's worth — port of call with Vulcan the band submerged altogether for two demon years in every-I-else's calendar, and looked all but buried under the subsequent overtake/overkill of all things Jah Rastafari.

Now in the month when the two seasons clash, a new single — "Harder Than The Rock" — and a live recording of a Summer '77 Roundhouse gig: both released through Polydor

What's gone on in the interim then? And why choose to re-announce your presence, on a galvanic '78 circuit, via a live album — normally the prerogative of an Established Artist? Also consider a brace of distracting new — or rather newly publicized — regal music outfits on our UK patch like Matumbi, Black Slate, Reggae Regular, Aswad, Steel Pulse and so on.

The album begins with "Ship Ahoy", all the way from Philly in fact; their tailored-for-memory version of the O'Jays hymn appeared on "In Time", — a genuine uplift of message steering clear of slogan, their (spiritual) high point.

All else here suffers. The playing throughout is subtle, elastic, if a little scarce with electricity, the static of pure skank which should purr and click straight to your seat of gravity, exploding. Sure they have the muscle, the Ithopia inflexions to a 't', and, doubtless, the worthiest of intentions; just a trifle hesitant with the investigation.

Skipping groundwork maybe? I think. Of the remaining four songs — short crease, slim cuts indeed — only the single. "Harder Than The Rock" stands forth with pre-eminent originality, winning with its chorus, though again not a chant to shift masonry.

"Ethiopia", "Reggae Rhapsody", and "Ship Took Us Away" figure more as medleys, well-harvested cuts of such artists as Culture, Spear and Ras Ibuna.

Having imitated the motion of a knight in chess it remains to be seen whether The Cimarons have moved wisely — their departure from precedent and their palatable *ire,* may well be the right thing at the right time for the '78 UK audience.

But I doubt it — especially not with the Virgin Front Line on the make.

Ian Penman

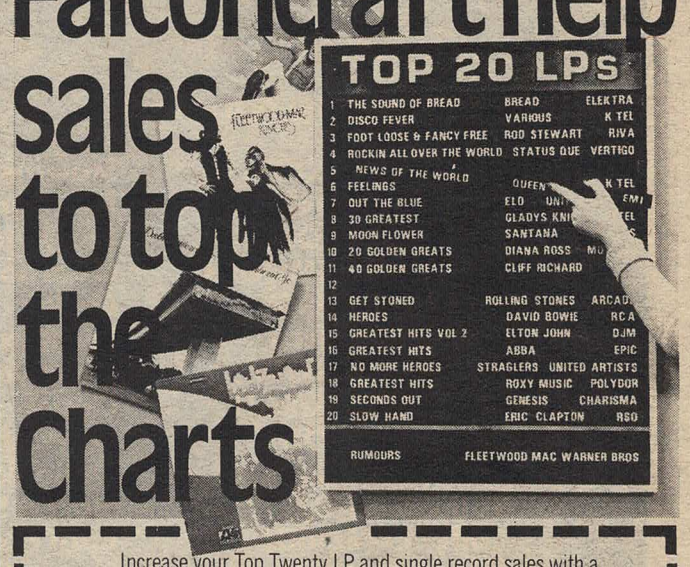
RISE UP LIKE THE SUN

This record certainly touches areas that no group playing basically traditionally-orientated material has ever nodded at before. The flair of it all is quite dazzling . . . On all these tracks they demonstrate the sheer velocity of which they are capable and that is unreservedly exhilarating.
Colin Irwin – Melody Maker.

Technically, the album a joy to listen to.
++++ **JOHN WISHART**
Record Mirror

THE ALBION BAND

Falconcraft help sales to top the charts


TOP 20 LPs
1 THE SOUND OF BREAD BREAD ELEKTRA
2 DISCO FEVER VARIOUS K TEL
3 FOOT LOOSE & FANCY FREE ROD STEWART RIVA
4 ROCKIN ALL OVER THE WORLD STATUS QUE VERTIGO
5 NEWS OF THE WORLD
6 FEELINGS
7 OUT THE BLUE
8 30 GREATEST
9 MOON FLOWER SANTANA
10 20 GOLDEN GREATS DIANA ROSS
11 40 GOLDEN GREATS CLIFF RICHARD
12
13 GET STONED ROLLING STONES
14 HEROES DAVID BOWIE RCA
15 GREATEST HITS VOL 2 ELTON JOHN DJM
16 GREATEST HITS ABBA EPIC
17 NO MORE HEROES STRAGLERS UNITED ARTISTS
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SIDESWIPE . . . ON NEW BOOKS

Vietnam: rock and the reality

Dispatches

Michael Herr (Picador, £1.25)

ALMOST TEN years in the making, *Dispatches* is a masterwork.

Reading the book produces a feeling akin to wiring yourself out with amphetamine and then leaping from a high building. The same sense of shock, of pure exhilaration.

Herr has taken New Journalism to the Vietnam battlefield and returned with a new language light years beyond our own, which manages to penetrate the farthest reaches of the unconscious, and to bring back the slippery concepts he finds there. He then nails them to the page with dark, hard prose.

As a writer Herr is superb; even Hunter S. Thompson doffs his cap in respect.

No straight reporter could handle a war like Vietnam where "grunts", their wallets stuffed with dead VC pin-ups, sprawl among the body-bags deep in defoliated jungles smoking dope and listening to Hendrix while shells explode around them.

As Herr puts it: "The Press got all the facts (more or less), it got too many of them. But it never found a way to report meaningfully about death, which of course was really what it was all about."

Herr rips apart their dreaded uniprose, adding flesh, blood and guts to their neutral language. He makes us *feel* while at the same time exploding every cliche about war.

"I think that Vietnam was what we had instead of happy childhoods", he says at one point.

His message is plain. You can't take the glory out of war, as it's the most bizarre, exciting, frightening, disgusting experience any human on the planet is likely to go through.

He also has a lot to say about Vietnam's soundtrack, and the constant interplay between the rock music culture and the slaughter.

How the lyrics of "Magical Mystery Tour" became oh so sinister when you were sitting in Khe Sanh, how he first heard Hendrix when he was under fire in a rice paddy field with only a stoned black "grunt" for company, how they joked about starting up a discotheque in Saigon called the Third Wave, "with a stainless-steel dance floor, blow-ups of the best war photographs on the walls . . ."

As he puts it: "(The '60s) war and music had run the same circuit for so long they didn't even have to fuse . . . rock and roll turned more lurid and dangerous than bullfighting, rock stars started falling like second lieutenants . . ."

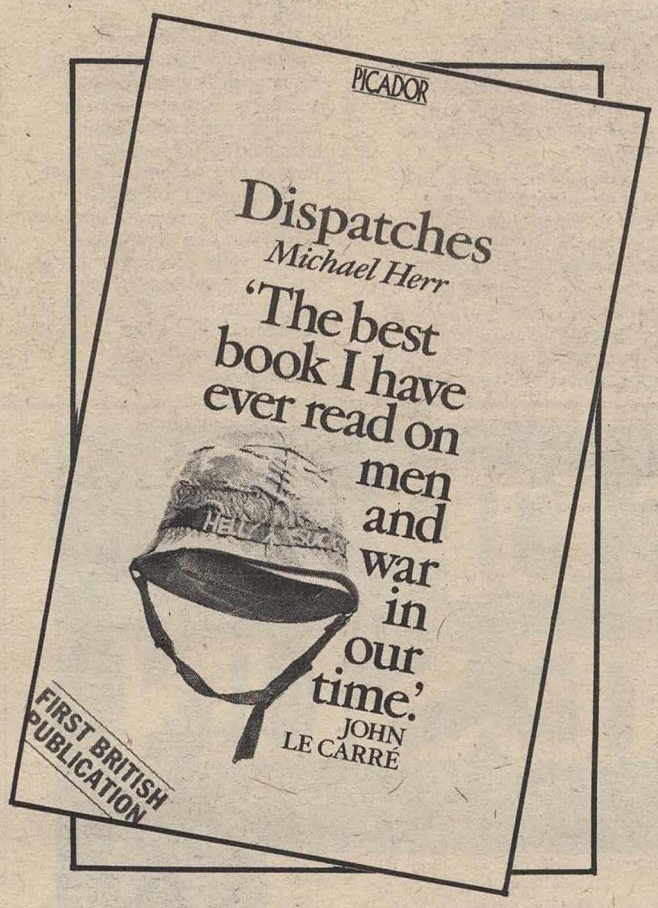
You can understand why *Crawdaddy* once tried to get Herr to write a piece on Ted Nugent.

Herr found his soul in Vietnam and a cameraderie that he knows he can never recapture. "We were all studying the same thing, and if you got killed you couldn't graduate."

Dispatches is a profound emotional experience.

Do not — under any conditions — miss it.

Dick Tracy


PICADOR
Dispatches
Michael Herr
'The best book I have ever read on men and war in our time.'
JOHN LE CARRÉ
FIRST BRITISH PUBLICATION

New bible for country fanatics

The Illustrated Encyclopaedia Of Country Music

Fred Dellar and Roy Thompson (Salamander, £5.95).

AS A successful case of carrying coals to Newcastle, this takes the biscuit.

It's nothing short of amazing that perhaps the most comprehensive encyclopaedia of American country music should have been written here in England.

Fred Dellar *(NME's* very own, to declare an interest) and country fanatic Roy Thompson — admittedly with some help from Douglas B. Green of the Country Music Foundation in Nashville — have beaten our transatlantic cousins at their own game in presenting concise biographies of some 450 artists, along with cross-references and lists of albums available both here and in the States, in a format which does justice to country's ever-growing status.

The fact that many of the names catalogued are virtually unknown outside their home territory, or no longer working, or date from a period when record company publicity concentrated on presenting artists in a glamorous setting with scant regard for truth, makes the remote control research feat all the more impressive.

Of course, there *are* other encyclopaedias, but none (at least to my knowledge) are really aimed at 1978 — instead either/or dwelling on seminal folk-country, mixing all kinds of folk with country rather than specialising, and being dull in presentation.

This new one is the most modern.

It deals adequately with seminal figures of the past but is particularly strong on the present, with country-rockers (Pure Prairie League, Asleep At The Wheel, Amazing Rhythm Aces etc) and country-poppers (Olivia Newton-John, John Denver etc) comprehensively listed alongside Austin outlaws and mainstream Nashvillians.

The style is plain and factual, favouring authority rather than colourful prose.

However, this is offset by lavish use of colour photographs and record sleeves (over 300 sleeves alone are used) making the book a fascinating browse even for those whose interest is merely casual.

The format is 'coffee table'

■ *Continues over page*

DIRE STRAITS

Dire Straits

THEIR FIRST ALBUM IS OUT JUNE 9TH!

ON TOUR

WITH CLIMAX BLUES BAND

May 3rd London, Lyceum
May 4th Birmingham, Hippodrome
May 5th Lancaster University
May 6th Glasgow University
May 7th Manchester, Apollo
May 8th Sheffield, City Hall
May 9th Cardiff, Top Rank
May 10th Plymouth, Castaways
May 11th Poole Arts Centre
May 12th Torquay, Town Hall
May 13th Leicester Polytechnic
May 14th Bristol, Hippodrome

VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

BOOKS

■ *From page 45*

— with 256 large-size pages, hard back, and eye-catching sunburst Dobro pic on the dust-jacket.

Faults? Well, sometines the straightforward presentation of biographical and discographical facts does tend to rob some great artists of their greatness: for example, the entry on Olivia Newton-John occupies as much space as that on living-legend Jimmie Driftwood—presumably because the essential facts only needed a similar number of words to describe.

A more detailed description of Driftwood's music, character, and importance would have helped to redress the balance.

This holds true for several other major artists: a fuller description of musical virtues and character colour would have helped project them more forcefully.

Still, for the country fan who wants a wide-ranging work of reference, this is a mere quibble.

In the accuracy department Messrs Dellar and Thompson hit a very high standard (if you can spot many errors you don't need the book!) and have already received enthusiastic reviews in the specialist country press.

My opinion of *The Illustrated Encyclopaedia Of Country Music* is that you should buy it.

Jack Scott

Bob Dylan: An Illustrated Discography

Stuart Hoggard and Jim Shields (Transmedia Express, £1.90)

"IT'S ALL been done before/It's all been written in the book" — BOB DYLAN.

"A YOUTH of mediocre talent" or "a God in his own lifetime"?

Growing from a series in a rival music paper (as some refer to *Sounds*) this illustrated discography of The Wandering Jew is simply that.

Treading exhaustively through the morass of some 90 bootlegs, 25 or so official albums and innumerable 'guest appearances', Hoggard and Shields have compiled a practical 132-page chronological survey of Dylan's recorded work from the very first tape recorded at Bob Gleason's home in 1061 to his 1977 appearance on Leonard Cohen's "Death Of A Ladies Man".

There can never be a 'definitive' Dylan book until his boot-heels finally stop wanderin', and even then the wrangles will continue as to whether that is him playing harmonica on Norma Tanega's "Walking My Cat Named Dog" or the numerous other myths surrounding the bloke.

How valid a book like this is can only be decided by the reader; for my money it's an interesting read and a necessary update on the *Rolling Stone*, Scaduto and Michael Gray efforts.

The authors have wisely restrained from any attempt at interpreting Dylan's lyrics. It's simply a thorough history of his extraordinary 17-year career, informative on recording sessions, musicians involved etc, but with a paucity of real, fresh information.

Of necessity there is a great deal of duplication, cross-referencing the plethora of bootlegs — over 40 from the 1974 tour alone!

It was with a growing sense of frustration that I read this book, not with the authors' efforts, but the fact that so much crucial Dylan material has never been officially released.

The official albums are simply the tip of the iceberg. "Lay Down Your Weary Tune", to my mind Dylan's finest ever moment, has never seen the light of day save on poorly recorded bootlegs, and it's little short of criminal that the crucial 1966 Albert Hall concert with The Band has never been sanctioned.

Not much wonder that the likes of A. J. Weberman are given the time of day when you realise just how little of Dylan's actual recorded work has been officially released.

As part of the Dylan myth, the bootlegs have been essential. Remember the exultation when the first illicit copies of "Great White Wonder" percolated over here, allowing a precious glimpse behind Dylan's inpenetrable mask?

If only CBS would cleanse their Aegeian stables and put them out in some sort of chronological sequence. Partly this is owing to CBS's reluctance on the grounds of 'technical quality' (although after hearing what George Martin managed with The Beatles' "Hollywood Bowl" tapes, anything's possible) but mainly, I suspect, it's Dylan's Don't-Look-Back philosophy.

At the time of writing Dylan's latest appearance is on The Band's marathon "Last Waltz" set, and in the future there's the upcoming European dates to look forward to, *Renaldo And Clara* — despite what Lester Bangs says we'll all diligently troop along and see it — a Jack Nitzsche produced studio set for Spring release and his appearance in *The Last Waltz* film, which, according to *Sight And Sound* magazine should be a scorcher.

That, along with this book, should be enough for 1978.

There are a number of irritating mistakes and assumptions in the book, however. For instance, was Dylan's Isle of Wight Press Conference really on August 37th? And wasn't it Doug Sahm, not Shamm, that Dylan helped out on his 1973 album? And is the Pete Hammill who wrote the sleeve notes to "Blood On The Tracks" really the ex-Van Der Graaf person? And is that really the late Dick Farina pictured on the "Blonde On Blonde" sleeve?

But given that it was printed at the authors' own expense, and is a useful addition to the Dylan canon, it deserves your attention.

Available from Transmedia Express, P.O. Box 12, Dumbarton, Scotland.

Send out for some pillars and Cecil B. de Mille!

Patrick Humphries

BOB DIDDLE: Pic: BRAD ELTERMAN

RISE UP LIKE THE SUN

ONCE IN a green moon, an album crosses the great divide between minority and majority appeal with complete confidence and conviction; this is one such album. N.M.E.

'Rise Up Like The Sun' gets five stars. It is a folk album. In fact it is *the* folk album, the biggest milestone in folk rock since 'Liege And Lief' proved that it could be done. Sounds

AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

THE ALBION BAND

HARVEST

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It works because it soothes the irritation. So your tight pants don't chafe and start the itching all over again.

Then the active ingredient of Lanacane checks bacteria growth and so speeds up the healing of the skin. And it's so pleasant to use. It doesn't sting, it's greaseless and nicely scented, and it doesn't stain your clothes. Stop your feminine itching now, use Lanacane Creme Medication.

Available at your chemist.

LANACANE®

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

FREDDY MERCURY (left) and QUEEN open their short series of British concerts at Stafford on Sunday and Monday.

ALSO THIS WEEK

- **FAIRPORT CONVENTION are on tour at Brighton (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Durham (Saturday) and Southport (Sunday).**
- **CHARLEY PRIDE tour opens at Ipswich (Friday), Norwich (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday). Dave & Sugar support.**
- **THE BUZZCOCKS are on the road again at Liverpool (Friday), Aylesbury (Saturday), Bath (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday). Penetration support.**
- **ROY HARPER is headlining more solo concerts — this week at Bradford (Saturday), Folkestone (Sunday) and London (Wednesday).**
- **DIANA ROSS is at the London Palladium for three days from Thursday, followed by GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS on Sunday and Monday.**
- **Two major tours opening next Wednesday are by DARTS (at Portsmouth) and THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES (at Doncaster). There'll be picture coverage of these two acts in next week's Gig Guide. BRASS CONSTRUCTION also open their tour on Wednesday, at Northampton.**

Thursday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: LOUIS KILLEN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUZI QUATRO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL AND THE ICE BERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: THE MOTORS
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel: DEADRINGER
BRADFORD Princeville Club: IDIOT ROUGE
BRADFORD Tiffany's: SWEET SENSATION
BRIGHTON Alhambra: SKIDMARX
BRIGHTON Sussex University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BRISTOL Crockers: N.W.10
BRISTOL Granary: THE YOUNG BUCKS
BRISTOL Stars and Stripes: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
BRISTOL University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / NATIONAL HEALTH
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: BABY GRAND
COVENTRY Hand and Heart Inn: BLACK AXE
COVENTRY Robin Hood: WHIRLWIND
COVENTRY Warwick University: SCHOOL MEALS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SAD CAFE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG BOP
EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens: THE PIRATES
EDINBURGH George Square Theatre: DE DANANN
EXETER Blue Lagoon: RIKKI AND THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/SATAN'S RATS
GLASGOW Cinders: THE CIMARONS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE RECORDS
LEEDS 'F' Club: ADAM AND THE ANTS/THE LIMIT
LEEDS Polytechnic: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE AND THE HEATWAVES
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: DON McLEAN
LEICESTER Freewheeler: PRESSURE SHOCKS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: AC/DC
LIVERPOOL Eric's: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DEAN FORD-/STADIUM DOGS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZARABANDA
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: PIN-UPS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THOSE FOUR
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: MAGNETS
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLUE OYSTER CULT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ROY HILL BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: THE MAKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: THE GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MATUMBI
LONDON Palladium: DIANA ROSS (for three days)
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: HEINZ AND THE WILDBOYS/CADILLAC
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARREN HARRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SPEED-O-METERS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: NEBULA
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: THE CADETS
LONDON W.11 Duke of Sussex: REDNITE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL
MANCHESTER Rafters: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: MICKEY JONES BAND
NEWCASTLE Blue Bell: STEVE BROWN BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: U.K.
NORWICH Sampson and Hercules: THE REAL THING
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: YACHTS
NOTTINGHAM University: LINDISFARNE
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: LEFT HAND DRIVE
POLESWORTH Top Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
READING University: GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR
TYNEMOUTH Percy Arms: HARCOURT'S HEROES
WICKFORD Youth Centre: WARM JETS
YORK De Grey Rooms: MEAN STREET-/SEMA4/THE ISSUE

Friday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
ABERDEEN University: THE CIMARONS
ABERYSTWYTH University: LINDISFARNE
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: ALWOODLEY JETS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CAFE JACQUES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hotel: KAY RUSSELL
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: JETHRO TULL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: IDIOT ROUGE
BOGNOR Harrison's Bar: SOUL DIRECTION
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MARTIN WYNDHAM-READ
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
BRIDGWATER Arts Centre: HAWAIIAN SURGEONS
BRIGHTON Top Randk: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / NATIONAL HEALTH
BURNLEYBankhall Club: OZO
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE MOTORS
CARDIFF University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: THE PIRATES
CLEETHORPES Submarine: THE PISTONS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
DOVER Temple Ewell Hall: THE IGNERENTS / THE APPLIANCES
DURHAM University: THE YOUNG BUCKS
EDINBURGH Odeon: UK
EDINBURGH University: THE VIBRATORS
FIFE St Andrew's University: THE VIP'S
GLASGOW Woodside Theatre: DE DANANN
GUILDFORD Surrey University: CRISIS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: JOHN BETMEAD
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
HULL New Theatre: FLINTLOCK
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE & SUGAR
KINGSTON Coronation Hall: SHAM 69 / MAGNETS
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club : YACHTS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
LANCASTER University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
LEAMINGTON Spa Centre: SCHOOL MEALS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LIVERPOOL University: THE BUZZCOCKS / PENETRATION
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ROLL-UPS
LONDON CHARING X RD St Martin's School of Art: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON CHELSEA School of Art: WHIRLWIND
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: PIN-UPS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON LEYTONSTONE Red Lion: METABOLIST
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits : WARM JETS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: NEBULA
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: STAN ARNOLD
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GAY & TERRY WOODS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SWEET SENSATION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE STUKAS / BENNY & THE JETS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON STRATFORD North-East Polytechnic: SPEED-O-METERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON WIMBLEDON Theatre: THE YETTIES
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: MISTY / PLEASURE ZONE / THE PASSIONS
LUTON Royal Hotel: BULLETS
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: DEAD FINGERS TALK
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: GOATS
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: AC/DC
NEWCASTLE Northern Counties College: ENGLAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
NORWICH City College: AFTER THE FIRE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE AUTOMATICS
NUNEATON Buckshill Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: DON McLEAN
PAISLEY College of Technology: ZHAIN
PLYMOUTH Metro: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
PONTEFRACT Wordsworth Ballroom: THE BIZ
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: SUZI QUATRO
REDDITCH Tracey's: THE RAW DEAL
REDDITCH Valley Rock Club: H.G.V.
RETFORD Porterhouse: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
RUGBY St. Paul's College: SCRATCH
SALFORD University: CADO BELLE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SAD CAFE
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE SNEAKERS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: THE TUBES
SOUTHAMPTON Mountbatten Theatre: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
SOUTHEND College of Technology: 90° INCLUSIVE
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE SMIRKS
STEVENAGE The Swan: ROGER THE CAT
SWANSEA Cape Horner: SLEEVER
TYLDESLEY Rugby Club: THE ACCELERATORS
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
WINCHESTER King Alfred's College: THOSE FOUR
WOKINGHAM Rock Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKREIG BOP
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: WIRE

Saturday

AYLESBURY Friars: THE BUZZCOCKS/PENETRATION
BANBURY Blues Club: THE YOUNG BUCKS
BANBURY Winter Gardens: N.W.10
BEDFORD Cranfield College: THE ENID
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TYLA GANG
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: QUARTZ
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: VIN GARBUTT
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BOLTON Institute of Technology: FLIGHT 56
BRADFORD University: ROY HARPER
BRIGHTON Dome: DON McLEAN
BRIGHTON New Regent: 90° INCLUSIVE
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes: MATCHBOX
CARDIFF University: MAGAZINE
CHELTENHAM St. Mary's College: THOSE FOUR
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: WITCHFYNDE
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: DEAN FORD
DUNDEE Technical College: DEAD FINGERS TALK
DUNDEE University: THE CIMARONS
DURHAM Fowlers Youth Project: DISGUISE
DURHAM University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE V.I.P.'s
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: U.K.
HADDENHAM Village Hall: HUGH RIPPON
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: BERNIE TORME
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: FLINTLOCK
HOYLAND Belmont College: PRESSURE SHOCKS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: LINDISFARNE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: THE REAL THING
KNOTTINGLEY Warbottle Hotel: THE VYE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SON OF A BITCH
LEEDS University: RADIO STARS
LEICESTER University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND-/NATIONAL HEALTH
LIVERPOOL Eric's: WIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TERESA T'ABREU BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MEAL TICKET
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE BISHOPS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMSPTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARLESDEN New Roxy Theatre: THE PLEASERS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: BABY GRAND
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHNNY MOPED/THE DRUG ADDIX
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: CHRISTINE JOY WHITE
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: LEON ROSSELSON & ROY BAILEY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FROGGY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
LUTON Sands Club: PIN-UPS
MACCLESFIELD Senior Citizens Club: MISTRESS
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE MOTORS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: AC/DC
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: CHERRY VANILLA
MANCHESTER University: OZO
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: YACHTS
NEWBURY College: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
NEWCASTLE University: ACE
NORWICH Theatre Royal: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: HEAD WAITER
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG POP
NUNEATON Chilvers Coton: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD St. Peter's College: MUNGO JERRY-/JENNY HAAN'S LION
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/SATAN'S RATS
PRESTON Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: SUZI QUATRO
SALISBURY St. Edmund's Art Centre: IVOR CUTLER
SHEFFIELD University: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
SNODLAND Bull Hotel: THE RAW DEAL
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: THE TUBES
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: QUEEN
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE/SIDEWINDER
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STROUD Leisure Centre: JASPER CARROTT
SWANSEA White Swan: SLEEVER
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: ZHAIN
WHITEHAVEN St Mary's Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKINGHAM King of Clubs: SOUL DIRECTION
YORK Oval Ballroom: DAGABAND
YORK Winning Post: R.B.Q.

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: DAVID COVER-DALE'S WHITE SNAKE
AYLESBURY King's Head: NW10
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: BULLET
BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with LITTLE GINNY/BOOT HILL BOYS/SNUFFY GARRETT
BATLEY Variety Club: HERB REED & THE PLAT-TERS (for a week)
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: POVERTY CORNER
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SHOWADDYWADDY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BRISTOL Locarno: THE PIRATES
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/SATAN'S RATS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
CROYDON Greyhound: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
DUMFRIES Stage Coach: OZO
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE CIMARONS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
IPSWICH The Kingfisher: SON OF A BITCH
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: MAGAZINE/POP GROUP/SOFT BOYS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: AC/DC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PIN-UPS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: DEAN FORD
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SNEAKERS
LONDON Palladium: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS

DIANA ROSS at the Palladium

CONTINUES OVER PAGE. . .

GET SLAUGHTERED

...no wave, their wave, new wave, funk...
forget it, it's Slaughter, it's rock - a tidal wave of Slaughter rock.
After storming their way through Britain and Europe with their own wave, here's their much-awaited debut album.

"Their music is... bashed out with such exuberance that only the most po-faced of BOF's... could fail to be won over." SOUNDS 8/2/78

Rising on a wave of their own.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS

DO IT DOG STYLE

on tour

April		7th	Sheffield, Top Rank	15th	Middlesbrough, Rock Garden
26th	Newport, Stowaways	8th	Leeds, Ace of Clubs		
30th	Plymouth, Castaways	9th	Liverpool, Eric's	16th	Preston, Clouds
May		10th	Bristol, Tiffany's	17th	Swindon, The Affair
1st	Bournemouth, Village Bowl	11th	Coventry, Locarno	22nd	West Runton, Pavilion
2nd	Portsmouth, Locarno	12th	London, Nashville	24th	Edinburgh, Clouds
3rd	Birmingham, Town Hall	13th	Margate, Dreamland	25th	Dunfermline, Kinema
4th	Doncaster, Outlook	14th	Manchester, Rafters		
6th	Nottingham, Sandpiper				

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Also on tape

DECCA

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JETHRO TULL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MONOS
LONDON WC1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LUTON Kingsway Tavern: LEFT HAND DRIVE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CREATION/TOY TOWN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: WIRE
MANCHESTER Rafters: CAFE JACQUES
MANCHESTER Ritz Ballroom: THE MOTORS
MARYPORT Grasslot Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: BERNIE TORME
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: IDIOT ROUGE
OXFORD New Theatre: THE TUBES
POYNTON Folk Centre: BATTLEFIELD BAND
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: BLACK ABBOTTS (for a week)
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG BOP
SHEFFIELD University: THE V.I.P's
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: RADIO STARS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: DON McLEAN
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: QUEEN
THAME Swan Hotel: FAGGIN HOOK
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: LINDISFARNE
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: YACHTS

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BLYTH Golden Eagle: STEVE BROWN BAND
BOSTON Folk Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BRADFORD Talk of Yorkshire Club: GYGAFO
BRIGHTON Polytechnic Art College: THE FABS
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CARDIFF University: LINDISFARNE
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: WILD BILLY CHILDISH & THE RIVETS
CHELTENHAM Everyman Theatre: "GODSPELL" (for a week)
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: CHERRY VANILLA
COVENTRY Theatre: DON MCLEAN
CROYDON Red Deer: THE HERO'S
DEWSBURY Turks Head: THE BIZ
DONCASTER Outlook Club: WIRE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE MOTORS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: ROY HARPER
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS 'F' Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
LEICESTER Bailey's: MUD (for a week)
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOHNNY MOPED
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE & SUGAR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TERRA COTTA / JERICHO / SKUNK
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ROY HILL BAND / CLAIRE HAMILL BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE MAKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: BRITISH LIONS
LONDON Marquee Club: PERE UBU/NICO
LONDON Palladium: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DEREK BRIMSTONE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JETHRO TULL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RUNNING SAWS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: INMATES
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern: FRANKENSTEIN
MANCHESTER Ritz Ballroom: MAGAZINE
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: PRESSURE SHOCKS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: THE LURKERS
OXFORD New Theatre: THE TUBES
OXFORD Polytechnic: THOSE FOUR
SHEFFIELD City Hall: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: SCHOOL MEALS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: JASPER CARROTT
STAFFORD Top of the World: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / NATIONAL HEALTH
STAFFORD Top of the World: THE REAL THING
SWANSEA Circles Club: BERNIE TORME
SWINDON Oasis Centre: AC/DC
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE BRAKES
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: CAFE JACQUES
YORK The Barge: OVERLORD

Tuesday

AYLESBURY The Bell: N.W.10
BATH Pavilion: THE BUZZCOCOKS / PENETRATION
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CHERRY VANILLA
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: U.K.
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DON McLEAN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: STEEL PULSE
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE LURKERS
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: OZO
CARDIFF Top Rank: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
COVENTRY Tiffany's: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
DUNDEE Caird Hall: THE MOTORS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE VALVES / CUBAN HEELS
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
GLASGOW The Amphora: THE MOTELS
LEEDS Guildford Hotel: GYGAFO
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE TUBES
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKREIG BOP
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE HEARTBEATS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROY HILL BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON CANNING TQWN Bridge House; DOGWATCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JETHRO TULL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MICKEY JONES BAND

PETE SHELLEY of The Buzzcocks: tour starts Friday

LONDON Marquee Club: PERE UBU / NICO
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: BABY GRAND
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE CIMARONS / SPITERI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pagasus: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: WARM JETS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH / SATAN'S RATS
LUTON Royal Hotel: IMPULSE
MANCHESTER Rafters: THOSE FOUR
MILTON KEYNES Open University: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: HARCOURT'S HEROES
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: JEFF GRANT BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: AC/DC
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / NATIONAL HEALTH
SHEFFIELD University: LINDISFARNE
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: JASPER CARROTT
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: PEKOE ORANGE
WHITLEY BAY Red Lion: ACHILLES HEEL

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
AYLESBURY Britannia: THE HAIRCUTS
BASILDON Woodlands Centre: STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE VIBRATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD University: THE CIMARONS
BRISTOL Tiffany's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
BUCKLEY Tivoli: THOSE FOUR
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS / PENETRATION
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
COLCHESTER Essex University: U.K.
COVENTRY Theatre: THE TUBES
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
EASTBOURNE Kings County Club: BILL FREDERICKS (for four days)
EXETER Zhivago's: XS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: THE MOTORS
KEELE University: STEEL PULSE
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: THE BIZ
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE MUTANTS
LIVERPOOL Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
LIVERPOOL University: LINDISFARNE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MATUMBI
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CHELSEA / PATRIK FITZGERALD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JETHRO TULL
LONDON Marquee Club: WILKO JOHNSON BAND / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON N.1. Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON School of Economics: ROY HARPER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS / THE RIVVITS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: SORE THROAT
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE HITS
MANCHESTER Pips: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
MANCHESTER Rafters: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES ENSEMBLE
MANCHESTER University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / NATIONAL HEALTH
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: BERNIE TORME
NORTHAMPTON Salon: BRASS CONSTRUCTION
NORMANBY The Normanby Hotel: VIN GARBUTT / THREEFOLD / MARIE LITTLE / EDDIE WALKER
PLYMOUTH Castaways: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: DARTS
READING Bones Club: THE LURKERS
READING Top Rank: MEAL TICKET
READING University: LITTLE BOB STORY
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DON McLEAN
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST ROUND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WALSALL College: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: OZO
WORTHING Carioca Club: PIN-UPS

VEHICLE MUSIC
presents
ROGER THE CAT
Friday May 5th
The Swan, Chelsway, Stevenage.
Saturday May 6th
Hamborough Tavern, Southall.
Sunday May 7th
Stapleton, Crouch End.
Friday May 12th
Western Counties, Paddington.
Saturday May 13th
Nashville, West Kensington.
Gilmor Promotions
01-204 9976

A & P present
MEAL TICKET
+The Roy Hill Band
at the
TOP RANK READING
Wednesday May 10th

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY
Wednesday May 3rd
HITS
Thursday May 4th
STRAIGHT 8
Friday May 5th
Ring for details
Saturday May 6th
JOHNNY THUNDERS
Monday May 8th
JAGUAR
Tuesday May 9th
GORDON HUNT & FRIENDS
Wednesday May 10th
HITS
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

LANDSCAPE
Music for the Nearly Normal
Friday May 5th
CAMDEN GIRLS SCHOOL
(Private Gig)
Saturday May 6th at 9 p.m. £1.00
SANDPIPER, BROADWAY, NOTTINGHAM —Open to the public)
Bookings:
01-703 7677
01-870 2061.

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail
New Barnet
Tel: 01-449 0465
Thursday May 4th
ICEBERG
Friday May 5th
NEBULA
Saturday May 6th
SAROS
Sunday May 7th
CHEAP FLIGHTS
Tuesday May 9th
BABY GRAND

ONE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
Monday May 8th at 7.30pm
THE CADETS
at Unit One, Whitehall Rd., Uxbridge. 30p
Thursday May 11th
THE CADETS
at the Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet
Saturday May 14th
STEPPIN OUT
at The Castle, Tooting
Enquiries: Uxbridge 31192

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday May 6th at 7.30 p.m.
Moving away from the pulse beat
BUZZCOCKS
+ PENETRATION
AC Sound & Vision
Tickets 165p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Hi Vu Buckingham, or 165p at door on night. Life membership 25p
I WANT YOU AUTONOMY

THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
MAY
6th DOUBLE SIX, BASILDON
12th ROYAL OAK, WATLINGTON
19th FALAISE HALL, HASTINGS
26th THE ARCHERY, EASTBOURNE
31st ROCK GARDEN, W.C.2.
Bookings: Tel. Danny on 058 085 211

Hey! All the nurds in Editorial seem to have a go at Arsenal

Rock 'n' Roll Dance
Hitchin Town Hall, Sat May 6th
3 Great Groups
THE CRUISERS
COAST TO COAST, SUNSTROKE
+ THE CRAZY CAVAN DISCO SHOW
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ON THE TOWN

Blue Oyster Cult

NEWCASTLE

LET'S NOT beat around the bush here. And let's have none of you poor suckers besotted by Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow or Judas Priest or Starz (or whatever other satin loon-panted collation of behemoths making for your personal cup of meat) penning barbed missives in reference to my next statement, O.K., because they'll only be treated with the same "down the dumper" disrespect they deserve.

See, the facts as I recognize 'em are clean-cut to a fine-honed T — the two kings of heavy metal rock in the world right now *are* Britain's own Thin Lizzy and the U.S.'s Blue Oyster Cult.

Not that they're alike, mark you — just that they're the best at what they do.

Ignoring Lizzy's merits (after this is a B.O.C. review!) — the Cult's state of grace resides simply in the fact that they are good songwriters, never satisfied with falling into tried-or-true formulas, genuinely creative, write lyrics that are often oblique, yes, but are also thought-provoking, witty and well-constructed as opposed to the usual hard-bitten ream of terrible "Hand of Doom" variants, self-effacing in regard to their chains-and-leather image and, most of all as far as the punters are concerned, they deliver with a vengeance.

So, yes, of course I was only too happy to trek up to Newcastle to see them live for the first time in 2½ years.

Back then, I'd been reviewing as well and had found them disappointing in the style of those bands who've been working ceaselessly for years and years and had run their inspiration into the ground and were instead just going through the motions.

On that previous showing, I'd figured 'em to be something of a spent force but, shazam, in the following months and seasons came the killer "Agents Of Fortune" and later, the slightly less spectacular but still pretty damn impressive "Spectres" and I was hooked once more.

The show I witnessed at Newcastle then, was very, uh, impressive.

Visually for example, there were moments that were nothing short of staggering with lasers flashing and causing gasp-worthy patterns of light so damnably disarming in their effect that I forgot completely that the only sound coming from the stage was a drum solo at one point.

Indeed, it was the lighting that, if anything, was the star of the show because it never ceased to hold one's attention and, as such, it's only in the cold light of retrospective that one can disengage the lighting shenanigans from the band itself and the music being performed.

In such a light I must note the remnant of a residue of the very aspect of the B.O.C show that caused me so much discomfort.

That is, the Cult go all out for presenting a spectacle to the point where their not-inconsiderable repertoire is by no means fully touched upon.

The most obvious skull-crushing monuments to B.O.C. firepower are all in there — starting with an effective "R.U. Ready 2 Rock" and moving through "E.T.T.", "This Ain't The Summer Of Love", "M.E.262", the poignant respite of a near-ballad (whose title escapes me) that closes "Secret Treaties" with a particular hell-fire *piece-de-resistance* work-out on "Godzilla" from "Secret Treaties".

To say they were performed well would be almost too redundant — these boys have never been anything less than pros and the show is an exercise in split-timing effects matched with guitar army firepower.

Nothing's been lost or worn away by time in the performing of the show-stoppers is all, really.

However there were some surprises. B.O.C are planning a live album I later learnt, which is why unlikely non-original morsels like The Animals' "We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place" and The MC5's "Kick Out The Jams" were tossed into proceedings — both performed with the typical heavy metal thunder expected of the band (though the latter, though expertly executed, just missed out on the edge engendered by the sheer mania of the MC5's archetype).

So far, go good.

But it was when "Born To Be Wild" was trotted out as the last number (before encore time) that things got just a touch too predictable.

The song should really be dropped for a start, but more to the point it brought home the fact that the B.O.C.'s repertoire is too constructive for their own musical good.

"Don't Fear The Reaper" (with Buck Dharma playing *all* guitar parts, by the way) and "Hot Rails To Hell" were a great double-headed encore, sure, and I doubt as to whether anyone left in the hall dissatisfied that night.

But still the feeling lingers. The Cult have a strong diverse repertoire and I for one would have possibly preferred to see them mining just that (where were any of Alan Lanier's fine songs, or "Death Valley Nights" or "Nosferatu" or "Sinful Love"?) as opposed to working their act around the stunning visuals.

One almost gets the impression that they're too frightened to go out on that particular limb — just them and their music — and hide instead behind the amazing laser flashes.

Nick Kent

The Adverts
Nico
Killjoys

MUSIC MACHINE

THERE WAS something faintly indigestible about the prospect of Nico being sandwiched between two generous slices of New Wave.

And there was something more than obvious about the sense of anti-climax at the end.

First onto the boards was that hardy and long-suffering troop, The Killjoys, and without much success.

What respect I had for them last year has been whittled away by their refusal to get any better. They seem to be making a positive stand against expertise.

It's not their material that's at fault. Most of their numbers, especially the revivalist rock'n'roll, are quite entertaining, but they demand fairly delicate handling. And this The Killjoys fail to supply.

The result, more often than not, is that the songs get mutilated by chaotic guitar work and excruciating harmony vocals.

Their drippy French ballad number, their total lack of drive, and the assumed moronics of the lead guitarist, are all mammoth roadblocks on the highway to stardom.

Exit Killjoys, amid sporadic applause, and enter Nico.

The excellence of her music was counteracted, sadly, by her complete misjudgement of the situation.

Playing a drone medieval-type accompaniment on harmonium, she sang settings of poems dedicated to the likes of Warhol and Nixon, in sonorous, Germanic tones.

This was not popular among hard-core Adverts supporters.

Had she ended with "Deutshland Uber Alles", and not kept going, we would have been spared the spectacle of a bunch of barbaric jerks driving her off stage by lobbing beer mugs.

And so, eventually, to The Adverts.

The first thing that's obvious about this lot is that they couldn't survive for a second without a frontsman as captivating and exciting as T.V. Smith.

His tireless gymnastics, and his penchant for hopping on top of the monitors, distracts attention from the rest of the band.

New drummer Rod Latter, and that hunk of pulchritude, Gaye Advert, laid down a neat, but unadventurous, backing, but they don't approach anything like the sonic barrage of, for example, The Jam.

"New Church" and "Bored Teenagers" were outstandingly good.

Others, such as "Drowning Men", "Bombsite Boy", and "On The Roof", bordered on becoming a tuneless rumble, with T.V. struggling against a slightly sagging rhythm.

The lack of audience reaction wasn't entirely their fault. Apart from the curious mismatch of billing, by the time they actually got on stage, the average punter looked near enough comatozed anyway.

The set was inconsistent, like the whole evening, with moments of brilliance shining through. But I'd rather see The Adverts playing a small venue under less strained conditions.

Mark Ellen

Lou Gramm *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

Foreigner/
RAINBOW

FOREIGNER prove there's still life in old wave music, that heavy metal (an amorphous category at best) does not perforce translate itself into the hedonistic excesses of cult spectacle on stage.

Visually, Foreigner's a big band: four up front, two in the back.

At times the front four all imposingly sport guitars; at others, the multi-instrumentalist Ian McDonald displays his repertoire of horn, flute, and keyboards, as well as guitar.

Lead guitarist Mick Jones also plays some keyboards, and when you add Al Greenwood's synthesizer consoles, it means there's a lot of equipment on stage.

The music is equally big.

Lou Gramm cultivates heavy-breathing, heart 'n' soul singing between gum-chews, looks sufficiently impassioned and seemy in a "Wharehouse New Orleans" t-shirt, and affects the stark, taunt open palm or clenched fist for extra muscle.

He deserves some credit, especially after just having spent hours in silence due to a bad case of laryngitis.

Jones meantime wails away like a traditional and tough HM guitar man should. With a short white scarf around his neck, he dons the pleasureful/painful look of intensity the way Robin Trower does.

Eyes half open, lips occasionally moving, his fingers in fact dance quickly along the frets like Trower's. The sound is ample, his solos usually not too long.

In the back, Greenwood and drummer Denis Elliott get lost in the sight, but *not* the sound.

Elliott's drumming is very important as Foreigner's big beat base, particularly because bassist Ed Gagliardi provides more sartorial black satin and lace flash than discernible playing amid Jones *et al.*

Greenwood, in contrast, is subtlety ever-present, turning nobs and giving a flexible edge to the music.

Dwarfed in comparison are support Cold Comfort, a twangy, smiley mellow rock outfit in The Eagles, Loggins & Messina, Pure Prairie League mould.

Truly innocuous, they play a song called "TV Love", which is perhaps the definitive antithesis of "Watching The Detectives" and illustrative of the West Coast-U.K. musical dichotomy.

Foreigner of course are in a different category altogether.

A youth in the crowd proudly displays the names of his heroes on the back of his brown leather jacket. "Zeppelin Rush Sabbath Kiss", it reads from top to bottom.

Whether or not Foreigner, after only one hugely successful album, are ready to join his elite is debatable.

Like Queen, Foreigner reach a cross-over audience, as the varied, though very American, Rainbow gathering indicates.

"Feels Like The First Time" and "Long, Long Way From Home" are model big build-up AM youth rockers.

"Star-Rider", on the other hand is an elaborate patchwork. Too long in concert (but not on record), it is highlighted by stellar double lead vocals (Jones & Gramm) and fine flute playing by McDonald.

As expected though, "Cold As Ice" is the evening's real high-point and excites more than ever a jubilant, standing crowd.

.The song means as much to Foreigner now as "Carry On Wayward Son" does to Kansas. It's their big hit and their showcase. Delightful melodrama from understated keyboards to crescending chorus to Jones' catchy riffs.

Overlooking a modest use of dry ice or a bit too much cheerleadering at the very end (excusable perhaps in the light of London being the last stop on their six-week around the world tour), Foreigner showed smart restraint, seldom falling into self-indulgence. They play to please, not overpower.

Jones' self-absorption gets a bit tiresome by the end (one can only *feel* with him so often), and Gramm is likeable, if predictable.

McDonald's confident instrumentation and Greenwood's crisp plotting, however, step in often enough to supply the needed diversions.

Of the new material unveiled, "I'm Hot Blooded" could be another big hit for the band.

A tidy, unpretentious act from a bunch of professionals.

Marcus Smith

Bad Girl

Cher Vanilla

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9th May	Barbarella's, Birmingham
10th May	The F Club, Leeds
11th May	Rafters, Manchester
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On The Town welcomes back the theatre of the absurd

JOHNNY B. GROSS

Meat Loaf

ST. GEORGE THEATRE, STATEN ISLAND

HE'S ORIGINAL, I'll say that for him.

No-one quite like this guy has ever previously traded under the rock 'n' roll banner.

As to whether his show is all pretentious bullshit or very profound is somehow rather irrelevant; it's entertaining while it lasts and over when it's over and that was good enough for me.

Having interviewed Mr. Loaf (coming soon folks; place your orders now) I know that Roy Carr's recent assessment of the man ("A surrogate Springsteen with the hysterical pretensions of a holy roller, the subtlety of Slade, the desire to out-sweat Mitch Ryder, and no sense of humour") is inaccurate; he most certainly has a sense of humour.

As to the rest, well, it's theatre innit.

I grooved contently on the sound and vision and ended up with a ream of notes, so that's what you're gonna get here.

A darkened stage. Sound of snare drum thrumming a march, into a single spotlight steps Karla, who slowly peels off a pair of white gloves.

Heavy piano chords introduce the rest of the band, who gradually wind up the Ledzep level while Karla backs off and the stage is bathed in red light.

Enter Meat Loaf (hoorah, hoorah); a sizeable chappie dressed in a white shirt and black monkey suit, clutching a red scarf in one hand and a bottle of beer in t'other.

The hulk surveys his prey, sneers, then strides forward to do battle.

What d'ya think of it so far? Oh well, please yourself.

Assembled company slips majestically into "Like A Bat Out Of Hell", Meat Loaf's almighty voice roaring out over the well balanced musicians.

Throughout the long, involved song he strikes numerous ridiculous, er, I mean dramatic poses, finally hurling away his jacket to reveal The Stomach.

Tumultuous cheers, women faint, grown men gasp with astonishment etc.

Show simmers down for some kind of poetry reading between our hero and Karla, who then duet on "You Took The Words Right Out Of My Mouth" like a bizarre Sonny and Cher. (Come to think of it, Sonny and Cher were pretty bizarre themselves, though that's neither here nor there).

Diverse influences involved here, I muse. I was also sharp enough to observe that Karla is one very foxy lady, and a fine singer with it.

Similar sorts of theatrics sustain "All Revved Up With No Place To Go", executed skilfully enough for me to note that Meat Loaf has a great sense of dynamic entertainment.

"Paradise By The Dashboard Light" allows virtuoso solos from each of the band while, between verses, Meat Loaf veers from kneeling crestfallen on stage to standing defiantly atop the piano, when he isn't groping Karla.

Climaxes to shouts of "rock 'n' roll" before crashing into a high-powered attack on "Johnny B. Goode", The Hulk now encased in leather and whomping the shit out of an inaudible guitar.

Just as it starts to get really mundane they switch into an accapella duel and then to a pretty amazing version of "River Deep, Mountain High", everyone doing their level best to top the Spector-produced Ike and Tina recording — and almost succeeding.

By this time I am convinced that I'm enjoying myself.

Finally he announces "a torch song" and proceeds to deliver what for me was the finest number of the show, "Two Out Of Three Ain't Bad" — a genuinely soulful performance, even if it was hammed up like crazy.

Give this song to Percy Sledge immediately, someone.

Standing ovation and beaming smiles all round, then, what's this?

The mighty Meat Loaf skips quickly to stage left, turns, charges, and barrels right across the boards in a superfast forward roll to disappear on the run into the opposition wing.

Mass hysteria; end of show.

Like I said, there's no-one else quite like him.

Lee Kosmin's Loose Shoes

HOPE AND ANCHOR

KOSMIN AND Loose Shoes— formerly known as The Groove, though most places continue to bill them wrongly as the Lee Kosmin Band — play White Soul in the classic tradition.

Usually a seven-piece, their ranks were reduced by three; the small brass section was nixed following a car crash which hospitalised their sax player last week, while bongo-man Alexandro fled from the vagaries of the English winter back to his native South America at about the same time.

Still, as a four-piece, they at least fitted comfortably onto the Hope and Anchor stage — and performed creditably to boot.

Rhythmically, bassist Ron Francoise cements the sound together tighter than a gnat's arse, leaving Richard Attree's keyboards to add the flesh.

So it's a shame that Kosmin's mellow vocals lack the real punch to slam home the lyrics that he attaches so much importance to.

Blue-Eyed Soul must be vying hard with country rock right now to be the least hip type of music around, a point not lost on Kosmin in his introduction to the band's sadly ignored debut single of three months back, G. T. Moore's "Move It On Up".

"If we were more fashionable, this would be our Power Pop Song," he told the basement drinkers.

At best, Loose Shoes remind me of the Average White Band's still-excellent second album — probably the finest White Soul record ever made, while Kosmin's "Self-help" lyrics lift things above the mediocrity normally associated with English soul.

And the fact that this bunch — two of them with beards, would you believe! — playing to a bunch of languid boozers in an Islington basement is a more renovating experience than just about anything you'd hear in a London discotheque on a Saturday night is in itself a sorry comment on the modern state of Sweet Soul Music.

Kosmin is already a veteran of the London pub circuit — he used to be in a band with ex-Vibrator John Ellis and Motors' drummer Ricky Slaughter — and could probably go on captivating club audiences for years.

But with his second single for Polydor due out shortly, he's obviously setting his sights higher.

Adrian Thrills

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Smirks and Late Show pass boor test

SMIRKS (from left): Ian Morris, Neil Fitzpatrick, Simon Miller, Mike Doherty. Pic: WALT DAVIDSON.

The Smirks
Late Show

NASHVILLE

I THINK that only a genuine boor could actively dislike either of these bands.

Both The Smirks and Late Show are so eminently bright, bouncy and enthusiastic that they just have to be enjoyed.

This said, there are nonetheless some pretty fundamental differences in sheer quality between them; and Late Show for me came out a long way on top.

Perhaps the easiest, if cruellest, comparison was heard in their respective renditions of The Beatles' "I Saw Her Standing There".

Personally, I'm a bit anti bands in '78 playing early '60s songs, because they just don't mean the same to us now. They're not as rebellious, not as dirty as they were then.

But when they do play them, and then don't even attempt the difficult harmonies that made them special in the first place, then I cringe more than a bit.

The Smirks just didn't seem to have the nerve or the vocal ability to hit those high notes. Late Show did; they really embarrassed The Smirks on this one.

Nevertheless, though I found some of their antics and dance routines a bit dumb and irritating after a while, I thought Smirks had a lot going for them.

On songs like "That Is Dumb" and "O.K. U.K." they really rocked. Altogether their set was perky and humorous in that particular Northern way, and a lot of people enjoyed them. Enough said.

Late Show, though, were in a different class. Just much more professional and downright talented.

There are some pretty obvious, if superficial, comparisons in their style with such as Deaf School and the late lamented Kursaal Flyers.

Visually, they are amusing and stylish, largely in the modern ted / punk amalgam.

Except, that is, for the very talented Mike Jelly who played absurdly heavy violin whilst wearing full morning dress.

For me he was their star, looking really good, really manic, and playing great lead guitar on occasion as well as violin.

But these lads are very democratic on stage, and Bill Cliff on rhythm guitar and vocals, Dave Head on the same and Tim Boyce on bass and vocals all had their equal turns as frontman.

And the music? Great. Really danceable, really rocking, and I don't remember one song that I really didn't like.

They are fairly heavily into musical pastiche, but this doesn't blunt their edge in the slightest — they are good in any terms.

Maybe they aren't going to change the future of rock, and neither are they going to appeal to the hard-core of rock's supposed avant-garde, but Late Show are so committed to providing pleasure and entertainment I doubt that they'll care. See them and dance.

Philip Hayes

Pekoe Orange

KENSINGTON

THE KENSINGTON was instrumental in the rise of pub rock, fostering the Brinsleys, Ducks Deluxe, Feelgoods, etc., but whereas the elusive spirit of rock seems to have seeped into the woodwork of the Nashville, say, the Kensinton seems indifferent as to whether it were hosting bingo, a drag act or disco.

These days it features a smattering of jazz (from trad to the exploratory Landscape) and largely second division rock, giving the strong impression that the carnival has moved on. Last Monday was no exception.

Pekoe Orange are regularly among forthcoming gigs read out by Charlie Gillett on his Radio London *Honky Tonk* programme.

This seemed a recommendation of sorts, but their music was neither outstanding nor typical of Gillett's taste.

In music, as in sport, the level of competence is now so high that great individuality is needed for impact and Pekoe Orange are no revelation, despite spot-on harmonies and a nimble enough rhythm section.

The singer resembles a younger, thinner Alan Price, plays rhythm and has one of those anonymous English voices that lack both suppleness and sensitivity. Tom Rush's dignified tearjerker, "Driving Wheel", was rendered totally unevocative.

Though the extended piano/guitar workout on "Route 66" — taken at a clip between the Nat King Cole and Chuck Berry versions — was well-constructed and the original material imaginative, the whole exercise was less than gland-opening.

But then more charismatic combos than Pekoe Orange will take on the Kensington and lose.

Bring your own ambience, definitely.

Harry Robinson

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JAZZ DIARY

HEADLINE THIS week has to be the news that the Ornette Coleman Sextet will definitely be appearing at this year's Bracknell Jazz Festival.

Other confirmations include Ninesense, the Stan Tracey-John Surman Duo, Chris McGregor, Pat Metheny Quartet, John Taylor Octet, Ronnie Scott Quintet and Joe Lee Wilson, and there are more to come.

Also from JCS, news of regular Monday gigs at the 100 Club, kicking off with the John Taylor Sextet and Gordon Beck on May 8th, Stan Tracey's Octet on 15th, Major Surgery and Chris Francis' Naima on 22nd, and a Whit Monday Special featuring the Dewey Redman Quartet and Lol Coxhill.

Tie knots in the beret for Howard Johnson with Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia at Putney's Half Moon on May 7th, Swift at The Phoenix on 10th and Joe Pass at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on 22nd.

The London Musicians Collective at 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1, are presenting The Four Pullovers — Nigel Coombes, Roger Smith, Terry Day and Steve Beresford on May 5th.

The Festival Of Contemporary Art, Music, Poetry & Exhibitions at Brighton features Free Music at either The Public House or the Polytechnic, with Cousin Joe — un-Free — on May 16th, John Stevens & Nigel Coombes on 18th, Max Eastley & Hugh Davies on 23rd, Evan Parker & Dave Roberts on 30th, Paul Rutherford & Barry Guy + Pete Cusack, David Toop, Terry Day & Steve Beresford on June 1st and Gary Todd & Roger Turner on 8th. David Toop also has an exhibition of Zoo Works at The Public House from June 5th—10th.

New releases from MPS, available on import, include "The Dutch Swing College Band", "The Golden Era Of Ragtime — Joe Fingers Carr", "The Golden Era Of Boogie — Various Artists", "The Golden Era Of Dixieland — Various Artists", "The Golden Era Of Swing — Various Artists".

Mosaic has just released the highly-recommended "Wilderness Of Glass" by Triton, a trio comprising Alan Wakeman, Paul Bridge and Nigel Morris. New album from Ogun, "Bracknell Breakdown", a free improvisation for Radu Malfatti's trombone and Harry Miller's bass.

Brian Case

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Yet more Small Faces?

Rich Kids
LYCEUM

GLEN MATLOCK'S rock-'n'roll roots have always been unashamedly entrenched in that wonderfully vital era of mid-'60s British Pop.

His debut to the Small Faces in particular has always been an acknowledged one: The Sex Pistols covered "Whatcha Gonna Do" in the early days, of course, and both the speedy "Here Comes The Nice" and "Sha La La Lee" were hallmarks of the Rich Kids' London gigs at the end of last year. (Indeed, "Here Comes The Nice" remains in their live set still).

The newly-formed alliance with Ian MacLagan, the man who played on all those original Small Faces hits, could be seen, on one hand, as trying to extend the myth too far.

On the evidence produced at the band's major London date last week, however, I don't think so.

Both MacLagan — and good old Mick Ronson, the second "guest" at last week's bash — worked small wonders in beefing up what I'd previously regarded as pretty weedy, though undeniably dynamic, overall sound.

The sheer potency of this white-hot rock'n'roll has as little to do with half-hearted rehashes of '60s licks as it has with any vacuous Pap trend.

Then again, a lot of the songs still lack real character. The only two exceptions — but glaringly so — are Glen's "Ghosts Of Princes And Towers" and the closer, Midge's austere, metronomic "Marching Men".

At times the sound verged on the messy with the three guitarists playing virtually the same.

But, at such times, MacLagan's keyboard flourishes were uplifting; a re-arranged "Rich Kids" exploded with all the rippling grandeur of an "All Or Nothing" or "Lazy Sunday".

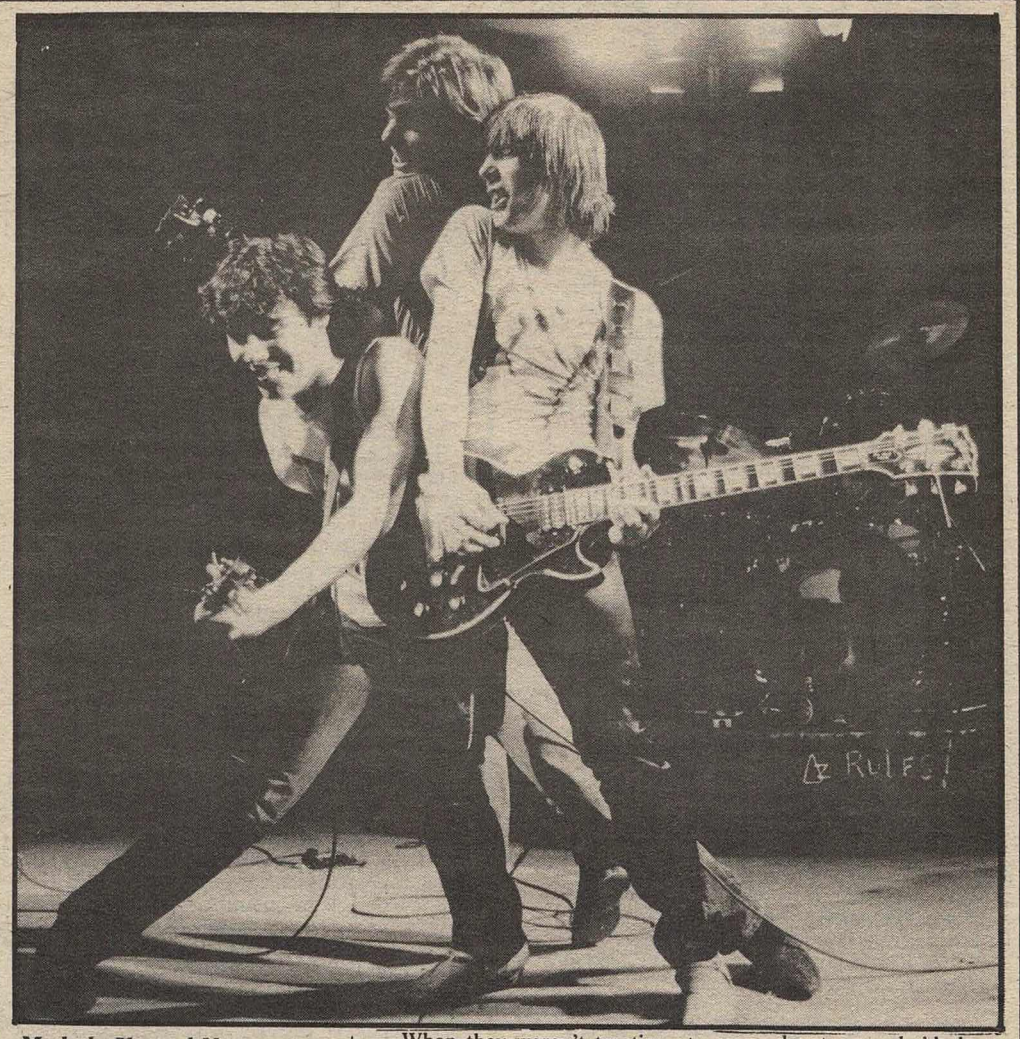
Finally, Matlock's impressive visual was well worth a note; while the David Cassidy locks are still favoured by Ure and the posey New, Glen's hair is newly shorn so that the former Pistols bassist resembles a stubbly Teddy Boy. (Oh, and the Pistols T-shirt almost brought a tear to the corner of my eye).

Rat Scabies new set-up, **The White Cats,** supported as ably as any band playing their seventh gig probably could.

Front man Kelvin Colney (ex-Tuff Darts, Tools and sundry other "legendary" garage bands) strutted through his camp Jagger / Johannsen routine as if it was going out of fashion. (I thought it had, three years ago.)

Rat, meanwhile, thrashed his kit with all the expected gusto.

The whole thing sounded awful. **Adrian Thrills**



Matlock, Ure and New
Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Radio Birdman
HOPE AND ANCHOR

RADIO BIRDMAN seem to have a few problems.

Apart from their load of staggeringly dull rock numbers, played with next to no enthusiasm, their actual sound quality could only be endured by those with tea-bags for ears.

When they weren't treating us to endless bouts of sustained feedback, we were forced to abide a host of tedious retuning sessions.

Frontman of this Australian crew, Rob Younger, merely gazed at his rightly impatient crowd with silent disinterest.

The only memorable tune on show was "Aloha Steve And Danno", a neat rehash of "Hawaii Five-O", memorable because it actually involved the keyboards and two guitar frontline in something other than a mindless barrage of sound.

Even the two ranks of Birdman devotees, who'd been happily mashing beer glasses asunder, seemed to dwindle as the feedback level increased.

I can only presume that a band who have already recorded an album, and even built up something of a following, usually approach the problem of sound mixing in a slightly more professional way.

My only advice to Radio Birdman is to start packing their Qantas kit-bags, and wing it back to Ozzie with all speed, as, on this viewing, that's about as near to airplay as they're ever going to get.

Mark Ellen

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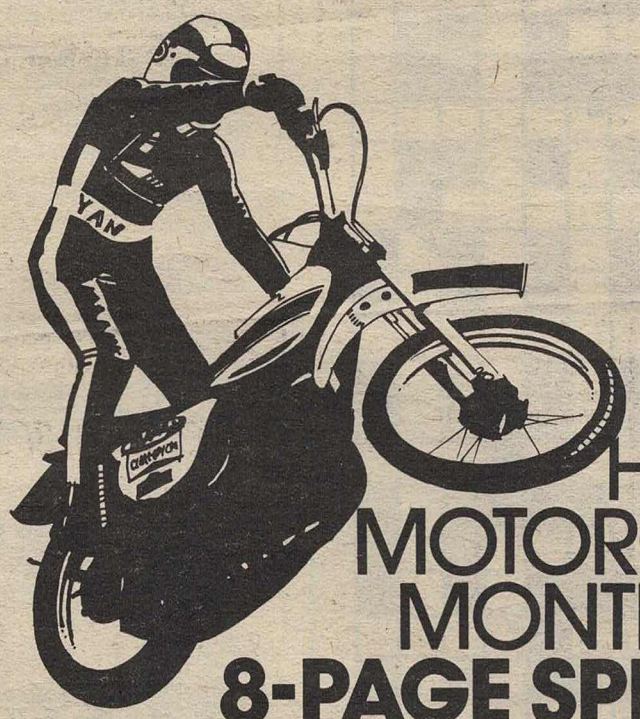
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DAYS OF HOPE

Continued from page 8

seriousness of their material by being totally zany and off the wall.

Clad in canary yellow, the stringy figure of lead voice Jospeh Hill bounded, leapt and windmilled round the stage while his companions wove mesmeric mischievous dances behind him. They rendered stirring versions of "Natty Never Get Weary", "Natty Taking Over", and "Stop The Fighting", their peace disc, for which they were rewarded by one attendant British rock critic describing them as "singing Jehovah's witnesses". *You no see it!*

Dennis Brown, on the other hand, is out of the old school, his immaculately tailored suit and voice in direct lineage from the likes of Sam Cooke and Marvin Gaye. His silky romantic tones were admirable displayed on a selection of his hits including "Funny Feeling" and his current blinder "How Can I Leave You", though his set was over-extended and suffered as a result.

Trinity has no such claims to class. He's a raw, rootsy talk-over artist, currently reggae's most prolific and popular DJ, who surprised me by looking like a slimline Bo Diddley without guitar (but with specs). He performed "Peace Conference In A Western Kingston", hid behind speakers, did a couple of rabbit sprints across stage, and was enormously well-received.

That left it to Leroy Smart to perform a solitary (shame) but fine "Ballistic Affair" his '76 classic, before first stand-up comedian Prince Edward (no fun) and then stand-up conga player Bongo Herman (great green lurex suit, otherwise naff) covered while the road crews moved in to hump amps and trail wires and such like stuff.

AROUND THIS TIME Michael Manley arrived, just in time to witness Jacob Miller and Inner Circle contribute a set that made up in comic zest what it lacked in subtlety. "Killer" Miller has a substantial list of JA hits under his belt but his and Inner Circle's efforts to crack the U.S. rock market via Capitol Records have been a dismal failure — largely because they've mistakenly substituted diluted reggae for their natural bluster and attack.

The band — including the formidably proportioned Lewis brothers on bass and guitar and the redoubtable Touter Harvey on keyboards — played a sizzling set while the battle-fatigued Miller paraded his belly lasciviously up and down the stage, shone with sweat, sang "Shakey Girl", "Tired Fe Lick Weed In A Bush", and "Tenement Yard" among others.

During his treatment of "Peace Treaty Is Coming Home" — possibly the worst peace record of the current batch — he also leapt from the stage, seized a police helmet and paraded in front of Manley smoking a spliff to wild applause, and brought on a swaying, armin-arm gaggle of Claudie Massop, Bucky Marshall, Earl Wadley and Trevor Philips, which for many of the ghetto inhabitants in the two-dollar seats was surely more significant than the Manley/Seaga ritual handshake at the climax of the show.

Big Youth's approach was largely the polar opposite to Miller's. No stunts, no leaping and cavorting, just pure majestic presence, the faithful rendition of a handful of his many hits before an admirably poised band, and *that* technicolour grin, wide as Kingston harbour. Oh, and the moment in "House Of Dreadlocks" when he whips off his tam and whirls round his locks like a cat o' nine tails. *What can you do more than love it?*

The repertoire was much the same as last year's UK tour — "Every Nigger Is A Star", "Hit The Road Jack", "House Of Dreadlocks", plus "Iaiah First Prophet Of Old" — though Youth told me later (while serving in his record shop!) that he thought the Rainbow show was superior.

Most of the press enclosure found him dull, but as one young dread put it afterwards, "The man grace move me". I concur.

Marley may have been topping the bill but there was no doubt that it was Peter Tosh who stole the show with a combination of militant rhetoric and a dazzling display from his band. Refusing even to take the stage until a clear gangway had been made for him, Tosh strode on like a black James Coburn, attired in black kung fu suit and beret, and slammed into the old Wailers' song "400 Years". For me it was less Tosh who stole the show than the superlative Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar on bass and drums, who must surely now be acknowledged as the foremost rhythm section in the world. The tracksuit clad Shakespeare was magnificent, stomping the stage incessantly, locks like rams' horns, toting his Hofner McCartney bass like a Thompson Machine gun in Wilkosque moves, and supplying an endlessly inventive sequence of runs that together with Dunbar's flying rimshots lifted Tosh's material into another dimension.

Tosh himself was clearly not going to waste the opportunity to practice his eloquence on such a large audience, especially when it included the Prime Minister. Having run through throbbing versions of "Stepping Razor" and "Burial", he disclaimed himself from The Peace itself. "I man no want no peace, I man want equal rights and justice" he bellowed, before playing "Equal Rights".

This, though, was as nothing compared to the personal harangue he delivered to Manley on Jamaica's ganja laws. After bitterly denouncing Jamaica's colonial past and the activities of slave trading pirates like Henry Morgan and Sir Francis Drake, he went on to demand an answer to why the country was still living under the shadow of their mentality. And he warned against the present day pirates "with their ickle camera round their neck."

Further, he asked, why were JA's prisons always full only with poor people? "The police brutalise poor people fe an 'ickle draw of herb," he denounced righteously to a great boom of applause. "I am one of the dispossed and we been kept down TOO BLOODBAAT LONG!" More applause. Moreover, he considered the answer to Jamaica's unemployment problem was to give over the many idle acres of land to the poor to cultivate herb for expoert purposes. The discourse was long and intense — no idle talk. *Serious t'ing!* Tosh meant business, having himself been hospitalised after a police bust. To round it all off he played "Legalise It" and "Get Up Stand Up" (which he wrote with Marley) brought the concert to its real climax.

Some people thought Tosh was trying to start a riot but the Kingston crowd know him from way back. " 'Im ever so," said one onlooker. "Dot just Peter Tosh being Peter Tosh. Never different."

Ras Michael and The Sons of Negus have militant songs too, but left them aside in favour of a set of slow stately Rasta drumming and chanting, further ritualised by the appearance of a girl dancing troupe whose graceful pirouettes beneath the high silver full moon gave the whole scenario an almost dream-like quality straight from Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters.* It was a regal, devotional set, undoubtedly for Ras Mike a serious and holy performance.

By the time Marley and The Wailers took the stage it was well past midnight and people had already started to leave. Marley maintained the devotional mood with a brace of Rasta anthems, sounding like he'd scraped away half his vocal chords that night on chalice smoke. He wore an odd garment of brown, gold and green, with a profile of Africa on the back, South Africa and Rhodesia marked conspicuously in red.

Working the mike without a guitar and supplementing his customary knees-up dances with a curious, swift inward flick of his left foot — legacy, no doubt, of his operation — he ran through "Natural Mystic", "Trenchtown Rock", "Natty Dread", "Rastaman Vibration", "Jamming", "Jah Live" (his best number that night) and "War". The Wailers, augmented by two extra guitarists, three Rasta drummers and a four-piece horn section, played well but no-one seemed to be able to shake off the slightly strained atmosphere that had inevitably accumulated around Marley's appearance on this stage.

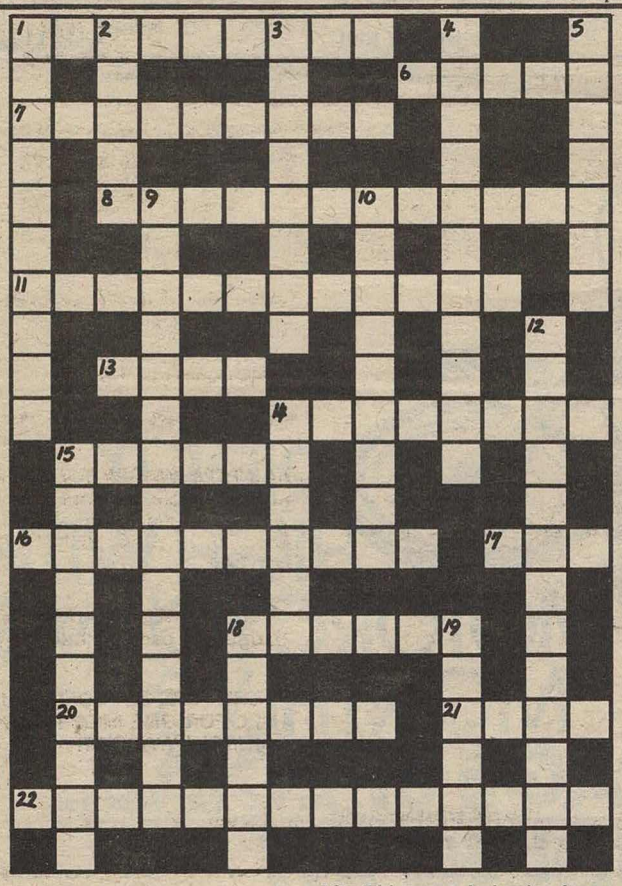
Marley himself seemed to be trying desperately hard, his brow furrowed, eyes closed, his performance punctuated with wild shamanistic leaps into the air. He knew much was expected of him. When he finally brought on Seaga — who looked disarmingly like a vacuum cleaner salesman — and Manley during the old Wailers number "One Love", and clasped their hands above his head to seal the bi-lateral peace, the strain was clearly showing.

Though the action was evidently a pre-rehearsed ritual, it was still an astonishing moment, clearly inconceivable in any Western country if not any other country in the world but Jamaica.

Its real significance? Certainly a great deal less than the moment over three months earlier when the street representatives of these two politicians, names of Bucky Marshall and Claudie Massop, likewise clasped hands on Beeston Street — the concert was rather like collecting your certificate when the real struggle was swimming the length of the goddam pool.

Manley is undoubtedly delighted with the peace; after all, he has been unable to secure an end to the violence in the ghettos with his draconian security forces — now the people themselves had supplied the solution. Seaga may or may not be so delighted with the quiet; after all, there's little political kudos in it for him, while Manley at least can feel and claim that the mandate for his Jamaican socalism has received yet another endorsement.

Whatever, Manley's programme for Jamacia can clearly not proceed without taking account of the still waxing force of Rastafari. Sooner or later, he will have to play his trump card with the Rastas and legalise ganja, which is after all to the average Jamaican what Guinness is to the average Irishman. With the economic situation showing few signs of improvement, and Holland already setting a lead by applying to withdraw from the international treaty outlawing the herb, that time may come sooner than many people expect or want.



ACROSS

1 Manchester N. Wave combo from a different G-Plan!
6 and 22. '60s Motown classic by the Four Tops (4, 1, 4, 4, 6)
7 Forerunner of the Modern World? (2, 3, 4)
8 American singer / songwriter and actor, he did all three in "Phantom Of The Paradise" (4, 8)
11 Funky one hit wonder of "Sweet Soul Music" fame (6, 6)
13 Leader of the Gang
14 Womble supremo (4, 4)
15 Patti Smith and Lou Reed label
16 First came to recognition as bit player in "Bonnie & Clyde," later starred in "Blazing Saddles" and "Silver Streak" (4, 6)
17 and 14 down. His father was an English army captain, his mother was Jamaican
18 This was a derivation from Leonard, the other part came from Skinner — he was a redneck gym coach at the band's school!
20 Sung by Stevie Nicks, huge U.S. hit from the platinum "Fleetwood Mac" album
21 and 18 down. He's still the only major rock figure (we think) to have appeared in the naughty naked full-frontal nude on an album sleeve!
22 See 6

DOWN

1 Damned guitarist / songwriter as was (5, 5)
2 Tres heavy hombres from Texas (1, 1, 3)
3 West London based, along with Stiff they were one of the earliest U.K. independent labels
4 Barry and Robin are the other two (7, 4)
5 — Kemp, mime artist and early patron of David Bowie
9 Vangelis and (gulp) Demis Roussos were at one time members of this Euro-pop trio (10, 5)
10 Writer and garage band aficionado (he compiled "Nuggets"), these days better known as Patti Smith's right hand guitarist (5, 4)
12 Then don't sweep (anag. 4, 9)
14 See 17
15 Andy Fairweather Lowe's old teenybop band (4, 6)
18 See 21
19 CS&N's second LP, for which they were joined by Y! (4, 2)

ANSWERS FROM LAST WEEK

ACROSS: 1 Wilko Johnson; 4 "Take Me I'm Yours"; 7 Argent; 9 Love; 10 Iron Butterfly; 11 The Rumour; 13 Dee (Dee Ramone); 14 Tim Rice; 18 Advert; 20 Cozy Powell. **DOWN:** 1 "With A Little Luck"; 2 Joe Strummer; 3 Stoller; 5 "Eleanor Rigby"; 6 "Revolver"; 8 Tetsu; 12 (Lou) Reed; 15 Camel; 16 (Dee) Dee Ramone; 17 Starr; 19 Lou (Reed).

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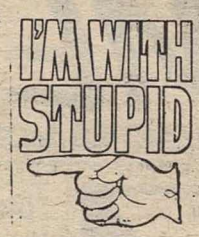

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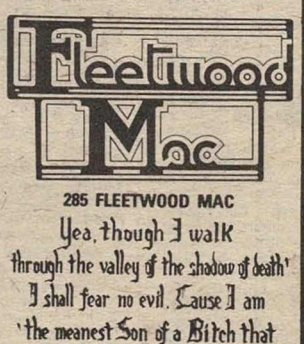

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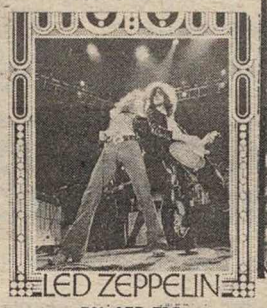

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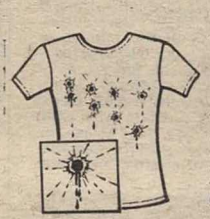

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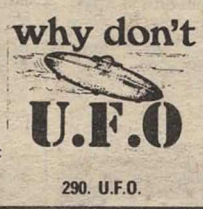

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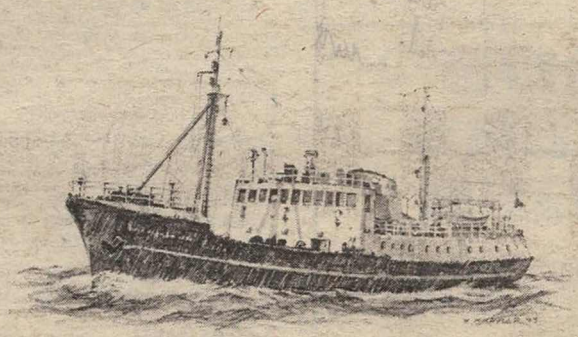

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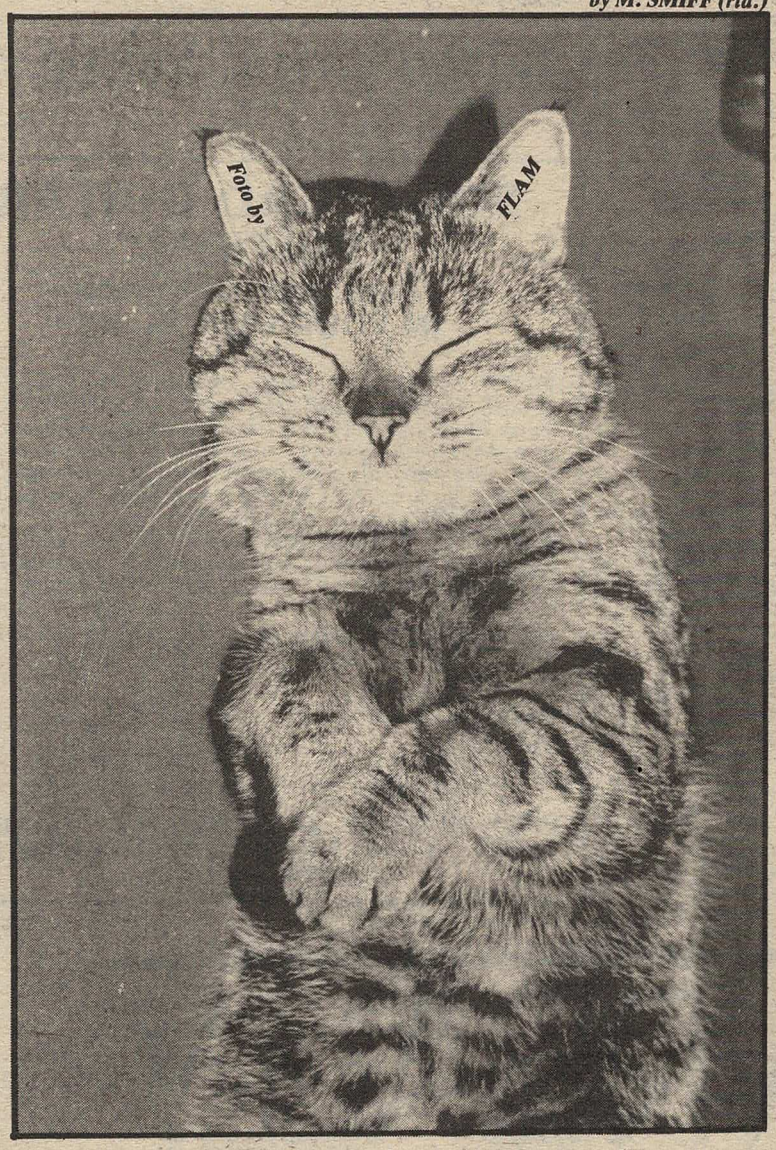
PUSSBAG

by M. SMIFF (rtd.)



DEAR WEEKNOTMEN, Big Baby and the Dopey Rationalist.

I'd like to congratulate you all on being just bang on, in the right place at the right time, etc.

Of course, I was 'merely pledging a prelevence for Elvis Costello as against Devo in smart arse-oneliners'. Of course, 'much depends on where one decides to stand from which to make one's smart remarks.' And, of course, the fact that I'm a student is 'nothing but a fantastic coincidence'. So obvious, innit?

The thing is, I think you got me right and wrong at the same time.

Really, I don't know why Average Hacks like you and I should take the whole bloody thing so seriously. Surely the primary object of rock 'n' roll is entertainment and I fail to see why anyone should get so uptight about what's right or what's wrong. I guess everyone has a particular group or singer who is sacrosanct for largely personal reasons (I know I have) and therefore resent other people taking the piss out of their group or singer. (Hence the violent reaction to Julie Burchill's slagging of Lou Reed).

Then there are people who really do seem to have something to say (viz. the ex-Pistols, Tom Robinson, Graham Parker but *not* Patti Smith) and who must therefore be taken seriously. But, apart from those, rock 'n' roll is there for us to enjoy — music for pleasure. This explains the reason why, so far as the New Wave is concerned, the likes of Blondie and Nick Lowe sell better than The Clash or Magazine. Personally I'm quite happy to leave all the difficult, 'intellectual' bits for argumentative Genesis/Tangs types to debate till they drop and have a good time bashing my head against the wall to the tune of "Teenage Lobotomy".

Like most university students, I'm terribly down-to-earth (almost under it) and pretty vacant.

THIS YEAR'S MODEL, Sheffield, University.

This letter has been dited to save the reader time. — M.S.

IT'S A SHAME to have to tear into a review which at least embodies an honest attempt at coherent mentation for a change, but Andy Gill's rigidly straight-faced account of Kraftwerk's new pop record "The Man Machine" suffers from the very intellectual exclusivism Devo (amongst others) go to such pains to dodge — and it becomes doubly annoying when Gill, true to the unswerving logic of that same exclusivism, finds that, in endorsing Kraftwerk, he is to reject Devo for the terribly serious crimes of wearing "silly suits" and being "evasive".

The New Wave crushed all the "mind" out of rock and replaced it with totalitarian slogans like the good Luddites they were. But, as Devo's Mark Mothersbaugh has pointed out, man needs his machines; it is not mechanical systems we should be worrying about, but human systems.

Kraftwerk and Andy Gill seem to be attempting a resurrection of the detached intellect, the geometrically simplified, hard-edged on/off mentality.

Devo stand for the liquid intellect, the brain that realises it thinks only as long as the heart pulses blood through it.

After all the mirror-gazing rhetoric about romantic realism, strict minimalism, constructivist theory, and Kantian splits, it becomes quite ironic that Mr. Gill should wonder aloud whether "the band" can go any further within the "current framework". Obviously not — but that never stopped it before and it won't stop of its own accord now.

(Are Kraftwerk one more footnote to Plato, one wonders? Off your bike!)

What the world needs now is common ground upon which to share common feelings. Unlike Kraftwerk, I would not rule out the possibilities of laughter in promoting this unfashionable ideal.

Good wishes.

IAN MACDONALD, London N.2

This letter has been expurgated to save the reader choking on a load of post-Freudian guff. — M.S.

REICH WAS right: we make our little men our own oppresssors (c.f. Burchill, Baader, Bangs), whilst our few truly great men become martyrs (Costello, Zappa). Contemple-les, mon ame; ils sont vraiment affreux!

ERIC DOLPHY SYSTEM, Balliol College, Oxford.

This letter's OK except for the foreign muck at the end, which translates as "Woe unto St Etienne, peed on by Liverpool". — M.S.

AS THE small parcel plopped onto my 'WELCOME' mat, I thought I was one of the lucky ones to receive the much talked about Elvis Costello prize.

I was to unwrap what I thought was an authentic autographed picture of the man himself, along with a badge.

But no, to my disgust the bloody piss-brains at Radar or W.E.A. or whatever had photo-copied the autograph, along with an unreadable message about "Living In Paradise", or something. They deliberately made the handwriting scrawly to look as if Elvis had struggled through 5,000 or so similar signings.

I discovered their little trick, because my friend got her "Prize" the next day and the same illegible message in the same place was scribbled on her pic of Costello. Too identical for coincidence, surely.

Anyway, we at Golders Green wish that Jake Nasty and his henchman would piss off back to their joke-shops and keep their infantile pranks for each other, and that ol' four eyes would piss off back to his dungarees and his country & western group.

Who needs it? Nick Lowe's prettier anyway.

THE VIXEN, London NW1.

That's cool. — BASHER

HOW COME none of you music papers want to interview me? I am trifficly popular and everyone calls out for me at Festivals.

WALLY ALBATROS, the Hand in Hand, Wimbledon.

Whipping Post! Whipping Post! — IDIOT DANCER

I WAS MOST concerned when I saw the picture of David Bowie in *Teazers* last week. Can't something be done about those trousers? The top half is, of course, as gorgeous as ever but for £4.50 I don't think baggy trousers represent good value. Do you think he will change them before his Stafford concerts? If he does wear them can I get my money back?

ANXIOUS, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

He only wears those silly daks for dancing — gives him more ballroom, see? So don't worry, at Bingley Hall Bowie will be appearing as Shirley Bassey. — M.S.

I WOULD like to put an end to the rumours that my Joey has married that common "Debbie" girl. He's much too good looking for her.

MRS. PRINCELLA RAMONE, Ashburton, Devon.

Suppose he's got better skin than her, too. Oh well, it'll only last a week. — A LAWYER

EVERY WEEK I become increasingly more baffled by your inability to be constructive in album/concert reviews. Many of your staff, mercifully not all, think that their responsibility in these reviews is merely to make insulting, grossly generalised comments about the poor quality of a record or concert. How much easier it is to destroy, than to create. Appreciation of music has always been, and always will be, subjective — therefore, by all means say if you like or dislike something but don't dictate to my own taste.

If anyone at *NME* is concerned with the constructiveness of your reviews, you must realise that these superficial criticisms merely shine the light on your own narrow-mindedness. By trying to dictate to other people's tastes you are destroying your own market and the esteem in which you are held. *Nobody's* word is law, least of all that of the person who thinks his is. But please don't misunderstand me — some of your reviews are excellent. It's just that there are rather too few of these.

MAX-THE-MOUNTAIN-CLIMAX

I SAW Sean Tyla driving down Upper St. today, a few minutes later I saw Charles Shaar Murray emerge from Chapel Market.

Can I have a prize please?

THE LEAD SINGER WITH JACK AND THE KEROUACS, London N1.

You can have a complete set of Mindless Aggression insults if you like. — M.S.

DEAR (presumably) MONTY,

Just a note about the somewhat ambiguous name check given me by your veteran colleague Charlie Murray concerning the potential reissue of the 18th volume of Chiswick Chartbusters in the distant future. I'm told on good authority that I'm shortly to expect a commission to write the notes for an album to be called "The Short Lived Blues Boom Of The Late '70s — What Went Wrong?", predominantly featuring a group with pretty silly non-ethnic names, and including a track recorded by the leader of that band when he guested with the Edgar Broughton Band at the Rainbow, where he appeared standing on some scaffolding with his harmonica, and was so overwhelmed that within thirty seconds his enthusiasm had unplugged his microphone. Bootleg copies of this rare item are changing hands for shillings!

Seriously though, both the fans on my sleeve notes are warned to watch out for my latest mini-epics, which will appear on Pye ("20 Genuine U.S. Chartbusters" by Tommy James and The Shondells and a double reissue of two late '60s albums by John Fahey) and EMI ("The Best of the Hollies" EPs).

Finally, it's a shame Charlie doesn't appreciate Radio Stars, apparently. But then he is knocking on a bit, isn't he?

Yours adoringly,

JOHN TOBLER, Knaphill, Woking, Surrey.

EY YOUSE,

There is a certain album on the market at the moment containing a doubtful collection of songs under the collective title of "London Town". This gentleman is well known to you.

To the Brownfeet Indians of southern Nevada he is known by the more obscure title of 'Woola-na-ba-goshwow'.

Freely translated, this means 'He - who - writes - songs - of - supreme - banality - with - eyes shut'.

John Lennon certainly showed exceptional powers of prophecy several years ago when he sang: "The sound you make is muzak to my ears".

THE GROAN LOUVRE, Southampton.

Genius is Denny Laine, wack. — M.S.

I AM SICK to death of reading letters in your paper and hearing reports elsewhere of the demise of punk rock. Judging from the attendance at recent punk gigs I would say that it could not be more thriving. The only way in which punk could be said to be in decline is that it is no longer brand new. It is therefore not as hip as it used to be and so all the "posers" have moved off to more fashionable areas. This can only have done good to the movement as it has reduced the commercialization.

However, punk rock is still a more original form of music than any other around at present. The hypocrisy displayed by *Sounds* was immense when, in the same issue they called the music of the SuburbanStuds dated (having been around for only a year or so) they spoke of David Coverdale's music (which has been played in one form or another for about ten years) as something new.

When punk first appeared it was recognised by the establishment and the music biz as being dangerous. It was, after all, aimed directly against them. So, very cleverly, they did their best to suppress it, by trying to make it unfashionable and to tame it into respectability with fat record deals etc. Many were tamed to form the more comfortable, less offensive yet unoriginal musical vacuum now graced with the title power pop. Those who would not shift were systematically discredited and became unfashionable.

Fortunately not all of the Great British General Public are crass enough to accept this and there are still many new wave bands turning out excellent music the whole time.

DEFIANT PUNK ROCKA

I'VE JUST heard some jerk called Paul Jones (any relation?) singing the Pistols' "Pretty Vacant" as if it were some Wartime Vera Lynn 45. Well if that doesn't prove that punk is Dead, Buried and Decayed I don't know what does.

A SHOCKED LISTENER, Somewhere in MORtown, Luxembourg.

With reference to your comment on Lynn Phillips' letter in *Ass-Bag*. It was me — was it your jacket I wiped it on?

VICE-POPE ERIC (Miss).

Yes, and the motled green goes well with the pin stripes. — M.S.

I NOTICED an article about the violence at Newcastle gigs, in April 8th edition. Well I would like to say that I live only eight miles from Newcastle, and was privileged enough to see many of the concerts that you mentioned, and yes — there was trouble, punch-ups and brawls. But that's Comprehensive Education for you.

KIDDA, Stanley, Nr. Quakeys.

See, I told you it would make 'em all yobs. — RHODES BOYSON

MAY the Fourth be with you!

MONTY ZAPPED-OUT, Radio Brampton.

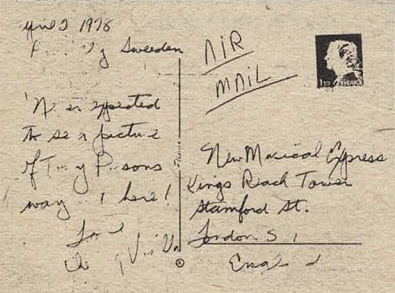
This is believed to be a sneaky reference to Gillingham's pathetic finish to the season. Ha bloody ha. — M.S.

IS IT TOO early to say I hate the new editor of *New Musical Express?*

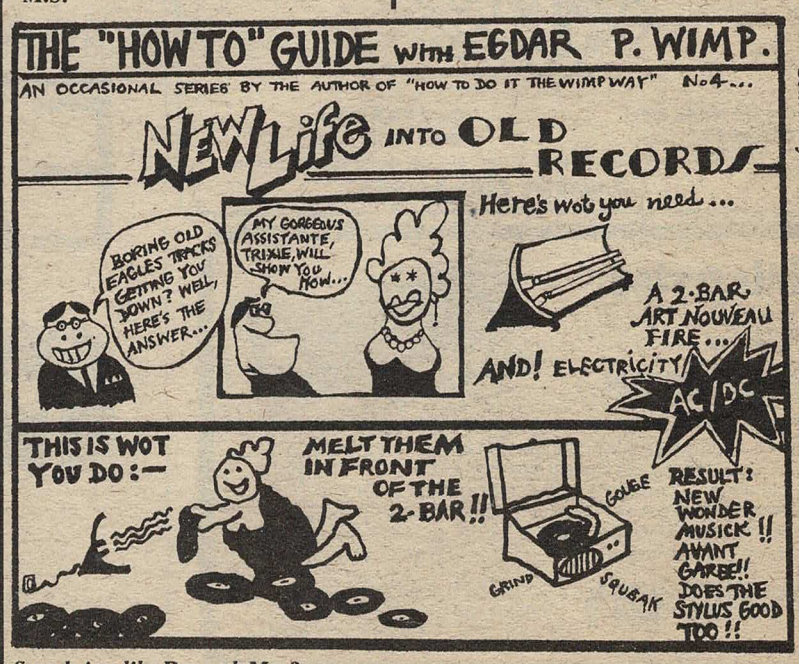
BOB STOW, Northampton and Leeds.

Yes. — MARK WILLIAMS
Mark who? — ENTIRE NME STAFF

A POSTCARD FROM SWEDEN



NEVER EXPECTED to see a picture of Tony Parsons way out here! Love,
CHERRY VANILLA, Ronneby, Sweden.
Well Tony reckons it looks more like you than him. And you sent it to the wrong address, lady — M.S.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Sounds just like Devo, eh Mac?

Sent in by RABID LEWIS

teazers

A WEEKLY DECEPTION

SHAME, SHAME. The pop press (i.e. the daily tabloids) covered themselves in anything but glory this week by declining to give Sunday's Anti-Nazi Carnival even one column inch between them; they might point to the absence of papers on Monday, and also the lack of violence at the event and the small number of arrests to argue that it was not newsworthy, but those are really no excuses at all for their deplorable course of inaction.

It was left to those papers that in such circumstances *Teazers* must inevitably dub the Quality Press to provide coverage. *The Guardian* and *The Times* both gave the event reasonable space, the *Morning Star* splashed it over page one, and also carried several pictures inside. *The Guardian* identified the event as "Britain's largest anti-fascist rally since the 1930s", while *The Times'* correspondent seemed rather bewildered by those people with "multi-coloured hairstyles and weird clothing". Estimates of the size of the turn-out were progressively put at "more than 50,000" *(Daily Telegraph)*, "60,000" *(The Times)*, "80,000" *(The Guardian)* and "more than 80,000" *(Morning Star)* . . .

Indeed, the pop press's conception of 'news' these days doesn't seem to stretch further than the identity of the new host of *The Generation Game*. A tribute to **Sandy Denny,** after all one of the most distinctive British female singers of the '70s, appeared last week only in *The Guardian*. No other paper even mentioned her death. *(NME's* appreciation appears on pages 14 & 15) . . .

But back to politics, and it was gratifying to note that those thugs posing as a political party (the National Front) were not only cowed last week by the thousands marching in opposition to them; they also took a hammering in the Epsom and Ewell bye-election, where **Jonathan King** — who wouldn't previously have been one of the first names to spring to mind on *NME's* list of warm and wonderful human beings — stood as an Independent Royalist, and beat the Front into fifth place. King's campaign for King was apparently conducted with some fervour and involved the distribution of gold flimsy discs; the man himself also regally toured the constituency in his white Rolls. He was rewarded with the second largest vote gained by an independent in the 22 bye-elections of this parliament. Needless to say, he closed the book on his quasi-political activities with a quotable quote, which *Teazers* duly passes on: "I've had an incredible time, but I'm dead from the neck up, and hopefully I won't find this a disadvantage when I get back to making records next week" . . .

On the subject of amiable buffoons, **Billy Connolly** goes into films this week. He's playing a hippy who's gone right back to nature (natch) in a film called *Absolution* which stars **Richard Burton** as a homosexual Jesuit priest (natch) . . .

We hear that **Art Garfunkel's** been behaving like a BOF recently. Apparently, the U.S. magazine *Circus* was going to feature him on the cover in some, well, unflattering poses, and so Artie procured the shots concerned and carefully destroyed each one by sticking his finger through the middle. He always seemed such a nice boy, too . . .

Apparently a small exhibition of **L. S. Lowry's** paintings in Inverness has been attracting record crowds these last few weeks; not, you understand, that this has anything at all to do with "Matchstalk Men And Matchstalk Etc." — at least that's what all the visitors told a BBC Radio team. On the same programme, **Mervyn Levy,** a friend of Lowry's in the last years of his life, pointed out the diverse inaccuracies of the song ("It's not true that he was just an ordinary bloke — ordinary blokes don't go crazy about the Pre-Raphaelites"), but suspected that Lowry's own judgement might have been, "Well, it's not such a bad shot, you know" . . .

Nico returned to the UK last week for a one-off gig at the Music Machine in an ill-matched bill with The Adverts and The Killjoys. Report on page 51. ***Pic: ROB HALL***

Staunch West Ham supporters **Cock Sparrer** rumoured to be on the Fulham F.C. record mentioned in last week's *Teazers* . . .

World-famous recording star **Tony Christie** (you remember Tony — he had a big hit a while back with, er, something or other) has recently been observing contemporary stars from his exalted position. How about this for shrewd judgement (as quoted in the *Irish Press*): **"Elvis Costello** will be professionally dead and forgotten in a few years", he said, "because he doesn't have the basic requirements for survival in cabaret". . .

Readers fortunate enough to be living in the Stockport area can now sample the delights of Videotheque, which was given its European premiere at Rotters Club on Wednesday. Basically it's an ordinary disco, given a visual dimension by a giant video screen. Must seem just like *Top Of The Pops* when you're there . . .

Expect the following albums in the shops later this year: "More Songs About Building And Food" **(Talking Heads),** "If I Weren't So Romantic, I'd Shoot You" **(Rick Derringer** — this features a Derringer / **Patti Smith** co-composition called "Sleepless") and 'Wavelength" **(Van Morrison)**; meanwhile *Teazers* notes that the title of **Graham Parker's** encore on stage is "Mercury Poisoning", and trust this has nothing to do with a particular record company . . .

Dylan's next album, meanwhile, should have been completed in New York before he starts his European tour. Incidentally, arrangements for ticket sales for the Dylan concerts seem slightly crazy to us. Apart from the obvious disadvantages for those of you living in places like Inverness and Truro, there remains the strong possibility that some box-offices will be inundated with applicants and others will be under-subscribed. The situation in London could be particularly chaotic; the police might well need to deal with lengthy West End queues immediately after coping with hordes of doubtless-jubliant Arsenal supporters. And most of the tickets will probably go anyway to visiting Americans, since they'll be the only ones able to afford the time to queue for 'em. (Dylan has no present plans to tour the US). Despite the flak **Harvey Goldsmith** encountered over his arrangements for the sale of **Rolling Stones** tickets in 1976, postal applications remains the fairest system . . .

Produced as a direct result of last year's *NME* special on the Nuclear Age, a new quarterly magazine called *Nuclear Times* has just hit the streets; if you can't find it there, it costs 25p from Friends Of The Earth, 8 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG . . .

While the *Evening Standard* was last week picturing **Cher's** new boyfirend, **Gene Simmons** of **Kiss** without *his* make-up, Cher herself was confessing to *The Sun* that she'd never be seen without *hers*. "For a start, I've got Dracula teeth, and I've had skin problems for years. . "

In the US Capitol and Columbia (CBS) have joined forces in a unique venture to produce a special promo disc (on orange vinyl, naturally) that features on one side **Mink De Ville's** "Soul Twist" and on the other , **Elvis Costello** singing "Radio, Radio" and "You've Gotta Be Cruel To Be Kind". . .

Gladys Knight, is ill, and her doctors have advised her not to come to Britain this week. Her London Palladium concerts scheduled for May 7 & 8 have accordingly been cancelled. . .

Mick Jagger, in Jamaica to see the One Love peace concert which included Rolling Stones' Records latest signing **Peter Tosh** on the bill, was understandably miffed to find himself at a top person's party peopled largely by drunken, oafish journalists intent on asking him dumb questions. Before beating a disgusted retreat Jagger, let drop that while he thought the concert was "very important", he "didn't fancy" the amount of work the musicians had gone through in preparation. Evidently well-skulled backstage at the concert itself, Jagger spent much time deep in conversation with **Althea and Donna** — about what we're quite unable to imagine .

And finally we understand that rumours are being put about that West Ham have been relegated. Needless to say, such reports are entirely malicious and just a further example of he calumnies circulated in the corrupt capitalist press. . .

MRS. ASHBROOKE - PEMBLETON would like to ask the young man who attended their party on Friday to immediately return the Land-Rover and kindly remove the Lamborghini from the croquet lawn.

● *From* ***The Times'*** *personal columns, May 2 1978. It can't have been Rod, can it?*

Jonathan King and his girl-friend Janet Atkinson, hard at it in Epsom. ***Pi: DENIS O'REGAN***

BETTER BADGES

New Releases
20p Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod.
25p Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3).
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie Overground.

This last week	TOP TEN
1	(2) BUZZCOCKS
2	(3) CLASH CITY ROCK
3	(6) SHAM 69
4	(5) YELLOW COSTELLO
5	(1) BLONDIE
6	(7) NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
7	(8) 999
8	(9) CLASH POLICE
9	(–) MAGAZINE
10	(10) DEVO QUOTE

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RANDY NEWMAN
The man behind the songs

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But nobody sings Randall Stuart Newman like Randy Newman. Judge for yourself.

Randy Newman is coming to Britain at the end of May on a four date concert tour.

The Randy Newman concerts

May 26th	Apollo Theatre, Manchester
May 27th	Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool
May 28th	Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London
May 30th	Birmingham Town Hall, Birmingham

The albums of the songs

Let's hope you're lucky enough to see Randy Newman in concert. But if you can't, you can discover Randy Newman for yourself on "Little Criminals" and his previous albums "Good Old Boys" and "Sail Away."

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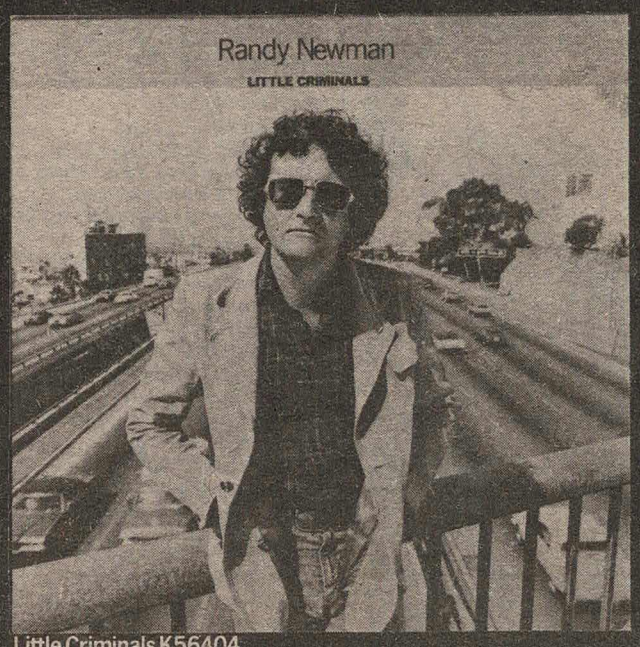

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